

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Ten Cents a Copy

April, 1929



THIS ISSUE READ BY 100,000 FAMILIES

In Paris: LINA CAVALIERI



*celebrated beauty
specialist*

**advises washing for beauty
with this palm and
olive oil soap**

"In addition to my own beauty products, I always recommend the soap blended of palm and olive oils. It leaves the skin in a smooth, healthy condition."

Lina Cavalieri

61, AVENUE VICTOR EMMANUEL III, PARIS

Portrait, by Argenti, of Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful opera star, who now conducts a smart beauty salon in Paris. Mme. Cavalieri's own loveliness is proof of the wisdom of her beauty advice.

Cavalieri's Salon de Beauté, 61 Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, where she advises famous beauties of two continents on the care of the skin.



LINA CAVALIERI has stepped off the operatic stage to share her beauty knowledge with the world's smartest women.

Enconced in her sumptuous salon, on the Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, Lina Cavalieri tells her patrons of a simple home beauty treatment. "I find," she says, "that a soap blended of palm and olive oils, by cleansing the pores thoroughly, leaves the skin in a smooth, healthy condition."

Madame Cavalieri has made an extensive study of beauty methods both in Europe and America. "I am visited by some of the most famous beauties of two continents," she says. "In addition to my own beauty products, I always recommend them to use Palmolive Soap."

When dirt, dust, oil, powder and rouge get into the pores they are choked up. To these poisonous

secretions Madame Cavalieri attributes blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores, blemishes.

Palmolive lather, Madame Cavalieri feels, frees those hardening masses of dirt and make-up, leaves the complexion soft and glowing.

This opinion has long been held by beauty specialists of prominence throughout the United States. They, too, recommend this famous twice-a-day treatment which Cavalieri suggests to her discriminating clientele:

With both hands make a bland lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. For two minutes, massage this well into the skin. Then rinse, gradually cooling the water to icy temperature. For dry skin, a touch of cold cream. Oily skin is refreshed by an astringent lotion and day cream before make-up is applied.

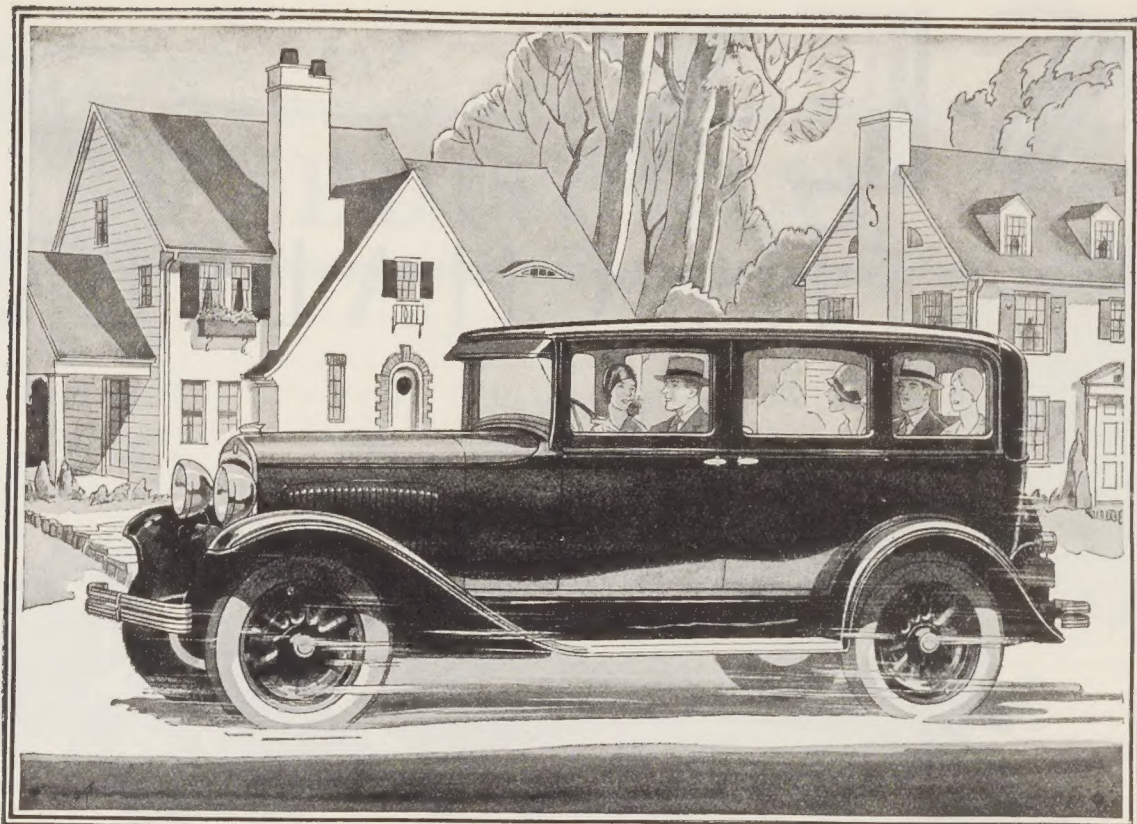
Not only in America but in Vienna, Berlin, London, Rome—everywhere one finds the same approval and recommendation of this 2-minute beauty treatment. France has made Palmolive one of its two largest selling soaps . . . think of it, France, the beauty dictator of two hemispheres. And in forty-eight other countries, of all soaps it is the choice, just as it is here in Canada.



(MADE IN
CANADA)

Retail
Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



FULL
/
SIZE

PLYMOUTH 4-DOOR SEDAN, \$890

Canada's Lowest-Priced Full-Size Motor Car

THE *full-size* of the new Chrysler-built Plymouth is in striking contrast to the small dimensions usually associated with lowest-priced cars. Plymouth is a *full-size* motor car in every way.

With the introduction of Plymouth, the day definitely passed when a small price automatically implied a small car.

Full-size, however, is only the beginning of Plymouth's superiority. Plymouth's value and popularity are the result of a great deal more than size and comfort alone.

Chrysler-designed—Plymouth likewise sponsors all that is new and advanced in beauty, style and charm.

Chrysler-engineered—it excels in power, in pick-up,

and in sustained high speed, affording big-car steadiness and typical Chrysler smoothness under all conditions.

Know, too, that Plymouth has big-car solidity; big-car dependability; big-car safety and sureness. Beneath its *full-size* body are a *full-size* rugged chassis; *full-size* axles; *full-size* springs with compensating, shock-absorbing leaves, and Chrysler *full-size* weatherproof internal-expanding hydraulic brakes

on all four wheels. Best of all, Plymouth's low first cost is followed by *remarkable and consistent economies* in gas, oil, tire mileage and general upkeep.

In Plymouth, Chrysler Motors has gone to limits never before approached in the lowest-priced field, to include the qualities and improvements characteristic of its highest-priced cars. Take ten minutes to study Plymouth; take another ten minutes to try out its performance, its riding qualities.

Then you will realize how impossible it is to surpass—or even match Plymouth value at anywhere near Plymouth's new low prices.

\$820
AND UPWARDS

Coupe, \$820; Roadster (with rumble seat), \$850; 2-Door Sedan, \$860; Touring, \$870; De Luxe Coupe (with rumble seat), \$870; 4-Door Sedan, \$890. All prices f.o.b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).



THE Plymouth has been so named because its endurance and strength, ruggedness and freedom from limitations so accurately typify that band of British people who braved the Atlantic three hundred years ago in pursuit of new high ideals.

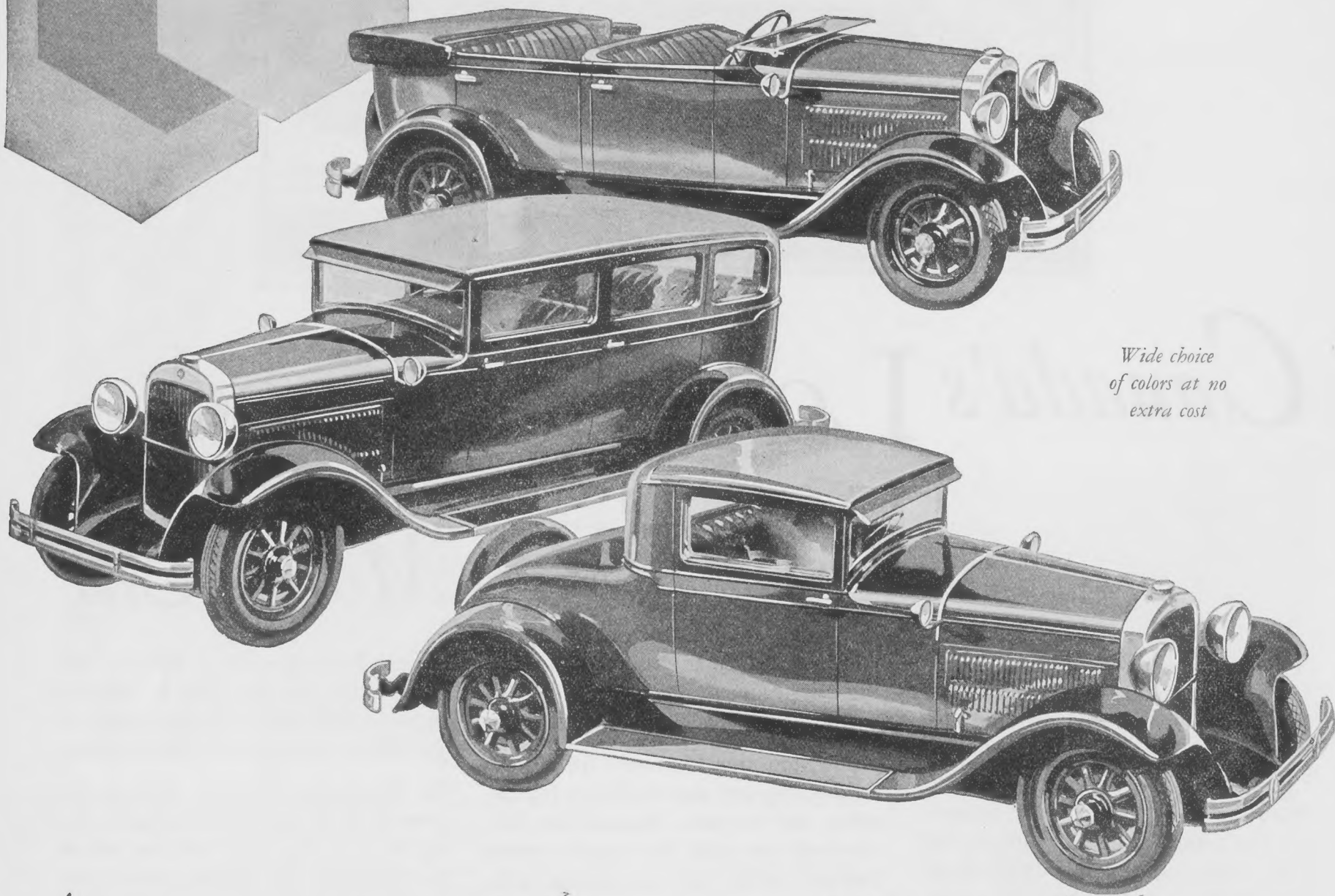
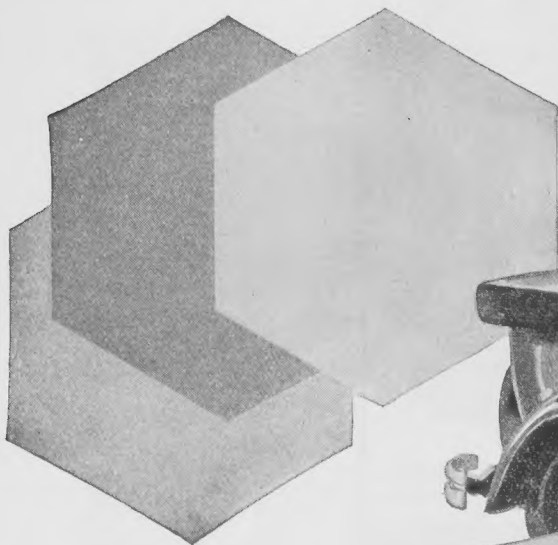
PLYMOUTH



CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

ESSEX

THE CHALLENGER



Wide choice
of colors at no
extra cost

A WIDE RANGE of Beauty and Utility Body Types

Among 76 Advanced Features

4 Hydraulic shock absorbers

New type double action 4-wheel brakes uniformly effective in all weather

Above 70 miles an hour—60 all day long

Getaway unexcelled by any car

Starter, and electric gauge for fuel and oil on dash

Weatherproof doors, rattle proof windows, silent body construction

Greater operation economy

Adjustable seats, front and rear

Radiator shutters for heat control

All bright parts chromium-plated

Patented Super-Six advantages eliminating vibration

Essex has won its remarkable acceptance at the hands of women, because of beauty and style of course, but also from its intensely practical utility as a big, roomy, 6-cylinder family car of unrivaled economy.

An examination of its 76 advanced features reveals at once why Essex excepts no car in its challenge. For point after point in fine car construction, performance and detail, brings you directly to costliest cars to find comparison.

It is the finest, largest, roomiest, most brilliantly performing Essex ever built, and the price the lowest for which Essex ever sold—but little above the lowest priced cars on the market.

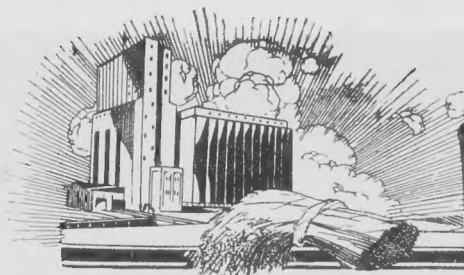
That is why the acceptance of Essex the Challenger is the talk of motordom. That is why the largest production schedule ever planned for Essex has had to be increased, again and again.

\$840

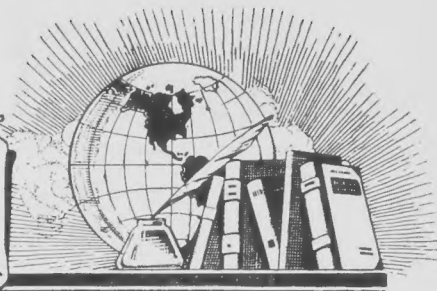
AND UP

f. o. b. Windsor, taxes extra

Standard Equipment includes: 4 hydraulic shock absorbers—electric gas and oil gauge—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—starter on dash—all bright parts chromium-plated.



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXX

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 4

The Wealth of the Hinterland

ANYONE who has travelled across Canada must have noted the long stretches of rocks and mountains lying between the fertile plains. Eastern and Central Canada are separated by what appears to be a useless territory of rocks, boulders and gravel. It was a specialist in agriculture who first called attention to the value of this rocky waste. It assists in modifying climate, both as to rainfall and temperature, and it makes possible the rivers and great lakes which are the very life of the Dominion.

Now we are beginning to realize that the great Laurentian range not only protects and gives life to the plains, but that it has a wealth of its own which is sufficient to supply the needs of our people for all time. Beginning at the Atlantic and working westward, it is possible to find treasures in every section. Asbestos, iron, silver, gold, copper, nickel, marble, quartz, coal—no one knows just how plentiful is the supply. And down in the valleys further west, there is an abundance of oil and gas, while it is hoped that the great areas of oil sands may yet be of value in road-building and in other ways.

The opening of mines in Northern Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan has meant the beginning of new life in Canada—and the work of development has not yet properly begun.

Beyond the central plain are other and mightier ranges of mountains. These possess a wealth of their own that is yet practically undiscovered. Practically all the minerals of the East are there and coal in abundance, while the wood on the Pacific slopes is sought by builders and workers everywhere. Canada is beginning to find that though it has a wonderful source of wealth in its fertile belts, though it can supply a world with grain and cattle, it can now hold out promise that it has equal or greater wealth in its mountains.

It is not necessary to emphasize this point by referring to the wealth of water-power available or to the wealth in wild game and furs. Even the barren lands and the region north of 53 may yet have greatest wealth of all.

Adult Education

IT IS easy to picture the growing industry of mining and the related industries. There will grow up a new order of towns, a new class of workers, and in these days of power and machinery, new ideals of life and labor. In olden days, Charles Reade referred to the gold miners of Australia as "men with shaggy beards, full of oaths and strife and cupidity." The type has changed, but the author pictured a danger that is ever-present when men live apart from womankind. There is a possibility that in the early days of development in the West there may be a tendency to roughness and excesses of a certain type. It takes time to develop unity of feeling and action in a group of people who come from all the ends of the earth.

To meet the new conditions it is important that in every province provision should be made for adult education. As a matter of fact, because public effort has failed, such education is now being carried on in the form of propaganda. Trouble makers are always busy. The effect of their work is to do away with good feeling, loyalty, reverence. The steadying influence of well-directed instruction is necessary to order and stability. It is impossible for men who have spent their youth in other lands and who entertain opinions regarding life, property and institutions that are diametrically opposed to those which prevail here—it is impossible for such, unless they are instructed, to join in promoting national ideals.

This work of adult education is undertaken in other lands where people are well settled and where misunderstandings are not so likely to arise. It is all the more necessary in a land like this, where diverse early training works against fusion and

co-operation. It is even more necessary in growing cities and in communities, where people are hived according to nationality. The school teacher may reach the children and prepare the next generation for unified action, but she cannot be expected to reach the grown people of her community.

The Ephebic Oath

IN MENTIONING education, one naturally thinks of the adolescent. In ancient times there was always a ceremonial to recognize admission to manhood. Proofs were demanded of fitness. In many lands they are yet demanded. In Athens initiation was crowned by the declaration of the Ephebic Oath, which ran something as follows:

"I will never disgrace these sacred arms, nor desert my companion in the ranks. I will fight for temples and public property, both alone and with many. I will transmit my fatherland, not only not less, but greater and better, than it was transmitted to me. I will obey the magistrates who may at any time be in power. I will observe both the existing laws and those which the people may unanimously hereafter make, and, if any person seek to annul the laws or to set them at naught, I will do my best to prevent him, and will defend them both alone and with many. I will honor the religion of my fathers."

Now, we might do worse in this land where we are trying to build a new nation than to have at the close of their eighteenth year or thereabouts, a public recognition by the State—through its schools or otherwise—of young men who have attained manhood, and who are worthy of citizenship. Following this, each might take an oath of loyalty and devotion to the common cause. This oath could be simple, but the taking of it could be made the most serious act in life.

Naturally, the custom would extend to young ladies. It sometimes does seem that those who are Canadian-born as well as those who have been born outside—even outside the Empire—do not fully appreciate the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship. Here is a helpful illustration:

In the early days of Winnipeg there came one day from Scotland an old, old man. In his own land he was placed so that he never was entitled to cast a vote. Here his name was placed on the list. He had to vote for mayor, aldermen, school trustees, and for by-laws. That day he arose early, shaved carefully, dressed in his Sunday clothes, had family worship in which he sought wisdom for the day. Then he walked to the booth, cast his votes, and on returning home wore his good clothes all day as a recognition of the sacredness of the occasion. At evening worship he again thanked God for the privilege of exercising his responsibility as a citizen. Now here was one man who deserved to have a vote. We do not expect all to be like him, but all can learn to be just as serious-minded. To convey this seriousness to youth we have suggested the taking of an oath or the making of a promise. Anything else would serve the same purpose if it accomplished the same result. The point is that there are many now exercising the franchise who are unworthy, because voting has never seemed to them to be a serious matter. Of course good citizenship does not end with the exercise of the franchise. Behavior as a citizen has to do with all the acts of life. Initiation into manhood should couple with it some such obligation as is imposed in the Golden Rule.

Canada's Budget

IT IS our custom in Canada to wait until the Budget Speech is made in Parliament, before we say much about our progress for the year. We have approximate figures for trade extension, for increased manufacture, for production in some lines, but it is only when the Minister of Finance gathers together all the facts and presents them in

the form of a comprehensive statement, that we know just where we are.

The reduction of the National Debt in a single year by \$70,000,000 is an achievement of which any country might be proud. To this is added a prospect of lower taxation, a substantial increase in estimated revenues for 1929, and a favorable trade balance of over \$154,000,000 for the first ten months of the fiscal year. Added to this is the surprisingly good report of the National Railway. Net earnings were increased by nearly \$13,000,000 and the operating ratio reduced by three per cent., while the surplus for the year was \$7,000,000 after paying all charges except interest to the Government.

There was one little sentence in Hon. Mr. Robb's statement that indirectly referred to the American tariff, and that sentence has caused more hard thinking at Washington than has been done for some time. Canada is responsible for 18% of America's export. What is going to happen if she erects walls to keep out the commodities which Canadians might be expected to give in exchange? We know, and she knows, so we need not be alarmed. If need be, there are other countries with which we can trade. We are part of a pretty large Empire. What is more threatening than the increase in the American tariff is the demand of some Canadians that we accept the very policy that Americans are now perceiving to be so disastrous in the end. There is no doubt but that a tax on certain American products might be justified and might be profitable for the time being, but in the end a high tariff is disadvantageous to the country that imposes it. We need American production and America needs what we have in exchange. Why should exchange be rendered impossible?

Honesty

WHEN a man conducts the affairs of a great corporation so that it makes \$50,000,000 more than in any previous year, it might be expected that he would be continued in office. Yet down in Indiana it did not work out that way. The shareholders declared that they wanted not only good business management but honesty in the officials. They objected to a chairman whose name was coupled with the wrong-doing which shocked people when the Teapot Dome scandal was being exposed. Now, this was a great victory for truth and righteousness and the lesson should not be lost in America and with ourselves. Canada needs men who are honest, and it wants nobody else. Honesty in business is, of course, no more necessary than honesty in politics, religion and journalism, but it is where people first look for it.

May Canadian commercial and financial institutions be as pronounced in their attitude to wrong-doing as this company in Indiana, and may Canadians be as honest in politics and religion as in business.

Canada

IT IS good to know that about \$10,000,000 foreign capital comes to Canada every month. Of foreign investment 57 per cent. is from the United States, Great Britain 39 per cent. and other countries 4 per cent. The investment of the United States is increasing very rapidly for two reasons. Money is plentiful, and knowledge of Canadian resources and opportunities is easily acquired.

Canada stands in fifth position among the nations in the export and import trade; second position in exports and trade per capita; third position in favorable trade balance. The increase in trade last year was more than the total trade thirty years ago.

The Western Provinces yielded over 40 per cent. of the money produced in Canada, and they hold first place for excellence of production. In five years the output has increased by 1,000 per cent.

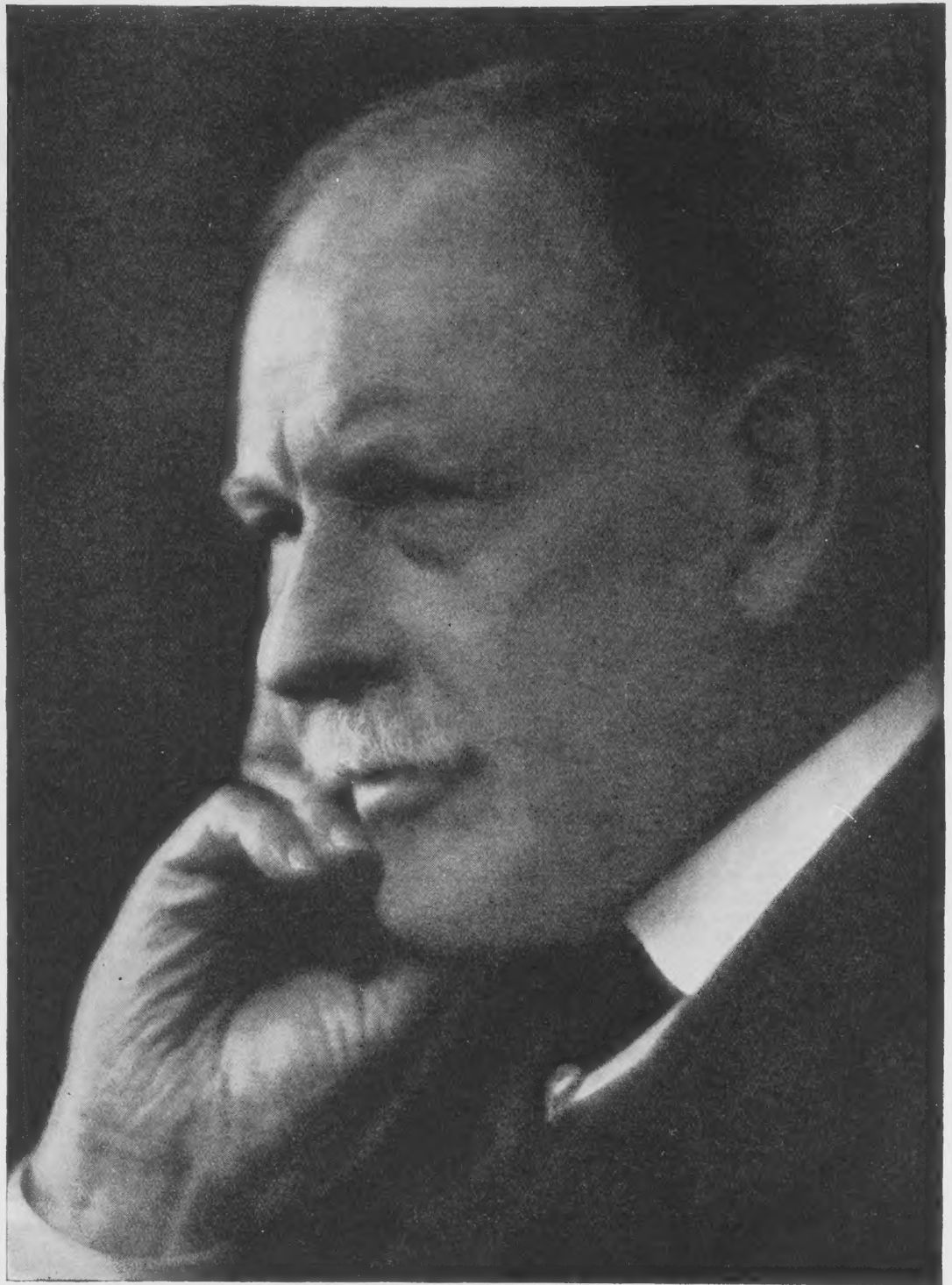
*"I have recommended
Yeast
for 40 years"—*

Dean H. H. RUSBY, M. D.

*Professor of Physiology
in America's largest university*

PROFESSOR of Physiology and Materia Medica and Dean of the Faculty in the College of Pharmacy, Columbia University. Formerly Professor of Materia Medica, University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York; member, Pan-American Medical Congress, and expert on medicines for the U. S. government. Author of many scientific and medical works and member of American and British scientific societies.

"The laxative action of yeast is mild but reliable. Yeast cleanses the system. In continued small doses it is often of service in overcoming habitual constipation. Its effect is to promote both appetite and digestion, resulting in improved nutrition . . . For 40 years I have been lecturing to students on the value of yeast in these directions."—Abstract from text book on "Materia Medica" by Dr. H. H. Rusby.



DEAN HENRY HURD RUSBY, M. D.

DR. HENRY HURD RUSBY stands with the leaders of the American medical world. He is an authority on medicinal plants. His contributions to the practical literature of medicine are monumental.

Today he is a distinguished dean and professor of physiology at Columbia University.

For 40 years, as Dean Rusby points out, he has been teaching and expounding the value of yeast as a natural food-corrective for constipation. And in corroboration, a recent survey in America showed that half the doctors reporting prescribed fresh yeast as the great corrective food for clogged in-

testines and related ills—indigestion, bad skin, headaches, depression.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these live yeast plants pass through your system daily, they combat the harmful poisons of stagnation and purify the whole body.

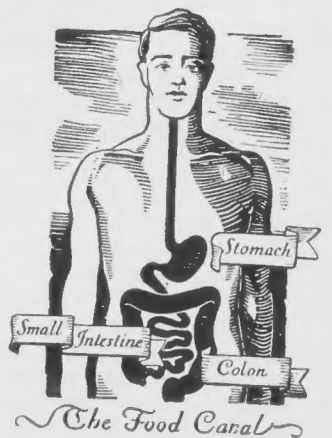
For renewed health and happiness eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before each meal or between meals; plain or in water, either cold or not hotter than you can drink.

To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers

and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy two or three days' supply, as it will keep in any cool, dry place. Start now and know what real health can be!

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. S-10, The Fleischmann Company, 1449 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Que.

FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. Here 90% of all ills start, as poisons from a clogged intestine spread through the system! But here yeast works, helping normal elimination and purifying the whole body. Keep this entire tract clean, active and healthy with Fleischmann's Yeast daily.



FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
for HEALTH



Made in Canada
by Canadians

King George's Household Expenses

How the World's Foremost Sovereigns "Make Ends Meet" Out of a Modest Privy Purse.

By Ignatius Phayre



Buckingham Palace: A very unusual scene of the Royal Residence taken from Green Park, showing Highland sheep grazing

THE average housewife, well knowing the pecuniary cost of a long and serious illness in the house, apart from all the anxiety it entails, cannot help wondering at the size of a palace doctor's bill, which must run into a small fortune. Ten or eleven of the world's greatest specialists have been in day-and-night attendance on our King. Lord Dawson of Penn has almost lived in the sick-room. Sir Stanley Hewitt has slept in the Palace; and a record team of life-saviours has included the most brilliant professors of bacteriology and ray-therapy, as well as dieticians, biologists and the star nurses of London's greatest hospitals. Directly and indirectly the cost of the King's illness must be enormous; so a frank survey of the Privy Purse that meets it is of real interest at this time—the more so in that all the facts (and figures) do but vindicate the noble tribute which the late Lord Oxford and Asquith paid in the House of Commons to our two Sovereigns.

"In the crash of thrones," Mr. Asquith (as he was then) told a crowded house, "the Throne of this country stands unshaken, 'broad-based on the people's will'. And it has been reinforced to a degree that it is impossible to measure by the living example of our Sovereign and his gracious Consort, who have always felt and shown by their example in private and in public, *that they are not here to be ministered unto, but to minister!*"

In other words, they are true servants of the State, as the Prime Minister himself is, and, like him, by no means overpaid for their devotion '*pro patria*.' It is not so long since our present Foreign Secretary announced to Parliament that the King's income was inadequate; so that the property in the Duchy of Lancaster had to be sold up to £100,000, and the proceeds used to augment the royal revenue.

The King had already appointed an expert committee to go through his domestic budget and see where any saving might be possible. In this "going through the books," His Majesty specially asked for the aid of Mr. F. E. Harwood of the Treasury, as his financial adviser. As a result, economies of between £10,000 and £20,000 were made without harming the Household's efficiency as a socio-political entity. All the world knows the simple tastes of our King and Queen, both in town

and country. At the worst period of the Great War in 1917, the Palace was as strictly rationed as any working-class home in Poplar or Canning Town. "I dined last night with King George," wrote that fine American, Walter Page, to his life-long friend, President Wilson. "He could only give

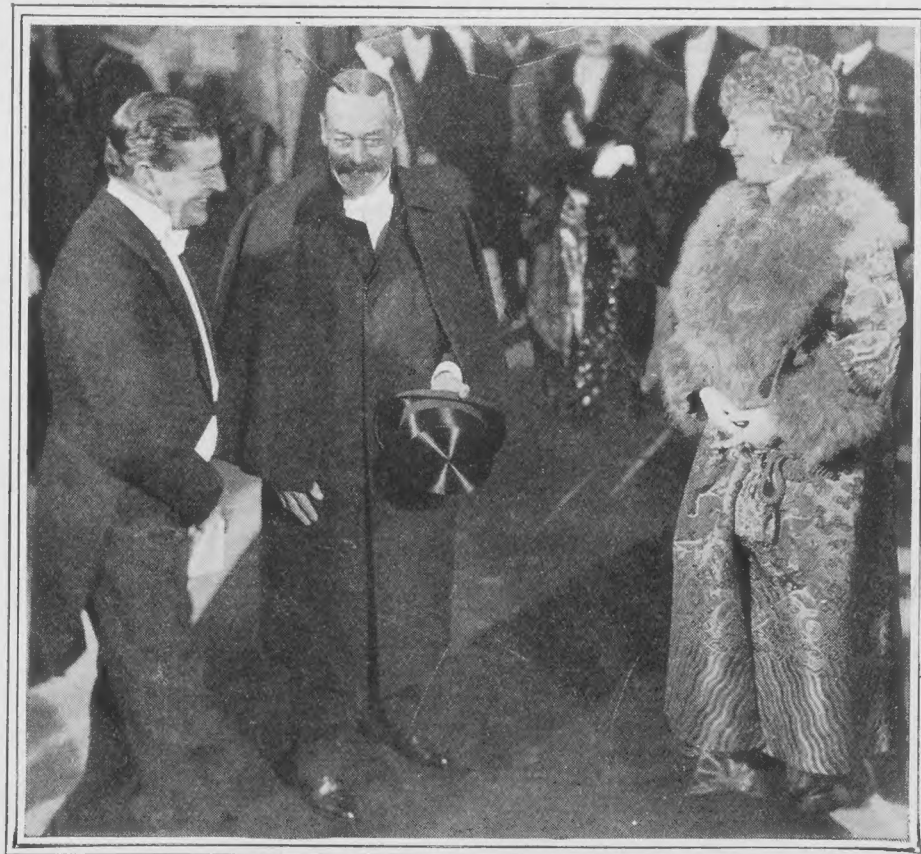
Maintenance and the Sword of State amid a vivid rout of Heralds and Pursuivants, Exons, Yeomen and Equerries, who might all have stepped off that shining Field of the Cloth of Gold.

No less splendor is seen at the season's Courts, and at State banquets and balls. These overwhelming affairs are no great fun; it is well known that Their Majesties vastly prefer a quiet life at their modest country place in Norfolk. But their motto—like that of their eldest son is: "I Serve"! And as titular lord of one fourth of the earth's surface and its peoples, King George must also play the part of "*Chakravarti*," or Emperor of Hindostan. In that sub-continent alone seven hundred ruling princes pay him homage, and look for his protection.

NOW for the "brass tacks" of royal means upon which all this great state is kept up—even to the last gardener's pension, and the endless cheques for this and that charity. The Palace itself cuts a poor figure among royal abodes, even though £740,000 had already been spent on it in William IV's day, and it is still unfinished. George II had made an offer for His Grace of Buckingham's House, but the widowed Duchess asked too high a price.

The architect Nash left the new palace in a gaudy mess; yet Queen Victoria chose it in preference to Kensington or St. James's Palace. She got Edward Blore, who had been her Uncle William's adviser, to knock off the central dome, improve the gardens and generally reduce the

"horrors" which Nash had left. And whereas William IV had £510,000 a year, his girl-niece had to be content with £385,000. Parliament now kept a jealous eye on the royal Civil List, with the "goings-on" of George III acutely in mind—especially his extra-household payroll in the way of jobs and pensions for his political backers, both in and out of Parliament.



The King and Queen with Earl Beatty enjoying a joke.

us one egg apiece, just so much bread, and a glass of lemonade to drink!"

Anyone who sees the Sovereigns at a high function of State—say, at the opening of Parliament, with its thunder of guns and golden coach; its dazzling scene in the House of Lords, with peers spiritual and temporal in crimson and ermine and lawn, and the ladies ablaze with gems, must realize

Before William and Mary's time, the royal income came from lands, excise dues and other vague sources. When George III "outran the constable," he looked to his loyal Commons to foot the bills for all his "extras." In 1760 the monarch compounded his scattered rights for a level

000. Maintenance and Works: £20,000. Royal Bounty (Charities and Pensions, etc.): £13,200, and Unappropriated (odds and ends): £8,000.

The King also draws about £40,000 a year from property in the Duchy of Lancaster—a source which has steadily dwindled in recent years. His father got £63,000 from the Duchy in 1906. Annuities are also paid to other members of the Royal Family, including £25,000 a year to the Duke of Connaught. From the Duchy of Cornwall, the Prince of Wales draws a varying revenue of £10,000 or over. His father, as Heir Apparent, got £80,000 from this Duchy.

Should the Prince marry, his wife will be allowed £10,000 a year. Moreover, the Civil List of 1910 paid to trustees a further £10,000 a year for other sons of the King at the age of 21, and £6,000 for a daughter, even after her marriage.

LET me note in passing that the King of Italy's income exceeds that of our own ruler by £150,000. The Kaiser Wilhelm, in his "War Lord" days, had sixty castles and palaces, as well as vast

private domains, and £770,000 a year from the State to support his stagey splashing

Old Franz Joseph of Austria could make "both ends" quite overlap on £941,000. As for the hapless Tsar Nicholas of Russia, that lord of Europe and Asia drew no less than £4,000,000 a year out of rich, enormous domains in a largely illiterate land, where his icon was worshipped as a sort of god in peasant homes

Sandringham House

As for Queen Mary, she too has cut down expenses without any of that fuss which Victoria made when the Government of her day sought to interfere with the appointment of her "Ladies" and "Women" of the Bedchamber. Queen Alexandra had her full quota of four Maids of Honour; Queen Mary retains but one of these young girls on duty—the Hon. Jean Bruce, who replaced Lady Stanley on her marriage.

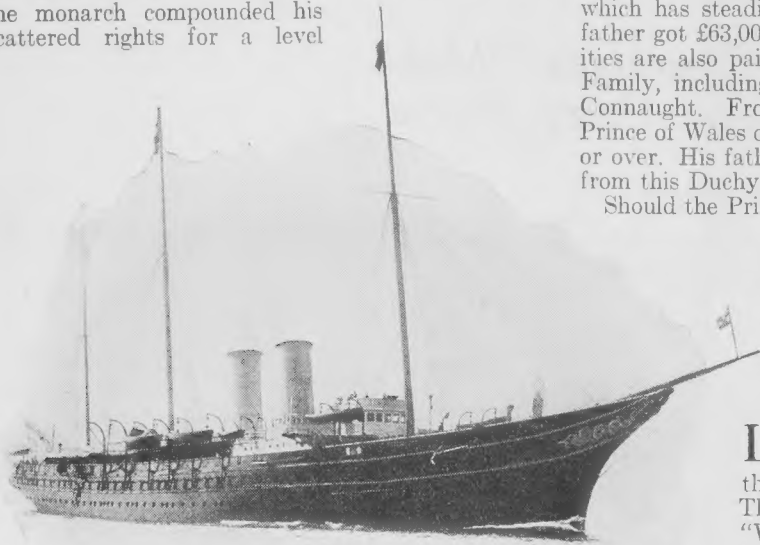
All the Queen's ladies, from the Mistress of the Robes (who is always a Duchess) to that much-envied girl, the Maid of Honour, have formal duties and strict precedence of rank. The Ladies-in-Waiting wear diamond badges mounted on blue silk. The social and secretarial routines are long and often tedious, both in the Palace and out of it. In fact the day's work, from 9 a.m. when Her Majesty's first "business" bell rings until 9 at night when a modest dinner is served, would astonish even Mr. H. G. Wells, whose dislike of the "dynastic system" has been publicly expressed, as well as his warning of that "shaking of autumnal boughs" and its resulting "shower of Emperors and Kings."

The esteem in which our own King and Queen are held—not only by our own people, but by all the world—has had impressive proof during the recent Palace ordeal. Long ago Bonar Law defined Britain's institutions — "of which none was stronger than the Throne."

Phantom kings and queens had indeed "vanished from the stage," as he said, leaving our own the more deeply rooted in the nation's devotion—"because they have entered into the joys and sorrows and sacrifices of their people."

During the war, state functions were drastically cut down, and His Majesty economized in all directions. As a result, not only was there no deficit in the Household Budget, but the King actually made a

Continued on page 76



The Royal Yacht—"Victoria and Albert"

£800,000 a year—which, of course, went twice as far then as it would today.

But the "King who lost us America" would not cut down his expenses. He kept no very lavish household, but he did want to buy power in Parliament, and this he continued to do until its very independence was doubtful.

Again and again did the Third George bring his surplus bills to the Commons for settlement at the country's cost. But the people "murmured," as they did even against Moses. So Rockingham's Cabinet at last brought in a Civil List Act to curb the exuberance of the Crown.

It was high time, too. For over and above his £800,000 a year, King George III had landed Parliament with debts amounting to no less than £3,398,061! William IV had his income reduced. Victoria took still less; but in 1901 King Edward got a "rise" to £470,000. This figure was confirmed for our present monarch, and is allotted as follows: Their Majesties' Privy Purse: £110,000. Household salaries: £125,800. Domestic expenses: £193,-



Sandringham House



King George and his four sons riding in Windsor Park



Renée's reverie was broken by a loud commotion ahead. There was fighting almost at her window.

OVER two years had passed since Peter's flight from Ardente. The peace of that hamlet had been considerably disturbed by the events which followed his giving-in to Monsieur Philippe's desire to fence with the naked sword. He left unhappiness behind.

When abandoned at the edge of the woods, Monsieur Philippe did not suspect that Peter was running away. Peter, a peasant, would not dare. Monsieur Philippe continued to scream from pain, fright, and anger. His screaming consisted largely of vows to have Peter hanged for raising an alarm.

The groom arrived, breathless and scared. At first Monsieur Philippe wanted him to chase Peter immediately; but the fellow assured him that it was already too late; that Peter was just now reaching town and spreading the alarm to Father Gaspard.

"The damned boor!" said Monsieur Philippe between his teeth. He did not want Father Gaspard meddling with this business.

Not until he was painfully mounted and on his way down the slope to the chateau, with the groom holding his leg, did the reason for Peter's idiotic decision flash across Monsieur Philippe's mind. The fellow was a coward, had been all along, and was running away! Monsieur Philippe tried to trot his horse, but the pain in his shoulder became so intense that he nearly fell from the saddle. He had to content himself with a fast walk. By the time he had reached the courtyard he was fainting. He must not faint! He must get that fellow, that cur, that coward!

"Ho, there, within! Ho there!" he cried. Guards came rushing from several quarters, servants ran from the house. They gathered around him, supporting him.

"I have been stabbed by a murderer!" shrieked Monsieur Philippe. "That villain Peter has stabbed me! He flees, he flees! Catch the madman!"

They stood around him, astonished, mute. They could not believe the accusation. Monsieur Philippe sank to the ground. Renée, hearing the noise, appeared on the balcony above, her hands clasped anxiously.

"Philippe!" what has happened? You are hurt!"

"I am stabbed! I am murdered! Catch—Peter—" His voice was failing him. "Father Gaspard—" He fainted.

The Gentleman King

By Russell Davenport

Illustrated by J. Matanio

SECOND INSTALMENT

Instantly Renée gave her commands. She was frightened, but she loved her brother and she had a cool head. Men began rushing about the chateau. Some hurried to the stable. Others collected pistols, swords. Others armed. In a few moments a dozen riders leapt to their saddles and clattered down the darkening road.

Renée was kneeling beside her brother with tears in her eyes. She kissed him and touched the wound. She had him carried into the house. She dispatched a rider to Paris for a surgeon. He left with a pounding of hoofs, amid the cries of stablemen. He would reach Paris the next day by relaying over a dozen horses.

When Monsieur Philippe faintly his last words were: "Father Gaspard." He had not intended to accuse the Curé, but merely to identify Peter; for no one seemed to believe that Father Gaspard's Peter had actually done this thing. But the lieutenant who commanded the pursuers was by this time excited enough to believe the devil himself. He reached the little cottage. His first knocking was not answered. He knocked again and again. At last the puzzled anxious face of the Curé appeared in the opening of the door. The lieutenant pushed his way in.

And then the Curé knew that something terrible had happened.

Yet he managed to calm himself. He pointed to the kitchen. "He is in there, preparing supper," he said. The lieutenant rushed across the room, burst through the door to the kitchen. "What is wrong? What is wrong?" asked the Curé, wringing his hands. But the guard that stood there looked at him ominously and made no reply.

Came a banging of pots in the kitchen and then violent blows upon the back door, which Peter had locked; then the lieutenant's voice: "He is not here! The villain has fled! Chase him around the

house, out to the field in the back! Chase him!" He appeared with drawn sword.

"Why, he was there, he was there!" cried the Curé, bewildered. "He was there; he was there when you knocked. He was—"

"Be still, Father! You are under arrest. Brifaud!"

"Yes, sir," said the guard.

"Conduct Father Gaspard to the Chateau and put him in prison. Show him all courtesy, but let him see no one."

"Yes, sir."

The lieutenant disappeared, mounted his horse with a cry, was off in the direction of the pasture, which he felt sure was the direction Peter had chosen.

During the next week Father Gaspard was locked in the dungeon of the Chateau, while Monsieur Philippe, who was not seriously wounded, prudently refused to make any disclosure until he had found time to put the facts together and present a credible story. This he did at last as follows:

Peter had for a long time been urging him to fight with the naked sword. Monsieur Philippe refused, flatly, of course, such being beneath his dignity as a gentleman and a noble. He asked Peter if the Count had not made him promise to fence with practice swords. Peter replied yes, but that made no difference now that the Count was away. Monsieur Philippe sensed something strange in Peter's eyes and was afraid to go out alone with him any more. Accordingly he decided to continue the bouts in the fencing-room. The afternoon of the accident, Peter had appeared at the fencing-room very much excited, saying that two rough-looking men were asleep in the forest near the Chateau. Would it not be a good adventure to go out and fight them? Monsieur Philippe asked if they had guns. Peter replied no, only swords. So Monsieur Philippe set forth. When they reached the woods there were the two ruffians sure enough, but they were not asleep! They attacked Monsieur Philippe, who pierced one of them in the eye with his sword. Monsieur Philippe, having no time to come on guard properly, was strategically at a disadvantage but managed to wound the second villain in the hand. Then Peter fell upon Monsieur Philippe and pierced him through the shoulder. Then all the attackers fled, Peter assisting the man with the wounded eye. They left Monsieur Philippe lying there screaming.

This bit of imaginative melodrama was the more plausible because a couple of ruffians had been seen in the woods around the Chateau several times. They had lurked in the woods as if waiting an opportunity to attack, and they had been driven off by the Count's guards. Obviously, by Monsieur Philippe's story, Peter was in league with them.

As this account came from his pale lips, Renée sat by her brother's bed, holding his hands. Then she began to cry. She leaned over and put her cheek against the white bedclothes at her brother's feet, and sobbed. Monsieur Philippe, who thought she was crying on his account, rebuked her tenderly, saying that he was all right, that it took more than three ruffians—

But she was thinking of Peter. More than three ruffians! No! There had been but two ruffians, and Peter. She could not conceive of Peter as a ruffian. How could he be, with those wonderfully blue inquisitive sad eyes? He had looked at her so; he had worshipped her silently! She knew that he had worshipped her, riding behind her day after day, gathering daisies for her, violets, buttercups, anything to her fancy. She felt in Peter a servant who would expose his life for her safety, and never, never presume! And he had tried to kill her brother.

In time the poignancy of her disillusionment abated, though she could never identify Peter with murder. Her mind shunned the conception. She was one of those women who are able to reach into the personalities around her, intuitively. She seemed intimate with persons with whom she had scarcely spoken, giving herself to those around her and beloved for her insight. In this manner she had penetrated beyond the mask which Peter habitually wore, had seen that he worshipped her, and had felt that she could always trust him.

But on the other hand she knew that Peter was of low birth, and the social prejudices in which she had been educated asserted that a peasant had no honor. She told herself that one could never trust the peasantry; that they were knaves; that there was no faith in a man unless nobly born. Thus she explained Peter's betrayal of her brother, his injury to Father Gaspard's reputation, and his seeming faithlessness to herself. She walked alone among the luxurious shrubs and courts of her chateau, trying to make herself believe these things against Peter; her face sad; her large blue-violet eyes wistful. She did not so much as suggest to her family the pain which Peter's action caused her. That would have shocked her father and brother dreadfully. The misdeeds of a peasant to cause a well-bred lady pain? Horrible! Impossible!

SOON after this the Count Duprès returned from the war, and Renée dispatched a messenger to Blois. Leaving his business at court in the hands of a subaltern, the Count hastened to his chateau.

He was a kindly man to his equals, invaluable to his superiors. Only to those beneath him was he overbearing, and even then not unreasonably so. He had been able to trust Peter. But his trust of Peter had been based upon his confidence in the judgment of Father Gaspard. Thus, the whole weight of Peter's crime fell upon Father Gaspard. The Curé had been released from prison, but was compelled to reside at the Chateau, and was allowed to make daily visits to his flock only under guard. But the people murmured against him. They even murmured against his teaching and his religion. Here was a good old man, they said, whose own protégé had attempted murder. What kind of a good old man was that, and what kind of a teacher? Father Gaspard's beloved began to leave

him. What with his own pain and age, and what with his pain and shame for Peter, he grew very sad and weak and sick. Only, he did not accuse Peter. He could not. There had been a mystery in Peter's eyes, but not that, not murder! In the light of Peter's little note, which, as Father Gaspard now saw, had been written with the risk of his life, the Curé began to doubt the veracity of Monsieur Philippe's story.

When the Count Duprès arrived he had several conferences with Father Gaspard. His lordship admitted that the Father was innocent of Peter's

crime, but asserted that he was guilty of negligence in recommending such a villain as Peter for a companion to Monsieur Philippe. He inquired into Peter's past. The Curé confessed that he knew nothing, beyond the fact that Peter was ignorant of his parent-hood and that Peter's father had been murdered. The Count pitied the old man and promised to release him from all responsibility, to proclaim his innocence throughout the town. And still it was difficult for Father Gaspard to suggest that Peter was innocent of intent to murder, a suggestion which would imply that Monsieur Philippe had lied. Such a statement would be an insult to his lordship, who might immediately banish Father Gaspard from his domain. The good Curé felt that a responsibility toward his few faithful spiritual dependents must prevent such a banishment and so he avoided protecting Peter.

One day, however, the Count asked: "Did he ever speak of my son suspiciously?"

The Curé shook his head. "Never. Never."

"You have no evidence for or against him, then?"

"My lord, I must be honest with you. I have evidence for him. I have been afraid to show it to you." The old man's eyes gazed steadily at his judge.

"Show it, show it!"

"My lord, you will treat it as a legal matter, purely? You will not take it as a personal offence?"

"What do you mean, now?"

"I mean that you may believe or disbelieve this evidence, as you like. But since it attacks the honor of your son, I cannot show it to you until you have promised to take it impersonally."

"You are bold, Monsieur le Curé! I can extract that evidence by torture, if I choose."

"Yes, Monsieur. I merely do not wish to make you angry."

"You are making me very angry!" Then he paused. In spite of the quick temper for which he was famed, he wanted to be fair, and he could see the Curé's position. "Père," he said, "show me the evidence. I promise to take no offence."

Father Gaspard's trembling hands produced the scrap of paper. The Count read: "I am sorry Père. I was forced to break my word. Monsieur Philippe wanted me to. Dear Père, God bless you, and may he not visit my sins upon your—"

"It was written while his pursuers were hammering on the door," said Father Gaspard. "Please, my lord, I am but a reporter of this opinion."

"Do you believe it?" The Count's eyes were blazing.

Father Gaspard looked at him a moment. "What if I do?" he said. "It makes no difference. I do not know."

"You would dare to accuse my son of lying?"

"No, my lord, I would not dare. I would not even desire. At my age one does not accuse. One remains silent before the majesty of the blessed God." He bowed his head. His chin sank upon his breast.

"Monsieur le Curé," said the Count, "I promised to treat this as legal evidence. I shall do so. I expect the same attitude from you!"

But Monsieur le Curé was too unhappy to answer, too unhappy in his perception of the wickedness of life. They led him away. They led him back to his empty cottage in silence.

AFTER that the Count Duprès decided that his children would be safer at court than in the country. It seemed more desirable to have them spoiled by luxury than killed by brigands! As soon as Monsieur Philippe had recovered they departed with a large train, guards in front and behind. Renée and her ladies travelled in litters, there being only three carriages in France in those days. The gaiety of the company, the flashing suits of red, blue and green which the courtiers wore, the prospects of being introduced to the great King Francis, all these dazzled Renée with happiness and expectation. And thus Peter left behind him sad traces upon the features of Father Gaspard; and, in Renée, a memory which sputtered to light now and then, like a candle in the joyous winds of youth.

King Francis, just released from the Spanish imprisonment following his capture at Pavia by Charles V., was now at Fontainebleau, surrounded by that brilliant court which cost so many millions and millions of dollars to maintain. Francis was the first of a series of magnificent French kings, culminating, after some gaps, with Louis XIV. Poets, painters, philosophers, theologians, crowded around him. He was in love and happy, not yet having experienced all the disillusionment of his reign. His mother, Louise de Savoie, had gathered around her the most beautiful ladies in France to adorn the splendor of the court. "A court without ladies is a garden without roses," Francis said. There were dances, tournaments, plays, music; wit was the carte d'entrée; learning was loved for its own sake; beauty was the goddess of the hour.

King Francis took a great fancy to Renée, her small sharp face, her full figure, and her vivid mind. She seemed especially fitted for this life. She was then twenty, the King himself not much over thirty. After several conversations with her he gave her expensive presents, recommended some very desirable matches, and spoke so highly of her to his favorite that the Count was quite beside himself with pleasure and Monsieur Philippe quite beyond himself with pride. Thus, while Peter was wandering the Champagne from one miserable occupation to another and while he wrestled with the dire problem of good and evil on the brigands' plateau, Renée was in the midst of the silks, the jewels, and the laughter of a court début.

A TOUR of inspection around the plateau for the hundredth time ended at his stable-room in despair! There was no possible escape! And yet, Peter reflected, nature had made nothing perfect. He remembered Father Gaspard's having said that. This stronghold, built as it was by nature, could not be perfect. It was a philosophical impossibility.

What a funny mind Peter had—child of that inquisitive, restless, never-satisfied age; the age that produced Leonardo da Vinci; the age that discovered America and invented the printing press and questioned the stars. Peter began to look in unreasonable places for a way of escape.

The whole camp had gone forth on some adventure, leaving only the guards, who never forsook their posts by the trail, and the women in the castle, and the cooks, and Peter. It was an ideal time for exploration, Peter thought, as he lay on his belly beside the stable. Below him was a sheet of rock, absolutely perpendicular for two hundred feet; towards the bottom it sloped a little and reached the floor of the gorge as a shale-bank. Opposite him was a similar wall, quite as steep, and reaching up over his head. No way out here.

But how did he know? Was it certain? He allowed his eye to travel along the rim of the cliff to his left. The stable wall extended a hundred feet in this direction, separated from the cliff by a ledge. Then Peter knew, there was an open space covered with underbrush between the stable and the chateau. He was surprised to find, however, looking in this direction, that the wall of the chateau was not quite flush with the cliff. There, also, was a ledge, much wider and easier to travel.

Peter rose excitedly, walked around the stable, and lay down at the edge of the cliff beside the massive gray chateau. He looked to his left again. Suddenly his heart became tumultuous and his hands gripped the ground excitedly. At the other side of the chateau rose a brown needle rock upon which the guards were posted. Peter had never studied it closely, but he saw now that it bulged

The Story So Far

An Englishman, with his little son, is travelling in Picardy, when he is murdered for his money by Gabriel Clos. The son is brought up by Clos and his wife to serve them.

When Mere Clos is about to die she confides to young Peter that he is of English birth. She gives him a letter written in a strange language. Goaded by Gabriel's brutality, Peter runs away. He presents himself before Father Gaspard, Curé of the hamlet of Ardenne, who cares for him and teaches him to read.

Count Duprès, the Seigneur of Ardenne has his master-at-arms instruct Peter in the art of fencing, so that his son Monsieur Philippe may keep his sword-arm strong. Peter proves an apt pupil. Philippe's sister Mademoiselle Renée, whom Peter worships distantly sometimes watches the lads at exercise.

Philippe, overbearing and rash compels Peter to fight in the forest with sharpened rapiers and without buttons. In an encounter Philippe stumbles and is pierced through the shoulder. Peter runs off in alarm. He encounters Rene Auguste, Baron de Riancourt, a banished noble and a chief of brigands known as the Thousand Devils, who takes Peter into his service.

At the brigand castle in the mountains, Peter becomes one of the band but custom does not allow him to ride out with them until he has killed his man.

On the eve of his death a captive translates a part of Peter's letter, mentioning the names of Lady Pole, Duchess of Suffolk, to whom the letter is addressed and George P., by whom it is signed.

Peter has still to kill his man before he can become a rider in the Thousand Devils.

outward in the middle. It would be possible to crawl along the ledge of the chateau to this rock, then swerve to the left, and, protected by the overhang and the tunnel-like brush, reach the trail without being seen!

There were two objections to this escape. The first was that Peter did not know the trail since he had been blindfolded when being led up it. He knew, however, that it plunged downward as soon as it passed the needle-rock, because he had seen the guards looking downward while they watched it. It might be possible, therefore, to make as much speed as a horse along this mountain passage, provided always that Peter should be able to get beyond gunshot before the guards should see him.

The second objection was that, though he could reach the trail unseen, he could not do so unheard. There was too much brush and loose stone to break through at the base of the rock—ground which had never been travelled because the guards would allow no one to approach it. His escape, therefore, could only take place while there was some loud and confusing commotion in the camp, when the crackling of underbrush would not be noticed by the guards.

Peter grinned a little and decided that, if he really wanted to escape, it would be easy enough to start a commotion of some kind.

And so to be free!

And so to have a secret power over the Baron de Riancourt!

This way of escape, he reasoned, was exceedingly improbable, but still possible.

Nature had not, indeed, made her plateau perfect; and if Peter could choose the psychological moment; if he were dramatist enough to take his guards when off their guard, he could accomplish it successfully. But it was, also, a way by which you could not return. He would not use it, except in emergency. He did not really want to use it anyway, feeling that he could amass considerable wealth among the brigands, and thus be able to reach Calais to study English. You see, he had not yet convinced himself; he thought it might be possible for him to kill one of the brigands' prisoners, or to become a rider by some cleverer means.

Already Peter's imagination had pictured his escape. He saw that in case of emergency he would want to leave a rope hanging over the cliff from his stable room, so that the brigands would think he had escaped over the cliff. This would give him more time.

It required a lot of planning to obtain that rope. He explained to the chief cook, who was left in charge of the camp, that it was necessary to put a new roof on the stable before the riders returned. He even cut down two or three pines at the other side of the plateau, and dragged them to the stable by way of pretence. But that was not all. Peter wanted to keep his rope permanently. So he went back to the cook and said: "I want some nails. I'll just go upstairs to the store-room and choose my sizes and bring them down so that you can charge me with them." So he did. While he was in the store-room he took another rope, a large thick one, and threw it from a window. It fell in the dry moat. Peter waited to make sure that no one heard it fall. Then he collected a bundle of nails and returned to the cook who inspected them so as to report to the Baron how many had been needed.

During the afternoon, Peter ostentatiously returned the rope he had borrowed for hauling logs.

That night he crept up to the castle from behind. The only guard the brigands maintained was at the trail, so that he was able to climb into the moat, pick up the rope he had stolen, and return to the stable, where he buried it in the earthen floor.

This scheming and vivid imagining of details show the intense activity of Peter's mind, behind his eyes, while his face was an imperturbable mask. When he had planned his escape thoroughly

he was proud of himself. Who was he anyhow? He had heard remotely of Leonardo, the Italian artist-inventor, the child of the devil, who had supplied water to houses by pipes, and had built flying-machines. Peter possessed many of the traits of Leonardo—that detachment from life, that inquisitiveness, that love of mechanical nicety. He felt quite as proud as the greatest of inventors, though he was really a dramatist. Was not that rope a clever idea now! An idea of the devil, surely. Peter thought he would look at himself in a mirror to see whether his face was diabolical. He was close enough to his times to be superstitious.

He obtained special permission to enter the castle by way of the kitchen. There he found a mirror. The face that looked out at him had, indeed, changed; was more mature, almost grim in its expression, with tanned cheeks and eyes that were at once commanding and wistful. Of course, he did not notice all this, being more concerned with the unkempt beard which obscured the gaunt triangularity of his face and rounded out his jaws. And his brown hair was very long. He thought, perhaps, when the riders should return, he would have one of them who had been a barber attend to these appearances.

Lucy was away with the riders. The small girl with the brown eyes did not come out that afternoon. Peter was left alone to wander around the plateau making new resolutions about himself. He

was inspired with a new daring. That undeciphered letter of his!—supposing he were really related to the great Duke of Suffolk! And supposing he should act as if it were true? What then? Wouldn't he, then, be able to make these scoundrels do as he wanted, without their so much as knowing it? Is there not a subtle power in men's eyes which destines some to lead and others to follow?

With a deep breath of satisfaction he realized that he was distinguished from other men, and that he could rise to power among the brigands without committing a single crime beyond that of associating with them: "Stupid men," he wrote later, "can take no offence at a man who is clever enough not to show his cleverness. Even the gods forgive a truly clever man." And it was by such cleverness, imperceptible to lesser minds, that Peter began to change his fortunes among the Thousand Devils when the band returned. He set himself up for a humorist!

AFTER that Peter's fortune, his whole character with relation to the Thousand Devils changed. He set himself up for a humorist. He was the clown. The knowledge that he could escape whenever he chose gave him confidence and a swagger. He went about with hands in his pockets, a grin on his mouth, chewing a straw, dancing queer steps, making impossible remarks. He was careful to keep his clothes ragged and comical. In the even-

ings, he would entertain the company with songs which he had picked up during his life at wayside inns, with dances just under the gibbets of the Baron's platform, even with stories, more or less fictitious, usually immodest, always funny.

Though he had been working toward it little by little ever since his arrival, the assumption of this character of the jester was an inspiration, born of his sudden confidence in himself and of his scorn for the life which had been forced upon him. He wrote, in an essay on brigandage, "that which is impossible to accomplish by force can be induced to occur by laughter. There is a kinship between recklessness and humor." But it required a confident mind, as well as a sensitivity to human emotions, to reach such conclusions and to act upon them, surrounded, at the age of twenty-one, by several hundred desperadoes.

Above all, Peter was careful to produce an effect of innocence, as if the escape he had planned for himself were the last desire of his heart. This, added to the fact that he had not seemed to shrink from shooting Jean Sendrecy, obtained for him the favor of the Baron and all the men. Though the lowest in rank, Peter was the most privileged of the outlaws. Indeed, he obtained his privileges by boasting of lowliness.

"Who will go catch Marie?"

Send him alone to me,
I'll give him Burgundy,
and sing him around;
I'll make him spider shoes—

The kind that the fairies use—

And with these you cannot lose

The girl you have found."

Continued on page 37



A strange group of fugitives—a consumptive who had no courage, forced to act as guide against his will; a lady of high degree with the jewels torn from her clothes; and the generalissimo of the tiny army, a horseboy, with dreams of royalty in his queer head.

The Mating of Jacques Thorelle

(A Romance of New France)

By Hilary Blandy

Illustrated by John Clymer

"Good-day; my son, hast ridden to town like the rest of them to claim your prize?"

ONE bright July morning that inveterate hater of women, Jacques Thorelle the trapper, stepped out of the blessed haven of his celibacy into the welcoming sunshine an unconscious benedict, gloriously ignorant of the fact that the net even then awaited him. He mounted his great bay horse, and whistling to his dog, set out upon the trail through the woods until he reached a little road that twisted and wound itself downhill into the City of Quebec.

He had started out in a reverie, looking between his horse's cocked ears at the road ahead with eyes that saw nothing, for Jacques Thorelle, despite the fact that he boasted the best sword hand in New France, and a body itself which might have been tempered of the finest steel, was yet a man of dreams. The day bid fair to be hot and sultry, but a slight breeze blowing up from the St. Lawrence fanned his brow and lifted the heavy black hair that hung either side of his keen bronzed face, tossing it across his eyes and rousing him from his peaceful reflections.

He drew rein for a moment, drinking in the deep breath of the salt and bracken-scented air, then with a shout he urged his horse into a gallop, while the blood ran riotously in his veins, and drummed madly in his ears. Lord! . . . What a country, and what a morning!

As suddenly again he reined in his horse, whistling to the wolfhound who had kept not many paces behind, and was now in eager pursuit of some little furry animal of the forest.

"Caesar," he flung out, turning in his saddle, "did I not tell you that today was to be a holiday, not only for you and me but for all the poor little creatures of the wood as well? Parbleu, but you are as perverse as any woman," he added impatiently, as the hound immediately took up a fresh scent on the opposite side of the road.

Thereupon his thoughts flew back to his last visit to Quebec, taken for the purpose of attending the wedding of Jean St. Croix, his good friend the silversmith. Almost he had it in his heart to pity the man as he had not been such a great, witless, short-sighted owl. To get tied up to a woman in a country that was not even overflowing with them seemed to him the tottering heights of folly. Bah! As for him, he was well rid of the whole species!

Many women had smiled upon Jacques; many might, he flattered himself, have been his for the asking, but the one woman he had been ready to worship had spurred him to madness, then in her own interests ruined him. She had laughed in his face before the whole Court as though, to her, the affair had been a passing jest. His mouth softened a little. True, there had been the little Indian girl with the red roses in her hair, and the red roses in her heart; she had loved him . . . But now she was dead, worn out by a spirit which burned too brightly in an over-fragile body.

Swift as the flight of a humming-bird was his change of mood, for no cloud settled long upon the brow of Jacques Thorelle, and he continued his journey with contentment in his heart, for was he not carefree now, and the world his for conquering, out here in this glorious land of the West? All the world was his friend save that miserable crow that he had worsted in a wrestling match, Hugo Dupont, and who by some perverse twist of Providence had escaped both the gallows and an Iroquois scalping party. The road took a sudden turn to the right, and there below him stretched the St. Lawrence, sparkling and rippling gaily in the strong light of the July sun, a sight which could always add one more drop to Jacques' cup of contentment. But today he halted in surprise, for there below him lay a mighty ship at anchor, with sails furled,

basking peacefully in the heat which quivered over the blue surface of the water.

He had left a few scattered houses behind him and now, as he passed at a slow trot the Church of St. Anne de Beaupre, the priest, Father Valmonde, emerged and held up his hand with a smiling greeting. "Good-day, my son; hast ridden to town like the rest of them to claim your fair prize, I see." The eyes of the priest twinkled, for he knew his man. "They came yesterday in yonder ship, three hundred maids of France, and more will follow next week."

Jacques sat his horse, hand on hip, and glanced askance from the kindly, teasing face of the priest to the ship which lay below them in the bay, and a deep furrow formed between his heavily-pencilled eyebrows. What, just, did the priest mean to imply? He gazed at his horse's ears and from thence doubtfully at the priest again, who remarked that it would be a great day in the history of New France.

"But, Father," put in Jacques carelessly, "I really fail to see how Caesar and I, estimable creatures though we be, are making history by a harmless day's holiday in Quebec!"

The priest advanced a few paces nearer, his face expressive of very mixed feelings as he continued to enlighten Jacques.

"Those French maids are brides for the unattached bachelors of Quebec; even now they are gathering in the big hall of the Court House, and in the Council Chamber, that the men may claim them, if so be the maids are willing. And now thou hadst best hurry, my son, for the man who is without a wife by the 15th of September is to be penalized. By the order of His Most Gracious Majesty, the King of France, he will not be permitted to fish, hunt, or trade with the Indians. I ask you, then, how else can a man live?"

Jacques continued to gaze at the priest for a moment with fearful eyes, then, slowly removing his wide-brimmed leather hat, he mopped his brow heavily, while his thoughts raced.

"Lord have mercy upon us," he murmured fervently. "How must men suffer to make history"! Then suddenly clapping his hat on again at a rakish angle, he threw back his head and shouted with laughter, till, catching sight of the astonished face of the priest he gasped: "I crave your pardon, Father, but 'tis a wondrous droll world and no one shall ever say that Jacques Thorelle could not take a joke against himself. Come, Caesar, we will go and see what Fate decides, but God help the woman who breaks into my peaceful existence, that is all"! And with that, doffing his hat to Father Valmonde, he rode off at a smart trot in the direction of the crowds which he now saw were gathering in the centre of the town, and made for the Court House.

"It seems that our good friend Louis has us in the palm of his hand," he muttered to himself, "but by the Rood, if I do take one of these double-faced hussies to my bed and board, she need expect no quarter from me. Mon Dieu, no! I will have her cringing at my feet like a dog, beaten into submission"!

He flung himself off his horse, and having tethered it to a post, shouldered his way through the noisy, gesticulating crowd toward the Court House door, the dog following close upon his heels. "Here comes Jacques Thorelle," he heard whispered and shouted on all sides. "Our Jacques is going to fall at last—good luck, Jacques Thorelle," came for the most part from the married men in the crowd, for it had always been a bone of contention that the handsome, debonair Jacques remained more than impervious to the feminine charms of Quebec. But as usual, he gazed loftily over the heads of them all, and, with a gay quip or two with the men and a jaunty flourish of his hat, disappeared through the open door.

IN ONE of the far corners of a big hall in the Court House, where a large diamond-paned window overlooked a green dappled meadow, sat a slim young girl, a girl with a Madonna face, and a mass of burnished hair which rippled over her drooping hood on to her shoulders. She had drawn herself away from the rest of the chattering throng of women and girls who laughed and joked with the men as they crowded into the hall, and being partly hidden by a heavy curtain, had so far passed unnoticed. In spite of the business now on hand, her thoughts were far away in France with her father, who had been killed in the wars and her mother, who had followed him but a short time after. Her nearest relative had been a miserly old uncle, and in an enlightened moment he had seen the expediency of forcing her to join the King's consignment of maids bound for New France, for among them were many of gentle birth. So here she was, herded like a sheep in a pen on market day, only, she thought bitterly, sheep were sold; she was merely to be given away. Every now and again she put up an urgent prayer that the good God in His infinite wisdom might guide her, for she was in a strange country, and she was lonely; Mon Dieu, how she was lonely!

It was at the end of one of these fervent little prayers that she suddenly felt something cold and wet push against her hand, and looking down saw an enormous wolfhound, who immediately, and without any formalities, laid his shaggy head upon her knee and gazed adoringly up into her face.

"Oh, you darling"! she quavered; "from whence came you? It seems I have one friend in New France, anyway," and stooping, she put her slim



white arms about the dog's shoulders, and kissed him softly between the eyes.

A shadow fell across her, and slowly she looked up, this time into a pair of dark mocking eyes, eyes which stirred her strangely, yet left her feeling vaguely miserable. The owner of them was a tall slenderly built young man with a lean, bronzed face, and black hair which curled itself engagingly inwards over his ears.

She thought he was the finest specimen of manhood she had ever seen; if only he would not so mock her with his eyes, and there was just a suspicion of a cruel curve about the corners of his mouth.

Jacques laughed under his breath, and patted the dog, who never shifted his gaze from the face of the girl.

"So it seems you have decided for me, Caesar; it looks to be a case of take you both or leave you both." Then, with a sweeping bow to the girl who sat watching him with quiet wide-opened eyes, he went on: "Will Mademoiselle do me the honor of sharing my hearth and home?"

She looked down then into the eyes of Caesar, and up again into the questioning face of Jacques, and once more she saw the cruel curve at the corner of his mouth. She bit her lip and looked hastily away towards her fast-disappearing companions. But ten feet away a girl was laughingly submitting to the kisses of an unwholesome, unshaven ruffian, from whom came wafted a definite aroma of the ale-house. With a shiver she turned again to the man before her, and saw that he was

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Please understand right away that no woman need expect tenderness from Jacques Thorelle!



The Castle of Malmaison; once a residence of Napoleon's; now a Museum.

OUT of the historic and romantic past, into a modern world that knew not of their existence, there has just come to view a rich collection of garments worn by the Empress Josephine in the days of her glory. And, still more amazing, these dresses, scarfs, mantles and sandals come to the light of our 20th century eyes in all their pristine fineness—indeed, as fresh as though they had just emerged the day before from the hands of the dressmakers and others who made them. All of which is due to the carefulness of the daughter of the Empress, who had them packed carefully in special air-proof boxes. In these they lay until time and changing fortunes and various deaths brought them once more to be looked upon by an eagerly interested world. The most important items of the splendid collection are two court evening dresses in all the splendor of the gorgeously beautiful material of the time when extravagant Josephine thought never of the costs in adorning her beautiful person.

One dress is of white satin brocaded in gold, worn with a scarf of tulle also embroidered in gold filigree. The second is of white silk tulle, embroidered in gold lame, the skirt being heavily trimmed with a border of laurel leaves and bees, the emblems of the Empire. The scarfs are of almost equal interest because of Josephine's known fondness for them. The tiny sandals of white satin give an idea of the daintiness of the foot of their royal wearer.

To antiquarians and all people interested in dress, this find from the days of the First Empire was of tremendous importance, not alone because relics of Josephine are very scarce, but more from the fact that all the materials were in so perfect condition, a state of preservation hardly believable after the passage of a hundred years.

Nowhere in the world has the helpful generosity of wealthy Americans been more notably in evidence than in France, particularly since the Great War. The historical imperial abode of Napoleon, "Malmaison," on the outskirts of Paris, has recently been singled out as the receiver of most valuable gifts of money for buildings, and additional land, to give a fitting setting to these recently discovered relics of Josephine, as well as additional objects pertaining to the First and Second Empires that are rapidly filling up France's newest museum, one which will eventually hold the most complete collection in the world of things pertaining to Napoleon I.

And, strange as it may seem, when one would think that the vast panorama of the last war would have shrouded Napoleon's epopee in the twilight of history, he now more than ever seems to command the interest of countless people in every land. That is probably why "Malmaison," France's newest

AS NEW

Empress Josephine's Dresses Just Discovered

The story of a curious find, and a brief description of France's newest museum housing the greatest Napoleonic collection in the world.

By Francis Dickie



The Empress Josephine

museum, is at present receiving so much attention both from Frenchmen and foreigners.

The greatest American benefactors have been Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tuck. They donated to the French Government 500,000 francs in gilt-edged securities to assist in the upkeep of the Napoleonic museum. But their still larger gift and one of finer import was the reconstitution recently of the entire

property of Malmaison (which was broken up after Napoleon's death), and the giving of the deed of the castle and the woods of Beaux-Preaux, adjoining Malmaison, to France, making the estate once more as it was in Napoleon's day.

For a complete understanding of how really important is this latter gift, a brief review of the history of the property needs be given.

ON THE second Floreal of the year VII of the Republic, that is to say the 21st of April, 1799, when Bonaparte was winning the victory of Mount Thabor in Syria, his wife, Josephine, bought the property of Malmaison, consisting of the Castle and seven hectares of land (about 18 acres) for the sum of 325,080 francs. It was not until six months after that Napoleon, as General Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Egypt, entered Paris. Three weeks later he was proclaimed First Consul. He was given the Tuileries as his official residence. But Napoleon disliked it. "Sad as grandeur itself," he called the unattractive palace of the old French kings. Thus it was that during his term as First Consul he spent much time at the rural abode of Malmaison. But, true to his nature, Napoleon was not content with the grounds and castle of Malmaison, ample though they were. Adjoining was the estate of Beaux-Preaux, a small castle and 19 hectares (about 48 acres) of woods and gardens and lawns. This belonged to an old maid. In spite of Napoleon's position and his many attempts to persuade her, she refused to sell. Not until after her death did Napoleon acquire this property from her heirs, and he was not long to enjoy its possession.

In the year 1829 the property was divided by a sale. Again, from the year 1877 to 1882 the two estates were parcelled out. In 1896 the castle of Malmaison was purchased by M. Osiris. He restored it, and in 1904 donated it and the grounds to the State.

Then recently Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tuck secured the adjoining castle of Beaux-Preaux and the 48 acres of ground and gave the deed to the State. So once more, after a hundred years, the property is as it was following Napoleon's years of negotiating with an obstinate old lady.

The following brief table of changes of ownership since 1824 shows what a fascination this property has had for people of royal blood:

- 1824: Death of Prince Eugene, who had succeeded to the property after death of Josephine.
- 1829: M. Hagermann, a Swedish banker, purchases.
- 1842: Queen Marie-Christine of Spain purchases.
- 1861: Napoleon III purchases.
- 1867: Empress Eugenie displays first collection of Napoleonic relics.

1870: Becomes property of State.
 1871: Castle pillaged by Germans.
 1877: Paul Emile Gauthier purchases from State and breaks property up into parcels.
 1896: Acquired by M. Osiris.
 1904: M. Osiris returns castle to State.
 1906: Napoleonic Museum begun.
 1916: Museum reopened under new director, the Napoleonic authority, M. Jean Bourguignon.

In addition to the purchase of the grounds and the 500,000-franc gift of money, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tuck also donated to the museum the death-bed of Napoleon and a picture which had hung in his room at St. Helena, a bedsheet of white kid leather embroidered with Josephine's initials, one which she used on her field bed when accompanying Napoleon on a campaign; several bonnets of lace worn by Josephine during her last illness and several parasols and cushions.

It remained for another American, Mrs. Fahnestock Campbell, to donate to the museum another present of highest value. She recently paid the sum of 450,000 francs for the very fine Gobelin floor-rug bearing Napoleon's initials. Not only is this a magnificent specimen from this noted manufactory, but it has also a very interesting history attached to it.

IN THE autumn of the year 1809, Napoleon invited all the "small" kings of Europe to celebrate with him the anniversary of his coronation and also the Treaty of Peace signed at Vienna, which secured the position of France in Europe. Among the royal visitors was Frederick-August, King of Saxony, who had always been very friendly toward France. During his stay, Napoleon surrounded Frederick-August with all manner of attentions, and decided to make him a present of a collection of tapestries from the Gobelins. He wished Frederick-August to take this with him upon his return. Owing to the scarcity of material the present was not quite complete when Frederick was ready to depart. To complete the present, Napoleon ordered that a rug, which had been specially made for the palace, and was just completed, be presented to the King of Saxony. Today we know of the incident due to letters in the archives which were exchanged at the time between the Director of Gobelins and the inspector of imperial furniture. This historic rug remained in Saxony until the recent war. Afterwards, the changed fortunes of the owners, caused the rug to be sold several times. After the German Revolution it found its way to Paris, where it was purchased by Mrs. Campbell for the museum. The rug is doubly valuable as it is the only one in existence bearing the initials of Napoleon

Following his abdication, his successor, Louis XVIII, by way of showing his bigness of mind, had all the rugs and tapestries bearing the initials, emblems or

Another of Empress Josephine's dresses made of white satin brocaded in gold

coat-of-arms of Napoleon, replaced by those of the Bourbons.

Then, last of all, to still further enrich this newest of France's historical museums, one chiefly devoted to the Napoleonic era, comes this collection of Josephine's wearing apparel, almost as new, as fresh, as entrancing to our modern eyes as to those people gathered of an evening in Malmaison or the Tuileries a hundred years ago.

Some two years ago, Madame Salvage de Faverolles died. She was directly descended from Queen Hortense, daughter of Josephine, ex-Empress of France. When her possessions were examined by heirs the airtight boxes were discovered, and among her papers a brief account of the contents.

NO ONE received the news of this valuable historical discovery with more enthusiasm



Napoleon



One of Josephine's dresses made of white tulle embroidered in gold filigree



than M. Jean Bourguignon, an antiquarian of note, one of the highest authorities on matters pertaining to the Napoleonic era. In 1916, the French Government, as a mark of recognition of M. Bourguignon's great knowledge of the First and Second Empires, appointed him Curator of the National Palace of Malmaison, then closed owing to the war. Though the palace had been a museum since 1906, and thanks to the work of Empress Eugenie, had the beginning of a Napoleonic collection, the place was in a sad state. To it the new curator brought all the ardor and enthusiasm of the true "Napoleonite"; and in the following years began building up this youngest of the nation's museums until soon it will be unique in the completeness of its collected objects of Napoleon and his time.

These dresses and other apparel of Josephine's were beyond words valuable, for other dresses of Josephine in existence were very few. These (two on exhibition at the Musee Carnavalet) were shabby, almost falling to pieces.

M. Bourguignon secured a loan of the dresses for an exhibition at Malmaison, their rightful

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The deathbed of Empress Josephine. In this room Napoleon, alone, spent several hours before his forced departure to St. Helena



Napoleon's library at Malmaison where he planned the Legion of Honour and many other matters of importance to the nation

Miss Hazel Eyes

In Which Dan Anderson, Athabaska River Trapper, Seeks a City Wife and Finally Gets One!

By H. F. Mullett



K. ALLEN.

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

"A city girl to go North with you—you? Why, you're—oh, its funny!" giggled Miss Hazel Eyes.

DOWN in the engine room of the SS. "Athabaska a bell clanged.

The big river boat, four decks high from the water's edge, swung from the wharf at Chipewyan, into the brown waters of Lake Athabaska.

"Get the bridal chamber ready, Cap.!" yelled Big Bill Connacher from the sun-baked landing stage, grinning up at Captain Chris Mathews where he lolled, one leg negligently thrust through the wheel-house window.

"Yaas, ay gat him ready olright," drawled the river captain, scooping a prodigious pinch of Copenhagen snuff from a familiar red can into his mouth—for your real Scandinavian, as every northerner knows, chews his snuff—he doesn't sniff it.

"Ay gat him ready, but maybe he iss not needed, for where, think you, this up-river trapper would find a white wife to marry him?"

"Well," commented Sergeant Baynes of the R.C.M.P. post at Fort Chipewyan, twirling the points of a finely-waxed moustache, "Dan's not a bad-looking sort of feller, you know—and when he's dressed up—whew!"

"Ye'll no be sneerin' at the guid claes the laddie's wearin'?" came the broad Scots accent of Fraser McDougall, independent trader known from Fort Smith to the Arctic. Mac felt a proprietary interest, for only a few hours before he had traded those same clothes for a bundle of fine fox skins.

Dan Anderson, from the deck of the river-boat, swept a freckled paw through his red hair and grinned a sheepish smile at the crowd on the wharf.

"All right boys—laugh away—but there's no 'nichi' for mine, if I have to throw my own beans into the pan for the rest of my natural life—and that goes for you, Bill, and for you, Steve—and half a dozen others of you, too."

The last sentences he flung at the group on the wharf through cupped hands, as the "Athabaska River," nosing up-stream for the tree-clad islands that marked the deep-water passage through the shallow lake, headed for the Athabaska River—and civilization—and, maybe—for the future Mrs. Dan Anderson.

Crisp laughter came back to Anderson as the figures receded into the distance—but some of the watchers did not join in the laugh. They had long since succumbed to the loneliness of the trapper's life, and taken Indian women—"nichis"—drab of dress and sallow of face, as sharers of their cabins and labors.

Drawing a chair into the shady corner of the deck, Anderson, with a groan for his squeaky yellow shoes on feet accustomed for most of the year to the comfortable moose-hide moccasin, took stock of himself and his situation.

His bright suit of "store" clothes irked him uncomfortably. His new Stetson hat dug a white furrow into his freckled forehead. The stiff white

collar that completed his outfit bored into his sun-baked neck, above a wide-flowing tie of verdant green.

He didn't know it, but he looked more like a walking Christmas-tree than a trapper, and if he had known the interest his presence was due to arouse in the maiden breasts of divers Edmonton young women, he would have dived from the high deck of the "Athabaska River" into the brown stream, and have hit for the seclusion of the deep woods and his lonely log cabin again.

Ahead of the river-boat, a broad-beamed scow flung the oily waters in even rollers to the far shore of the lake. The sun glinted on a surface smooth as glass, broken only where a flight of ducks squattered noisily across the scow's bow.

A brown fox, disturbed at his silent business at the water's edge, slipped like a shadow into the cool green of the woods. A huge hawk, sailing slowly out over the pine ridge, banked high into the blue, as the steamer swung past a little island, into full view.

Here was Anderson's life. The wide-flowing river; the tall trees; the log shack in the clearing; his string of husky dogs; the light canoe; steel-blue stars of winter; summer woods where the leaves turned russet brown at the first touch of the September frosts—he loved it all.

All that Anderson owned of the poetic and romantic Celtic blood in his veins, tingled at this goodly land wherein he had lived alone for five years.

The long summer nights when the fading glory of sunset merged insensibly into the roseate dawn of a new day, faintly musical with the cheeping of birds, and odorous with the scent of the wild rose; the white silences of winter, when the river was locked tightly under its white pall of snow; the

silken sheen of the northern lights; the woods bending down before the first fall of snow—all these things burned the fire of poetic imagery in Anderson's soul, and set him longing, longing—he knew not for what.

Then, that Spring, something surged into that poetic soul of his, with a flood of feeling that brought realization.

The poplar buds were fat with the promise of new life; the birds were mating through the warm Spring days. In the woods the red fox ran; part-ridge drummed on the fallen logs; the roaring challenge of the bull moose swept in from the silent river—animal and bird—the creatures of the wild sought each his mate—and red-haired Anderson, five years of lone bachelordom behind him, drew a deep breath of understanding of his vague longings.

Like the birds and the beasts, he must seek his mate, upon which thought, Mr. Anderson blushed a brilliant red beneath his tan, and thrust a tin plate of semi-congealed bacon from him in disgust.

Then had ensued a cleaning and washing, with clothing and blankets hanging out in the hot sun in the clearing, and raucous-voiced river-men yelling derisive taunts from their canoes as they swung past on the brown waters.

His winter fur catch brought him fifteen hundred dollars, at Fraser McDougall's store at Chipewyan. The old trader dealt fairly with his trapper-customers, giving generous prices for the furs which he appraised with expert hands and keen eyes, and asking reasonable figures for the miscellany of goods which crowded shelves, walls, counters and windows of his picturesque place of business.

"An' ye'll be needin'—"? McDougall had asked, when the furs were all valued, and a price agreed upon.

"I'm going 'outside' to Edmonton, Fraser," Anderson had answered, "and I'll need an outfit of clothes—the very best you have in the store."

"It'll mebbe be beesnees that tak's ye tae Edmonton in guid claes"? ventured the trader, eyeing his customer keenly.

And the five-years bachelor had blushed and stammered, and stood on one foot and then on the other—

Fraser, you might call it business—it's it's—well, I'm going out to find a wife, that's all."

"Losh"! was McDougall's only comment, "ye'll sairntinly need the best I hae in the store, laddie."

So Anderson was arrayed by the trader, in finery such as never mortal man had worn before—off the vaudeville stage. Two hundred dollars it took, to adorn the shrinking figure of the trapper in what McDougall honestly believed represented the very mirror of fashion.

And when the job was done, the old trader rubbed his hands, gave the transfigured trapper a playful shove that sent him, in his unaccustomed tight shoes, half way across the floor of the store,

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The woman in his arms grew heavy, limp, and the trapper, without ceremony, slung her over his shoulder, as he would have done a bale of furs.

A Load of Wheat--- A Sack of Flour

By Bernhardt Calnek

Illustrated by Wesley F. Irwin

"WITH luck, I can reach Dunville before dark. If I can't sell tomorrow, I'll stop over until Thursday—that is, if you think you can get along all right." He finished tying the torn piece of burlap about his foot as he spoke.

Helen did not answer at once; she continued to thaw a hole in the frost on the window with her breath. She pressed her face close to the glass and stood for a moment watching the snow as it blew about the shivering oxen. The frost cooled her face and made marks that covered the traces of tears. When she turned around, she forced a little smile. "Certainly I'll be all right. I have plenty of coal—and Bubs, here, for company." She stooped as she spoke and patted the collie at her feet.

Martin glanced at the box of coal behind the stove. It had never looked so small before, and he wondered whether it would last three days. With the mercury at twenty below zero it would not be safe to let the fire go down. "Perhaps I can get back a little earlier. I'll try." He promised, as he took the little box of lunch from the table and pulled on his big mitts.

He bade his little wife good-bye at the door and stepped out into the frosty air. He saw her with one eye at the hole on the frosted window watching him start on his long trip. He waved his hand, spoke to the team, and started for town. Seventeen miles with a pair of oxen and a load of wheat.

In twenty minutes they reached the trail leading straight north to Dunville. Martin tied the lines to the wagon box and let the team go. He could keep warmer walking.

The oxen had been shivering at the start, but now, though their flanks were white with frost, they were warm. They knew that at the end of this long trail a warm stable and a good feed awaited them.

with his bulls." It had seemed funny to him then, but today he could not laugh. He was worried.

It was three years since he had given up his job down in Manitoba and filed on this homestead in the newly opened Preston district in Saskatchewan. The stories of heavy yields of wheat in the newer province proved a winning lure to the young man. Then he went East on a visit and met Helen. The result was, the following March saw them threading their way around sloughs and hills to the land they had chosen for home.

It was a small outfit. A wagon drawn by a pair of oxen, piled high with a plow, a harrow, a little seed wheat and a few household necessities. The



Everyone he spoke to confirmed his suspicions.



Helen did not answer at once but stood for a moment watching the snow as it blew about the shivering oxen. When she turned around she forced a little smile. "Certainly, I'll be all right."

During the three years on the homestead they had made this trip many times. From a distance behind, Martin watched the regular clouds of steam coming from their distended nostrils. Once the winter before, when Helen accompanied him on these trips, she had laughed and called him: "Jason

latter were few indeed. Helen came from pioneer stock and knew that many little things for a house can be counted as luxuries and not as necessities.

It was a bleak place to build a home. They were the first to enter the district, and their nearest neighbor's house was a mere speck on the horizon. In those first happy days they often spoke of "Our neighbor over there."

That first summer was one of joy. Helen filled the chinks as Martin cut and piled the sods which slowly assumed the shape of a house. When it was finished, they were as proud of it as a wealthy man is of his fifty-thousand-dollar mansion.

Then came the breaking of the soil for their first crop. It too was a slow process, but six acres, providing the wheat grew well, would keep them over the next winter. After the seed was in Martin followed the plow and harrow until late in June, when the soil became too hard to work with one pair of oxen.

THEY were a happy couple that summer; they watched the little yellow shoots grow into the shot-blade, then came the long, well-filled heads. As they sat beside the little hut in the evenings they dreamed of the day when the small patch of wheat would be spread far out on every side. They felt that God was blessing them and gave Him thanks. Little did they realize how, after God had given them so much, man would step in and cruelly

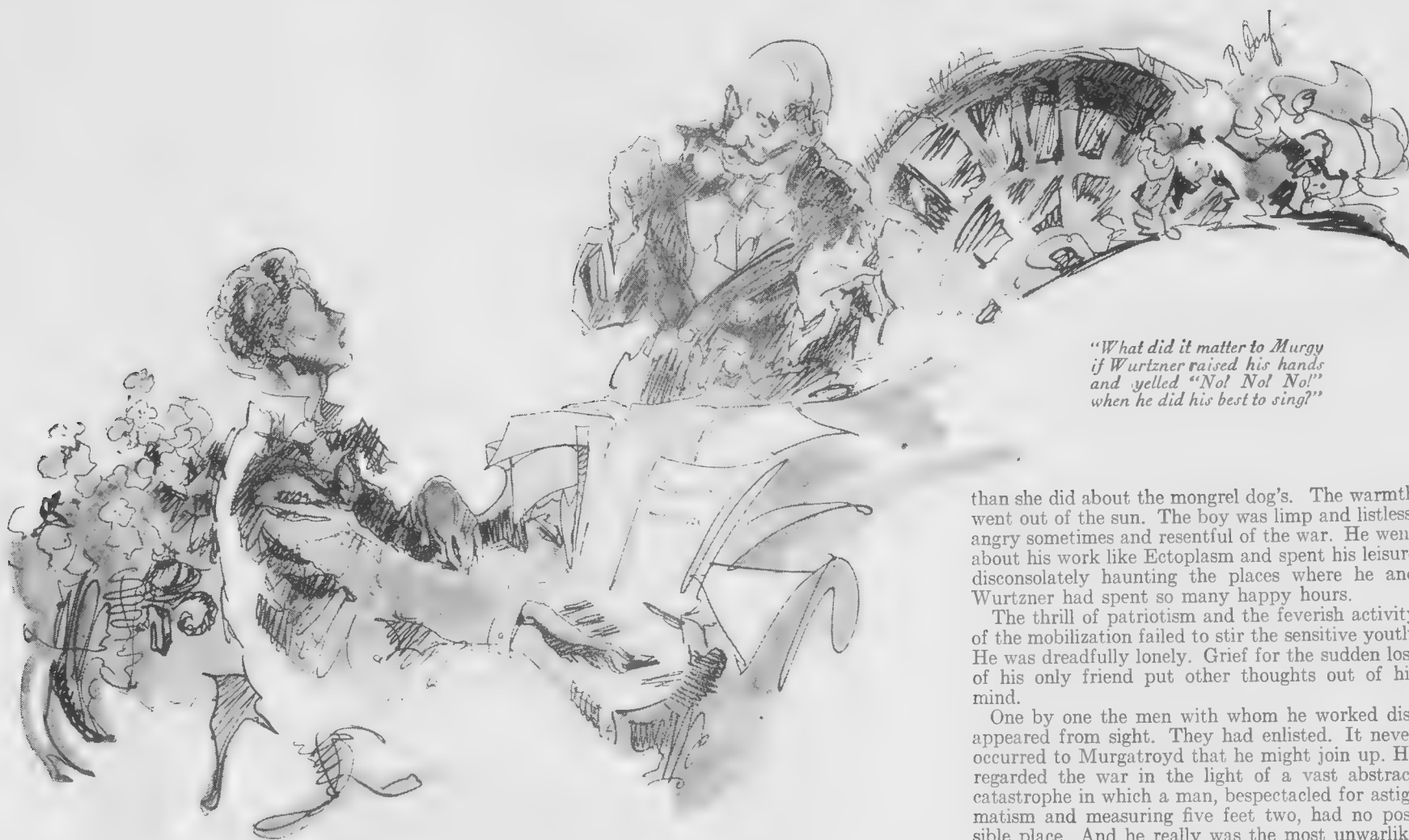
blast all their hopes. No, not all, they were true pioneers, and accepted misfortunes as little "ill winds," that would soon blow over.

A YEAR passed. The sun still shone on the little homestead. The second crop was harvested and threshed before winter set in, and the little granary was half filled with bright plump kernels. After putting aside fifty bushels for next year's seed there was still nearly five hundred bushels left to sell. Then came the deep snow. It was impossible to get through to Dunville with more than a small part of a load. That winter proved one of misery to most of the farmers in the outlying districts. Unscrupulous buyers controlled the wheat market in Dunville and other small towns. On a cold frosty morning, men with coats in tatters and feet wrapped in gunny-sacks tied with binder-twine, could be seen grouped near the loading-platforms waiting for the buyer to come and take their wheat. The line of shivering teams stretched far down the trail which was called a street. Arms and feet that had been moving about to keep warm became still as a man clothed in furs climbed to the platform and addressed them.

"Well, boys, I'm buying only number five today." With that announcement the rogue would turn open the car door, well knowing that the farmer

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No! No! Murgatroyd



"What did it matter to Murgy if Wurtzner raised his hands and yelled 'No! No! No!' when he did his best to sing?"

"NO! NO!"

Professor Max Wurtzner's piping voice rose to a higher pitch each time he repeated the word.

In silence, Murgatroyd Andrews watched the little German singing-master remove his enormous spectacles, polish them elaborately with a red-and-white silk handkerchief, dab at the ends of his long walrus-like moustache, thrust the handkerchief back into his coat-tail pocket, replace his spectacles, and retrieve his baton.

"We try again," said the little professor, crinkling up his eyes.

Thus encouraged Murgatroyd sang: "Tatatata—tatatatata . . ."

"No! No!" protested the teacher once more, covering his ears with his pudgy hands and wrinkling his billiard-ball head. "Always on that note you sing flat, my dear. Like this it goes: Tatatatata—tatatatata. See? He paused. "Now. Once more we try." His all-enduring patience was characteristic of his race.

Murgatroyd tried again. "Tatatata—tatatatata." No, he couldn't get that note. Over and over again the persevering professor tried him with it as he had done on a dozen previous occasions. It was quite useless. It looked as if his eager but unmusical pupil would never be able to sing that beautiful Serenade of Schubert's which Wurtzner loved and had set his heart on teaching him.

Almost any other boy of nineteen would have revolted against Professor Wurtzner's continual corrections. Not so Murgatroyd Andrews. He was not of the type that rebels. And while he was fond of music he did not care particularly if he never learned to sing. Arrangements had been made for his tuition by his widowed mother, and he had bowed to her desires as he had always done.

At first the lessons had irked the boy after his long day's work in the shop. His feet ached and his throat was tired. He covered a good deal of ground from counter to counter and he had to deal with women. But gradually he had come to look forward to his evenings with the Professor. A close and affectionate bond was formed between the naive counter-jumper and the kindly little musician.

By Cosmo Hamilton

Illustrated by R. Dorf

They went to concerts together, and once or twice to the opera, to the cheapest part of the house. The Professor lent the boy books, told him of the beauties of the Rhine, and played the violin far into the night. They cooked themselves midnight suppers in the Professor's miniature kitchen—sausages and queer things that Murgatroyd had never seen before. They drank lager beer that came from Munich and ate raw fish salad, very adventurous stuff.

Murgatroyd was really happy for the first time in his life. At last he possessed a genuine pal—someone who didn't jeer at his puny frame or call him Pug-face or pull his leg, the indiscretion of his Christian name had laid him open to hideous jokes from the earliest years of his life.

He grew to love the Professor. This queerly-assorted pair of pocket-edition men flitted about London's streets like a couple of inseparable, shabby moths. What did it matter to Murgy if Wurtzner raised his hands and yelled "No! No! No!" when he did his best to sing? He was his only sympathetic and understanding friend.

And then, one day, the Professor announced that he was about to return to Germany. He did not expect to be away long, however. That, at least, tempered the blow which the bad news dealt to the boy. The eyes of both were wet when they said good-bye at the station and it is true to say that Murgy blubbered aloud when the unselfconscious Teuton kissed him on both cheeks, after which, waving his handkerchief until the train slid snakily out, the desolate lad sloped away feeling as though he were leaving the graveside of his pal.

Letters were exchanged, of course. Long and interesting letters. The Professor described his daily life with touches of charming humor and Murgy did his best to respond in kind and always wound up with "Come back."

Then the war. The Professors letters ceased. Murgatroyd was friendless once more. His mother knew less about his sentiments and sensibilities

than she did about the mongrel dog's. The warmth went out of the sun. The boy was limp and listless, angry sometimes and resentful of the war. He went about his work like Ectoplasm and spent his leisure disconsolately haunting the places where he and Wurtzner had spent so many happy hours.

The thrill of patriotism and the feverish activity of the mobilization failed to stir the sensitive youth. He was dreadfully lonely. Grief for the sudden loss of his only friend put other thoughts out of his mind.

One by one the men with whom he worked disappeared from sight. They had enlisted. It never occurred to Murgatroyd that he might join up. He regarded the war in the light of a vast abstract catastrophe in which a man, bespectacled for astigmatism and measuring five feet two, had no possible place. And he really was the most unwarlike of mortals, with, it seemed to him, the one exception of Professor Max Wurtzner, with his piano, violin, and baton.

IT WAS not until two pert girls from the ribbon counter openly charged him with lacking courage that it occurred to him that he might offer his services to his country. He blushed and stammered at their remarks, and then spent much time during the balance of the afternoon mentally revolving the idea. Several times he took surreptitious peeps at himself in one or other of the mirrors. The reflection that looked back at him made him marvel at his temerity in supposing that he might shoulder a rifle. But the nasty accusations of those two girls rankled in his soul.

After dinner that night he summoned every ounce of determination in his small body and stood timidly at the end of a long queue at one of the recruiting stations. Immediately ahead of him were two men, oldish men, who talked rather loudly and laughed. He gathered from their conversation that they had just returned from South Africa. They had fought in the Boer war and liked it. Good old war. Murgatroyd listened, spellbound. And when the bigger and brawnier of them stepped back and bumped him, the impact shook Murgatroyd so that he rattled in his clothes. He wondered if all soldiers were as hard as this man was. Perhaps he wasn't strong enough to be a soldier and had better sneak away. He looked over his shoulder quickly and saw that some twenty other men had joined the queue behind him. He couldn't draw back now. One of them might laugh.

A few steps at a time the line of men moved forward. But although panic seized him at the door he stood his ground.

In the brilliantly-lighted barrack-room his heart pounded until it almost made him sick. The squarely-built, leathery-complexioned sergeant put his tongue in his cheek when he gave his name as Murgatroyd Glastonbury Andrews. Murgatroyd answered the questions put to him and passed on to the queue awaiting the medical officer.

The tall, grave-looking M.O. smiled at him pleasantly as he came up for inspection. After examining Murgatroyd's chest he paused and stood drumming his fingers on his stethoscope.

"H'm," was his verdict. He paused again. "How are your eyes?"

"Pretty good, sir. A bit short-sighted now and then. Nothing to speak of. Won't matter at all, I hope, sir."

The eye test showed that Murgatroyd was all at sea without his glasses. The medical officer shook his head.

"Sorry, my lad," he said, "I'm afraid you can't get by. It wouldn't be fair to send you over there. A good lad to volunteer, though." He beckoned to the next man.

Murgatroyd scrambled into his clothes and scuttled off like a rabbit. His rejection neither surprised nor humiliated him. But he felt lonely and isolated. He hungered more than ever for the companionship of his friend.

At the shop he suffered the taunts of the ribbon girls in silence. He shrank from confessing that he was physically unfit.

In the course of time, when the standard of fitness was lowered, Murgatroyd presented himself at a different recruiting office. He was enrolled and sent to a bantam regiment. He felt tremendously important as he walked back briskly to his home in the Fulham Road.

At first the training at the camp almost killed him. After a full day of squad drill, setting-up exercises and route marches the poor little beggar sank down onto his bunk in a state of complete exhaustion. He marvelled at the stamina of the other men who went to the cinemas after their day's work or stayed up to play cards until the bugle sounded "Lights out."

But little by little he hardened up. And when the long-expected day on which his battalion would leave for France was announced and he was given leave, it was with pride and keenness that he polished his boots and buttons until they shone with a dazzling brightness. Over the adjustment of his

"Darlin' laddie," replied the sergeant, with withering sarcasm, "wouldn't yer like me to change yer diaper, too? When we get to the blinkin' trenches I s'pose you'll expect me to tuck yer into yer little cot and give yer a motherly kiss. Then he changed his tone to one of real good nature and slapped the boy on the back. "If I've showed yer



"When we get to the blinkin' trenches I suppose you'll expect me to tuck you into yer little cot and give yer a motherly kiss."

once I must 'ave showed yer twenty times 'ow to put them blinkin' puttees on. Come over 'ere and I'll do it all over again. I'd like to see Job bein' a sergeant to amachoor soldiers. Just five minutes I'd give 'im before 'e'd commit a string of murders and get 'imself into the looney 'ouse."

"I'm sorry, sergeant, but these puttees always beat me. I try to roll 'em right."

Sergeant Hawkes looked up from his task of bandaging Murgatroyd's legs. "That's the queer part about you, Andrews," he said. "Never in all my life did I see a bloke try 'arder than you and yet do things so rotten bad. Well, I don't mind perseverin' with a willin' man even if 'e is a bit shy on gumption. Goin' to see yer gal?"

"No, sergeant, I'm going to call at the shop and show myself, and then escort my mother to a show."

"Oh . . . Gor blimey! Well, push off and do the army credit." He said other things under his breath.

Murgatroyd walked off smartly—head erect—his narrow bottle-shaped shoulders thrown back painfully.

LIKE other men, Murgatroyd cheerfully bore the discomforts of crossing the Channel on a packed transport. He had never been farther from London than Margate in his life. In a state of great excitement he made a complete tour of the vessel, stumbling over legs wherever he went, and then, covered with curses, settled himself in the bows to watch the scouting destroyers ahead.

The motion of the ship as she rose and dipped to the long Atlantic swell was very soothing, he thought. It made him think of the see-saw he used to play on when he had been called a snotty-nosed nipper by the man next door. Occasional whiffs of cooking from the galley assailed his nostrils and reminded him that he was wolf-hungry. In all his life he had never felt so fit. What would the Professor think if he could see what a man he had become.

For a time he sat inhaling the bracing salt air. And then, for a reason that he could not under-

stand, those rich, warm smells of cooking suddenly lost their charm. He believed that he felt strange. He thought that perhaps he was getting influenza. He remembered that "flu" had made him feel just like that. There was a curious cold band across his forehead. . . . Loud cheers, and ribald badinage accompanied him as he staggered, clawing the air, towards the rail.

Afterwards, as he lay on the deck, Roquefort cheese complexioned, silently thanking God that he hadn't been put in the Navy, some imaginative wag asked him if he would like a feed of underdone pork chops with hot chocolate sauce sprinkled on them. Murgatroyd gulped several times like a gold-fish, but he could think of nothing to say. Even in happier circumstances the gift of being whimsical had never been his forte.

Not until they reached Boulogne did Murgatroyd stir from his coma-like state on the deck. Other men had been sick, but he had not noticed them. It seemed to him that he was passing out. Thoughts of home and the shop and the rosy evenings he used to spend with Professor Max Wurtzner crept into his addled brain. Tatata . . . tatata . . . "No, no, Murgatroyd!" Good old Max. Perhaps he was a soldier too. But that seemed too absurd. Fancy the mild little singing master with the sky-blue eyes and well-rounded tummy in a German uniform. He bally well *had* to laugh.

He prayed for some miracle to put an end to the war during the dreary night. This rough business of soldiering seemed to be more than he could cope with. But he struggled into his heavy equipment and scrambled along with the others, only to discover, in due course, that life at the training camp and on the transport had been a bed of roses compared with what he had to go through in the trenches. The knee-deep mud clung to him prophetically—hungrily, it seemed to him. The barking explosion of shells overhead and the duller boom of those detonating on the ground made his nerves like a flight of frightened pigeons. The sight of men with blood oozing from their wounds turned his stomach over. And the vermin filled him with horror. Lice were bad enough, but he lived in awful fear of rats—those big, fat, gorged things that roamed leisurely about in broad daylight and scuttled insolently over sleeping men at night.

During the bitter winter nights Murgatroyd often wished he might be hit on order to get a respite from the intolerable turmoil. But what if the wound proved fatal? Did he want to die? No. Oddly enough, he didn't. He wanted to have another look at Max. But the cold bit into his very vitals as he shivered in his filthy wet clothes.

Sergeant Hawkes was the one bright spot in Murgatroyd's horrible existence. While the weather-bitten old soldier often cursed him for being sloppy and incompetent he always ended his tirades with a word of encouragement, and gave him a share of the cake and chocolate that arrived by post every few days from his wife. Murgatroyd regarded Sergeant Hawkes, in spite of his rough, blunt manner, as a big strong brother to whom he could go in time of trouble. His devotion to him was much like that of a dog.

CHRISTMAS came. But that made no difference. Where was goodwill among men? Sentry duty in the front line—that was Murgatroyd's job on Christmas night. Fighting during the day had been desultory in his sector and had died away to nothing. Not a sound could be heard except an

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At the shop he suffered the taunts of ribbon girls in silence.

puttees he spent nearly half an hour, but he could not get them to roll uniformly. They defeated him, as usual. His calves looked like parcels of fish. Above all things he wanted those two pert girls at the ribbon counter to see him at his best when he went into the shop to say good-bye to those of his fellow-workers who had been missed by the comb. With a perfectly gorgeous naivete he appealed to his platoon sergeant.

"Sergeant Hawkes," he said chattily, "I can't make these puttees come right. Would you fix them for me, please."



The
Interior
of
the
Plant.

From Sugar Beet to Sugar Bowl

By Frank C. Steele

productive of cold, wet weather; sometimes snow, with the beets literally salvaged out of the soaked fields. During the heart-breaking harvest of 1927 hundreds of acres of beets were saved by the heroic efforts of the growers. They literally dug their beets from fields blanketed with snow, displaying extraordinary loyalty to the industry and assuring the factory a good, profitable run.

The Southern Alberta people are willing to make these personal sacrifices because they are determined to put the industry on its feet and to help it expand until not one but many factories dot the countryside. Between 40,000 and 50,000 tons of beets are raised annually for the Raymond factory. The conversion of those beets into sugar and the marketing of the output represents yearly expenditures in Alberta of \$650,000. Among the larger items are:

Sugar beets	\$300,000
Labor	125,000
Coal, coke, lime-rock	85,000
Freight	80,000
Miscellaneous	20,000

It may be added right here that the largest beet sugar company in the United States paid for beets alone in 1927 over \$32,000,000, and expenditures in Western Canada are only limited by the acreage and tonnage of beets which

WINTER is the sugar-making time in Southern Alberta, the Sugar Bowl of the Prairies. When the "frost is on the pumpkin" the sugar-beet growers of the Land of Water ditches know that the annual sugar campaign is at hand and that soon the factory whistle will be hungrily calling for beets at the rate of eight hundred to a thousand tons a day.

The beet sugar industry in Alberta is now concluding the fourth year. Growers have delivered the beets and the Raymond factory has converted the beets, topped and washed, into pure white sugar crystals neatly bagged or boxed for the convenience of hundreds of Western housewives. And when the "sugar run" is over and the big mill is once more silent approximately 100,000 hundred pound bags of sugar will be stacked high in the warehouse to help meet the requirements of the growing West.

Canada is a nation of sugar-eaters. To satisfy the sweet tooth of our people—men, women and children—a hundred pounds per capita is required annually. This includes the sugar that goes into candy, confectionery, jams and other manufactured articles as well as the sugar sprinkled on the morning porridge or the sparkling, white sugar cubes dropped with traditional ceremony into the coffee, tea or cocoa served on our tables daily. The bulk of our sugar comes from the sugar cane for the beet sugar industry in Canada is only in its infancy. One of the three beet-sugar factories in Canada is the one completed in 1925 at Raymond by the Canadian Sugar Factories Ltd., Canadian subsidiary of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company, the pioneer beet-sugar makers in Western America, and today operating a chain of eighteen factories in Utah, Idaho, Washington, Montana, South Dakota and Alberta.

The present factory is not the first attempt to

associate to stabilize Mormon settlement in that section of the country. It was built at a cost of \$50,000 and was operated for several years only to be eventually removed to a location in the Western States. The early venture failed chiefly because the country had not developed to a point where intensive mixed farming could be carried on successfully. The settler-farmer did not understand the soil and weather conditions in their new home and when reverses came or necessary labor was lacking, when labor was an urgent need, they gradually abandoned beet-growing, turning to wheat, a sure and lucrative crop on the virgin soil of the district.

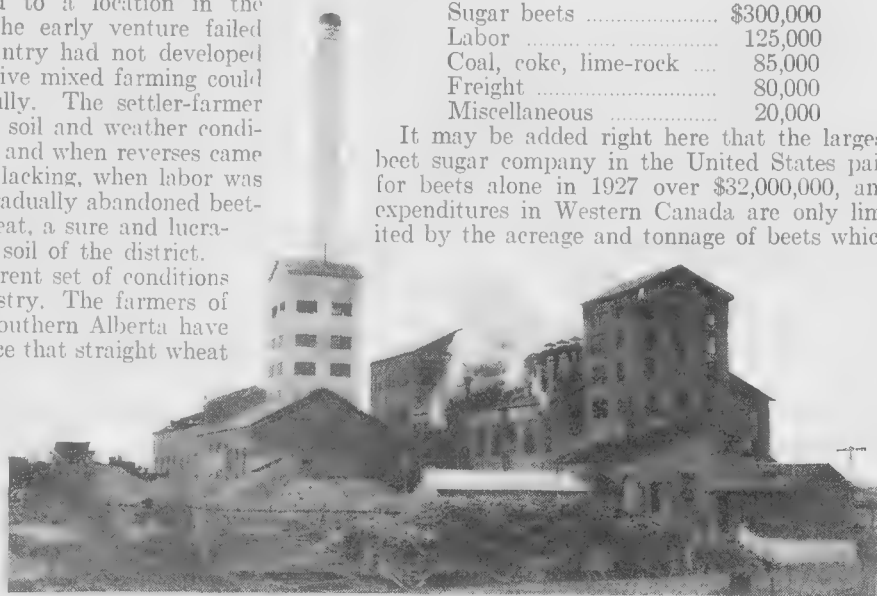
Now an entirely different set of conditions surround the beet industry. The farmers of the irrigated areas of Southern Alberta have learned by sad experience that straight wheat farming does not pay, that to make their farms profitable and to maintain the fertility of their land they must diversify their products and adopt rotational methods.

Sugar-beets fit admirably into a practical and profitable irrigation farm rotation. for being a cultivated root crop they are both a field cleanser and a soil builder. They are a cash crop, the grower knows he will receive at least \$7 a ton for his product with certain additional bonuses; moreover, he will have the pulp for his stock and the tops either for feeding or for plowing under as green fertilizer.

The sugar-beet, in other words, is a double-barreled paymaster. It pays the farmer and it pays the farm.

IT WAS the collapse of "one crop" farming that forced the Southern Alberta irrigation farmers to realize the value of the sugar-beet industry. They saw the hand-writing on the wall. An industry was needed to absorb the products of their high-priced lands and they went after a factory. The factory was not secured without a long campaign in which the farmers, boards of trade and even the provincial government took a hand. The Utah-Idaho people finally decided to build a factory providing the farmers would pledge themselves to raise at least 6,000 acres of beets. The required sign-up was obtained and the million and a half dollar mill was erected.

It has been a success, a success that is doubly gratifying to supporters of the industry because it has made good against abnormal weather conditions. The weather man seems to be pitted against the Alberta beet growers for every fall has been



Million and half dollar plant of the Canadian Sugar Factories Limited at Raymond, Alberta

can be grown by the farmers. There is room in Alberta with its annual sugar consumption of 50,000,000 pounds for half a dozen sugar factories, a fact that suggests unlimited possibilities in the development of this enterprise.

Canada, although well adapted to the beet industry, is even lagging behind the Mother Country, essentially industrial, in the extension of beet-raising. In Great Britain there are nine sugar factories in successful operation, while nine more are either underway or are proposed. This development, it is true, has been accelerated by the government beet sugar bonus which went into effect October 1, 1924, and which will continue for ten years from that date.

But the industry has succeeded on its own merits as is indicated in the following view expressed by a large grower of beets in Suffolk recently: The sugar beet industry during the last four years has saved hundreds if not thousands of farmers in Norfolk and Suffolk, large and small, from absolute ruin. The industry has been a tremendous help to agriculture and to the various other industries throughout the country providing employment to engineers, railway wagon builders, and a host of other industries required to carry on the industry.

THE history of the beet sugar industry and the various processes through which the beet passes before it is turned out as a staple food product, granulated sugar, comprise an interesting story.

The sugar is really manufactured by Nature in the beet and later recovered in the sugar factory. For the manufacture of sugar commences in the leaves, which draw their food from the air and from the roots. There is a chemical reaction which results in sugar, and the sugar is transferred from the leaves through the veins to the stems and roots, which is the storehouse for future use.

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The finished product being put into sacks ready for the market.

introduce the beet sugar industry into Alberta. Back in 1901 the Knight Sugar Company built a small factory on virtually the site now occupied by the new plant. The industry was launched by the late Jesse Knight, Utah millionaire, and a group of

This bar goes upstairs

Of course you want the extra help of Fels-Naptha upstairs. Fels-Naptha is expert at freeing bathroom fixtures and tiling from that cloudy look—making them bright and shining and keeping them that way. Just try it in the bedrooms, too!—for freshening woodwork, and brightening painted furniture.



... this bar goes downstairs . . .

You want Fels-Naptha's extra help downstairs—most certainly! Its safe, dirt-loosening suds speed every soap-and-water task from washing out the dish towels to cleaning the linoleum. You'll like the way it erases finger-marks and smudges from every painted surface. Windows glitter at its touch. Whatever the cleaning task, Fels-Naptha gives extra help that gets it done quicker and easier.

**and this bar stays here
to give you
Extra Help
with the wash . . .**



WITH the weekly wash—that's where you appreciate most the extra help this golden bar gives you! Extra help you could hardly expect from any other washing product, regardless of form, color or price.

For Fels-Naptha is more than just soap. It is good golden soap—combined, by the special Fels-Naptha process, with plenty of naptha. You can tell there's plenty of naptha. You can smell it! . . . and naptha, as you know, is the safe, gentle dirt-loosener used in dry-cleaning.

So, by using Fels-Naptha Soap, you get the extra help of two cleaners instead of one. Naptha, the dirt-loosener, and soap, the dirt-remover, working together! Joining hands in a washing partnership to make less work for you—a partnership that gets

your clothes clean through and through, without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha is mild—gentle both to clothes and to hands. It does its work excellently in machine or tub—in water of any temperature—hot, cool or lukewarm, or when clothes are soaked or boiled. However you use it, the fresh sweet fragrance of homewashed clothes will tell you what millions already know—"Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!"

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Get some today . . . the ten-bar carton is particularly convenient . . . and be sure of its extra help upstairs, downstairs and, most of all, with your weekly wash! Fels & Company, Philadelphia.



FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—
THE GOLDEN BAR WITH
THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Teraulay's Chance

By Bernard J. Farmer

Illustrated by P. Surrey

TERAULAY JONES was scowling blackly—an unfortunate habit of his which his mother had often tried to cure. In one hand he held a pencil; in the other a magazine, and he was busy marking one of the advertising pages.

"President: Teraulay Jones," he wrote, and sat back to admire the effect.

Magnificent! Across the page was a picture of an automobile, resplendent in three colors; beneath it were the sacred words: Dominion Motors Incorporated; while below that (in pencil) President, Teraulay Jones.

Teraulay Jones was not president of Dominion Motors—that honor belonged to a gentleman named Huggins—nor was he vice-president, nor even secretary. In fact, he was not on the pay-roll at all. He labored in a warehouse six days a week, receiving in exchange twenty dollars; and the only institution he was president of was the Parkinson Quoits Club (membership eleven).

And there lay the cause of his scowl.

Up to last week he had been satisfied, if not happy, in his mediocrity, though he dimly realized that sooner or later he would have to live up to the great name.

That had been a vague golden tradition from his birth. Much is expected of a man with a name like Teraulay. When other men can live, work and die in comfortable obscurity as Tom, Dick and Harry, he must stand alone on the mountain of his magnificence: a man apart—a Teraulay.

MR. JONES senior was a man of original ideas. When the all-important question of his son's christening arrived, he had pored through the telephone directory with Mrs. Jones breathing heavily over his shoulder and the cause of the discussion eyeing them solemnly from a corner.

Al Jones—Art Jones—Bert Jones—George Jones—Tom Jones—" So it went on for two or three pages. Toronto seemed to be infested with Joneses.

Suddenly Mr. Jones (a George himself) hurled the directory on the floor.

"I won't wish another George on the poor little beggar."

"No, dear, said his wife dutifully, "how about Tom?"

"No, he won't be a Tom."

"No, dear, of course not . . . Arthur, then?"

"No," said Mr. Jones grimly, "not even Arthur. He shall be—he—" He glared wildly out of the window in search of inspiration, and his eye fell on the street name at the corner.

"He shall be Teraulay Jones!"

His son chortled sudden approval, and that was that.

GRADUALLY the novelty wore off a little—for Mr. Jones, that is, but not for his wife. Her social superiority was assured.

When other mothers stood at their doors and called lustily for AIs, Dicks and Jacks to come and wash their faces for dinner or they would know what was what, Mrs. Jones would wait patiently till the unseemly din had subsided, then lift a voice full of melody and pride:

"Te—raulay!"

And Teraulay would trot up, heedless of the sneers and mutterings of the mob. In fact, he rather enjoyed them. They were a tribute to his superiority. It was only when he had reached adolescence and entered the employ of Parkinson and Co., hat manufacturers, that he realized he was merely T. Jones to the world, and Hi, you there! when anyone wanted him.

His mother had died soon after he left school, and that helped to lower the tradition. His father having made his bid for fame, was quite content to see his son drawing twenty a week for obscure but useful services, with only occasional joking references to the great name and the still greater things which were expected of him. And in time the

tradition might have died, buried under the weight of years, but for the girl.

She was the cause of the present upheaval, and Teraulay's excursions into literary art on the advertising pages.

HE HAD met her one Saturday evening while coming home from the scene of his triumphs with the quoit club, though why he, a shy man with girls, should speak to one he didn't know and had never even seen before, he was still unable to say.

After leaving the street car, he had quite a distance to walk to where he lived with his father and aunt; and as it was raining hard he congratulated himself on the purchase of a new slicker.

He was sloshing his way through the puddles when he spied a girl standing under a shop awning, trying hopefully to shield a new dress from the deluge of water that streamed off the roof. She had no umbrella or waterproof of any kind, and it was evident that she was in a hurry to get home, and, still more, hated to get her dress wet.

It was then that Teraulay was seized with a

species of summer madness. According to his upbringing, he should have passed by, like the wise virgin, sublimely conscious of his own virtue, and left the girl to be a victim of her forgetfulness.

But he did nothing of the kind. Perhaps the success of throwing ringers all the afternoon had made him adventurous. Anyway, he stopped in the pouring rain and took off his slicker.

"Here," he jerked out, "you're getting wet—better put this on."

The girl started and eyed him in amazement.

"I—how can I take it—what about you?"

Subconsciously Teraulay noted the color of her eyes, which were a soft brown. You'll get wet too.

"I haven't got far to go," he said, flushing red, just round the next corner (which was a lie).

The girl thought of her new dress—and took the sacrifice.

"Well, it's awfully kind of you. I thought the rain would never stop, and I simply have to rush home."

Teraulay flushed still more till he thought his face must be burning up.

"Glad to help," he mumbled awkwardly, jerked his hat, and was about to move away when the girl caught his arm.

"Where shall I send it back to?"

"My name's Jones."

The girl smiled.

"I see—but there are quite a lot of Joneses in the city, aren't there? I had an uncle named Jones once, but he died. Still, there must be others."

"Eh, Teraulay Jones," said the owner of that name.

The girl looked up at him, and her brown eyes grew a little misty.

"What a wonderful name!"

Teraulay drew himself up to his full five-foot-eight and felt a veritable master of men.

"Oh, I don't know," he said modestly, then he had a genuine inspiration.

"Awful trouble for you to return it—let me come and get it."

The girl considered, her head on one side, while heedless of the pelting rain Teraulay waited, a little breathless at his own audacity.

"Very well," she said at last; "my name's Aline King, and I live at 208 Monmouth Avenue."

And with that she gave him a fleeting smile, the impression of perfect teeth and two friendly brown eyes, and Teraulay had the novel experience of seeing his yellow slicker going down the street with a girl inside it.

For a long time he stared after her, then at length becoming aware of a cascade of water from his hat, walked home like a man in a dream and replied as best he could to his aunt's inquiries after his slicker.

The next evening he had retrieved it, met Mr. and Mrs. King, and was invited to supper. Also, he had made the acquaintance of one, Jarvis Mendle, who seemed firmly entrenched in the affections of the family—too firmly for Teraulay's liking, for he possessed a car and after supper took them down to Sunnyside Beach, where Teraulay had to be content with the company of Betty, Aline's sister, a mere child of twelve.

"Jarvis is sweet on Aline," she confided tactlessly.

"Ah," said Teraulay.

"I think he'll get her," was the next piece of information. "Mother likes him."

"Ah," said Teraulay again. "And do you like him"? What he meant was, did Aline like him.

The mere child considered.

"He's got a car," she announced at length, and Teraulay was appalled at her commercial instincts.

However, he had his chance later on when he took Aline to the movies alone, and what was more she had invited him to supper again tonight, though it seemed highly probable the ubiquitous Jarvis

Continued on page 70



"Here," he jerked out,
"you're getting wet—better put this on"

- 1 Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing is the first step in Pond's Method. Spread lavishly with quick caressing upward and outward strokes. The fine oils sink down to the very depths of your pores, softening and loosening dust and dirt.
- 2 Pond's Cleansing Tissues are the new way to remove cold cream, gently, completely. And such an economy of towels and laundry! Thistledown soft, safe for sensitive skin—the second delightful step.
- 3 Pond's Skin Freshener is the third step in Pond's Method. Always use it after your cold cream cleansing. A fragrant tonic and mild astringent, it banishes oiliness; closes the pores; tones, firms the skin, leaving it fresh as a rose.
- 4 Pond's Vanishing Cream is the finishing touch, the happy ending of Pond's Method. Apply the daintiest bit before you powder. It protects your skin and gives it pearly lustre, and makes your powder cling.

Among many beautiful women who use Pond's four products are:

The Countess Howe
(who was Viscountess Curzon)

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Lady Louis Mountbatten

La Marquise de Polignac

Lady Lavery



Pond's 4 delicious Aids to Swift clean Beauty of Skin

SWIFT, CLEAN-CUT, runs the modern rhythm. Young, clean of line is the modern silhouette. Alert and beautiful are modern faces—eyes bright with zest of life, clear skin kept firm and young with modern care.

Pond's famous Method is the open secret of the meticulous grooming of skin that modern life exacts, yet must achieve upon the wing.

No time? No matter!

Pond's four simple steps, once fixed in habit, are swift yet scientific in the precision of their effect.

Pond's four delicious aids to beauty are the utmost modern science can offer in exquisite fineness, in amazing efficacy.

Light and pure, Pond's Cold Cream cleanses your skin

immaculately, and Pond's new Tissues, soft, absorbent, remove the cream with welcome economy of laundry and towels.

Pond's Freshener is a delightful new discovery to keep your skin fresh and young looking, and a touch of Pond's delicious Vanishing Cream makes your powder cling for hours.

Chic and beautiful women everywhere use these famous four products in their daily régime for home treatment of the skin. They owe their lovely, clear, smooth, fresh, complexions to these four simple steps.

FOLLOW POND'S METHOD: *One!* Cleanse thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream . . . *Two!* Wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues . . . *Three!* Close pores, tone, firm the skin with Pond's new Freshener, banishing

oiliness . . . *Four!* Smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

Give your skin this complete care as often as you need it through the day. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues. Try this swift, sure Method!

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 exquisite preparations

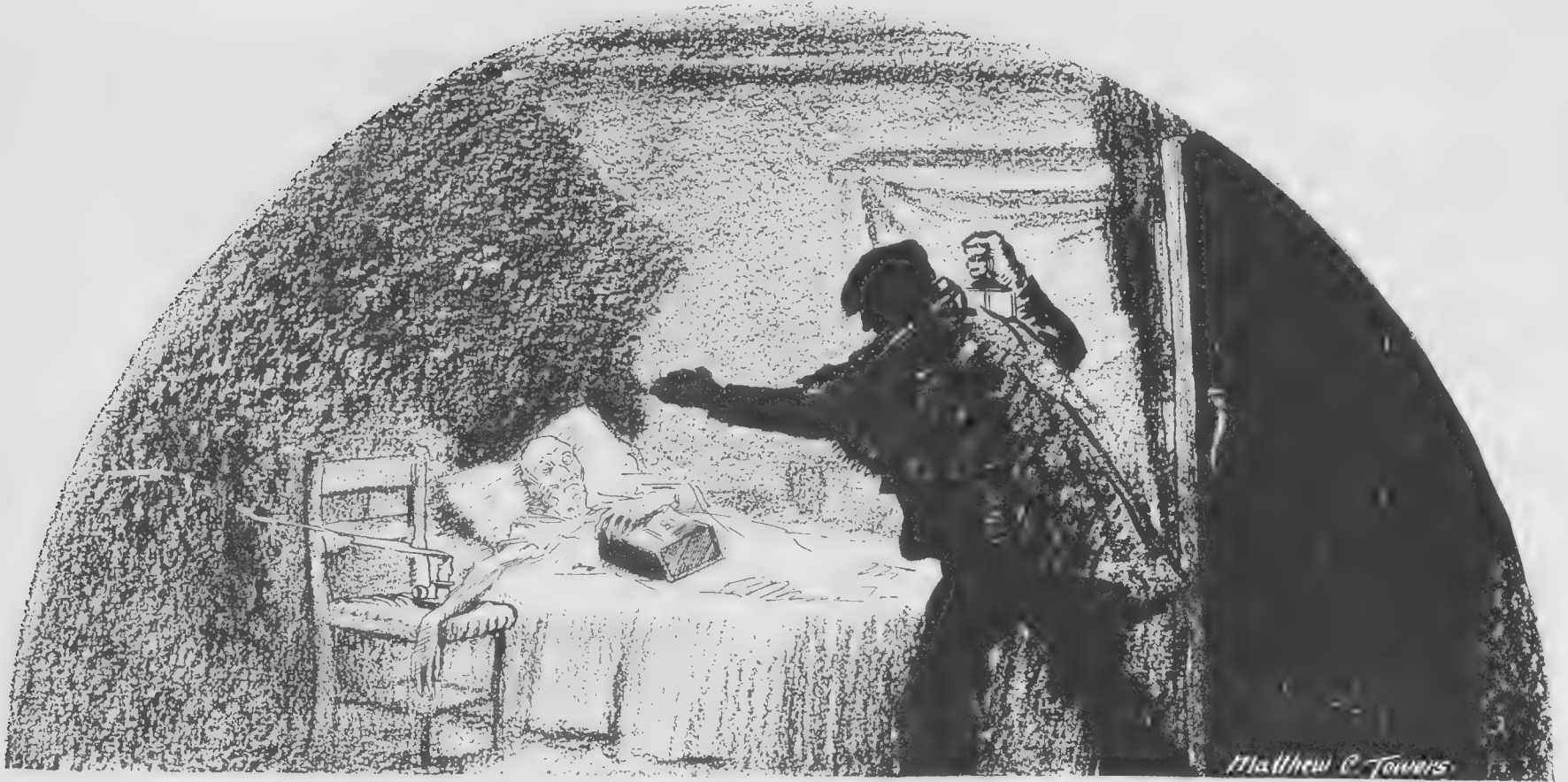
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, Dept. R
166 Brock Avenue Toronto, Ont.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Province _____

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Money! more money than he had ever dreamed of, lying there unguarded at his finger tips

A Man's Chance

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustrated by M. C. Towers

THE wind—my stars, the wind!

At the first onslaught of the October storm, Angus Frome crouched at the roadside among the rocks, but he was not long in realizing that he could not live there. His clothing, his face, his hands were quickly covered with running ice, and he staggered to his feet, following the road as best he could. Thank God he had crossed the height of land and was on the down grade, but it was just in accordance with his luck to be caught thus on the hill road by the first storm of winter. Underclothed, underfed, his constitution undermined by a mode of living not of the cleanest, he would be lucky if he reached the shelter of the woods; but if not—did it matter? True that he was still a young man, but he had seen enough of the world to be subtly conscious that there must be a better place somewhere. Not that in his conscious being he craved a better place, for Angus Frome was ready to trudge on through the filth, yet life was sweet, and it was the love of life and freedom that had led him, or rather driven him, from the iniquities of Scotland's greatest city to these remote hills—away from the watchful eyes that had haunted him unceasingly about the centres of man. He had come to hate, to fear the centres of man, to hate most of all those for whom the way was so easy, but here in the hills he might at least pick up the living of a down-and-outer, for he could groom a horse or dig peats or break stones at the roadside. Angus Frome was down and out, and the police wanted him.

Stooping low, he groped his way along the roadside, his senses dulled by the fury of the storm, his eyes blinded by the maelstrom of sleet and rain. How far he went he did not know, but eventually he saw a light, the light of one of those wayside cottages of the hills where roadmenders and foresters live. He fought his way towards it—groped along the window-sill to the door, and knocked. The door opened, and from the warm flood of light there came a homely smell of food, and plenty, and the voices of children. A dog barked, and the young woman who stood before him rebuked it. Frome asked for shelter, and she peered into his face.

"Come awa' in," she said. "It's no a nicht to refuse a body shelter. Come in and warm yersel' by the fire."

Frome obeyed dully. She pulled up a wooden chair for him, its legs grating noisily on the flagged floor. She told the children to "whisht," and she

asked him whence he had come and whither he was bound on such a night as this. Could he no see the storm coming? Did he no ken the ways of the hill country?

Frome answered so far as he thought prudent, and meantime she poured out a dish of porridge for him.

"I canna give ye shelter for the nicht," she told him, "but when ye've eaten nae doot the storm will have abated a wee, and ye'll mebbe feel better. If ye foot it ower the brae tae Grandad's, there's a bye where he'll let ye sleep if ye carry the water for him the morn's morn."

Frome would be glad to do that for a night's shelter, and when he had warmed himself and eaten the porridge, the storm had indeed abated. She took an old plaid from behind the door and wrapped it round his shoulders, then she gave him a lantern. Pointing through the open door she indicated the path he must take—straight up the brae for a mile, then he would see the bothie. He could leave the plaid and the lantern at Grandad's if it was not convenient to return them in the morning.

Frome tried to thank her, but his voice was unsteady. It was wonderful to be back in the hills where men trusted each other, and lucky indeed were those who had cosy hearths and something in the cupboard for the morning. He no longer yearned for those things as an ambitious man broken at the wheel of

fate might have yearned. Ambition is the desire to improve, and Angus Frome had lost all desire to improve—except in so far as his animal senses were concerned. Plenty and a little comfort—in pursuit of these he had filtered through the sinks of more than one great seaport town, till, by some strange whimsicality of Fate's tides, he found himself drifting thus to the outside edge. The glimpse of a man's home had revived dead memories—flickering across his sub-conscious mind and tugging at some remaining thread which dangled through space beyond the desolation of today.

The steep path tried him sorely, for his wretchedly shod feet were not yet hardened to the hill roads, but the storm had temporarily blown itself out, and the hillside was bright with the newly

fallen snow. He came at length to Grandpa's holding—a mere heather-thatched hovel, with dwelling and barn side by side. A faint ray of light flickered at the window, and Frome groped his way to the door and knocked.

He knocked and listened, but no sound came from within. All round he could hear the gusts of wind in the heather, but inside the bothie there was complete and absolute quietude. Evidently the old man was asleep, or more likely he was out for the moment.

Frome tried the door and found it locked—locked on the inside, for he could see the key resting in the keyhole. He rattled it on its crazy hinges and shouted, but still that unbroken silence. Frome did not know why, but cold fingers were beginning to creep up and down his spine; it was so unearthly quiet in there. He went to the window, but something was hung up on the inside, a blanket or something. It was a lattice window, and only one square, large enough to admit a man's arm was made to open. This, too, was closed and fastened, but the fastening was old and rusty, and he forced it open. His pulses were throbbing—he wanted to see, to know what was behind there. He climbed up and reached in till he could clutch the blanket and pull it down. From where he stood he could now see the candle burning on the other side of the room, but its surroundings were difficult to make out, for the flame guttered and bickered in the draught. The candle was standing on an upturned box, and immediately beyond it was the old man's bed, and thus, peering through the dusty squares of the lattice, Frome suddenly became rigid.

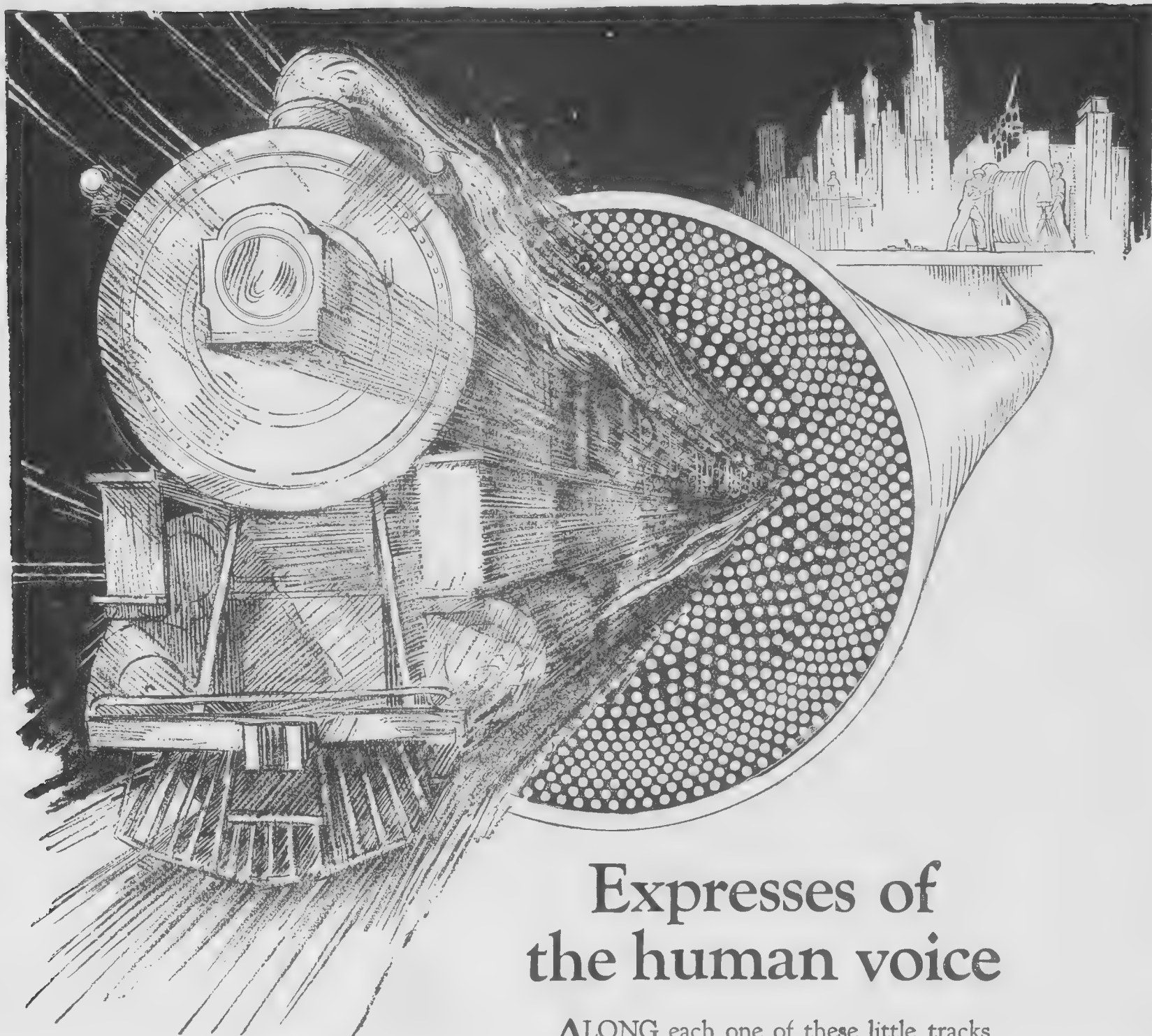
Close to the candle he now made out a white hand extended from the bedside, so close that the flame licked about the motionless fingers as the wind bore it hither and thither. Yet the hand did not stir—the flame licked and played and scorched, but the fingers remained motionless.

Frome was not surprised. He had been almost sure of it from the first moment when he had received no answer. Something in the very silence had told him, but nevertheless the certainty of it came as a shock which drove the color from his cheeks in a shudder of unmanly cowardice. It took him a minute or more to re-summon his courage, then he went back to the door, threw his whole weight against it, and it yielded immediately, with a groaning of furniture on the other side. As he peered in, he noticed that the fire still burned brightly—must have been made up less than an hour ago. The remains of the old man's meal stood

Continued on page 93



Angus Frome was down and out and the police wanted him



Expresses of the human voice

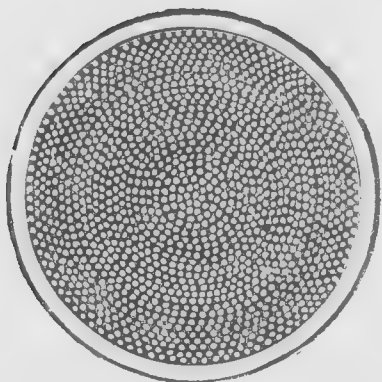
ALONG each one of these little tracks your voice moves approximately with the speed of light. If you could girdle the earth seven times you would notice no appreciable lapse of time between speaking into the receiver and hearing your own voice at your ear.

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"PETER." said the little Mamma-la, shaking her head slowly, "Peter mein love, by this house is something wrong. Do you feel it? Oi, such sadness in my heart!"

And "Purr-r-r," Peter would make reply. Which might have been agreement or contradiction, though on the whole his demeanor seemed to imply contentment with his lot, as who should say: "All's well with my world."

All day long the little mamma-la sat at the window in her old rocking-chair, seeing nothing of what went on either outdoors or about her in the room, nodding now and then over her knitting or perhaps smiling and murmuring gently as if she were having amusing little conversations with herself, which quite probably she was. It was remarkable how true was her touch. She never dropped a stitch and only when the ball of wool got out of bounds were her busy fingers halted. Then she would call rather plaintively to her daughter Freda.

"My ball, Freda. He ran away on me. Bring him back, yes?"

And Freda, fair, fat and fifteen, would come tardily in from the kitchen, wiping her hands on a dish-towel perhaps, and she would fondly scold the little mamma-la for jerking the ball out of its holder, a tomato-can.

"You see, Mamma-la, you pull too hard. Pull easy," she would caution her as she set the matter straight again and kissed the chair-ridden woman. Mamma-la would thereupon sigh and draw her shawl closer about her.

"Ah, if mein eyes," she would say, "could be half so strong even as mein arms, eh, Freda?"

"The light will come again, Mamma-la," Freda would tell her reassuringly. "Do you want I should make it some nice bortsch for your supper already?"

Of late the little Mamma-la, usually so cheerful, seemed to be wrapped in a vague cloud of melancholy and she had developed a habit of listening a good deal more than she talked. To be sure, the operation for cataract had to be postponed again—there was some mysterious, irksome period called "ripening" which had to be endured first—but it wasn't altogether this that kept her troubled. The cause appeared to be more subtle. When she grew weary of knitting she often called the big grey tomcat to her and he would spring into her lap and they'd have a nice confidential chat.

"Did Freda give you the fish-bones, mein darling?"

"Purr-r-r"—from Peter in satisfied manner, as he arched his handsome back under her stroking.



And then poor poppa crying: "Am I a centipede? Only two hands I got. Can I vail on six people at once?"

The Green Light

When a Bargain Isn't a Bargain

By E. G. Bayne

Illustrated by George H. Ray

"By this house is something wrong, Peter. I can feel it. If you were a black cat—aber Gott sei danke you ain't! For two weeks I've felt it, Peter-la. Oi, such a heaviness on mein heart!"

She always talked in the English to Peter for you see he wasn't a kosher cat. He had been given to Moe as a kitten by a school-mate whose name was Flannagan and as a consequence he was invariably referred to as "that

Irisher." It was noticeable how he always went to sleep if you spoke the Jewish to him.

"By this house nobody is happy any more," the little Mamma-la confided to him one evening about dusk, her cheek against his fur. "Poppa worries—so many bad bills. Gitta quarrels by Mannie und Gott knows when the marriage will be. The twins get a bad mark at shool. The roomer complains again—nothing suits him. Jakey gets already the chilblains, und Moisha, mein first-born can't find a job. Always he plays now such sad moosic. Listen, Peter-la."

From a room overhead came drifting faintly to them the strains of a violin playing Massenet's *Elegie*. A violin played with taste and feeling. Mamma-la sighed deeply and pressed her face into the big cat's soft fur. The family troubles—and she so helpless! It was hard to sit here useless—and two salt tears trickled down her cheeks and lost themselves in the Irishman's coat.

The coming of dusk meant excitement for the little woman. Though for her of course it was always dusk, she welcomed the hour before darkness because it brought the family home—Poppa

and Moe from the shop, Gitta from the factory, Jakey from his paper-selling, the twins in from play, and Moisha downstairs from his practice. Everybody made a fuss over her. First Poppa, coaxing her to eat.

"Nu, Mamma-la, try once the nize chometz pudding Freda made for you," he begged, approaching with the bowl.

"I dun't vant any," she declared this evening, as always. It was the regular proceeding.

"Only a leedle. Come."

"No, no. I dun't vant tonight anything."

"Just smell him then."

"I can smell him. Take him away."

"Nu, smell closer. Ain't it nize? Two eggs in it, Mamma-la."

"Has—has it got raisins in it?"

"Sure raisins. Eh, Freda?"

"Then you should take it away, Poppa. The doktor said I should be careful from mein stomach," Mamma-la reminded him gently.

Whereupon Freda suddenly recalled that it was currants not raisins, she had put in the pudding—nice clean white currants that wouldn't harm a baby. So Mamma-la consented to eat a little—not, however, without a good deal more coaxing.

"You got to give your teeth some exercise, ain't it?" argued Poppa. "Try only a leedle on a fork. If you dun't like him spit him out." He leaned over to pull down the window-blind but the spring was weak and the blind shot up out of his reach. "Gott-enieu!" he exclaimed. "For why couldn't that Mosha fix that, like I told him, eh? A loafer, that's what he is."

"I'll bring the step-ladder," offered Freda.

"Nu, it dun't matter—let it stay up," said Poppa, with a shrug.

A MAN was approaching the house. An apologetic-looking little house it was, made of plaster and standing on a narrow side-street where all the busy world of traffic passed it by—a house that was just a bit lopsided, settled back like a rheumatic but inquisitive old woman with her head on one side. The windows which were its eyes seemed to blink and leer at the passer-by and from one of them—Mamma-la's—a feeble ray of green light poured out and lay like a smear on the pavement. From an upper window a strain of music issued and the sound was like a voice in pain.

The man kicked at the uneven slats of the walk and reaching the door began to pound on it.

The little Mamma-la listened to the dialogue that seeped through to her from behind the shabby close-drawn portières that separated the living-room from the dark little entry. The voices of Poppa and the rent-collector.

"So soon again the rent! Tch. Tch. Tch. Mein wife, Mister, she ain't so vell. Always in a chair by the window she sits. Poor Mamma-la. Is it her back? Is it her legs? Dun't ask. Aber, her eyes ain't healthy either—"

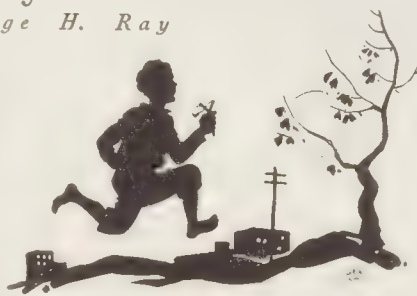
"That's too bad, but—"

"You see, Mister, the operation makes a big cost. Eh? No, not yet—in the spring—"

Continued on page 98



"Whatcha think! That rosher ran out mit only his underwear on..."

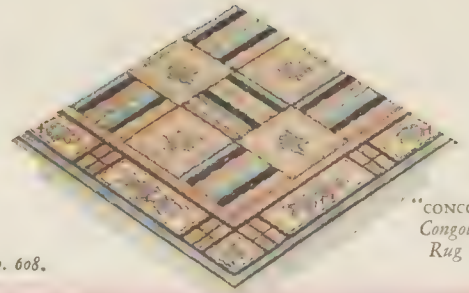


Ping! Crash! Then he went away from there—very fast

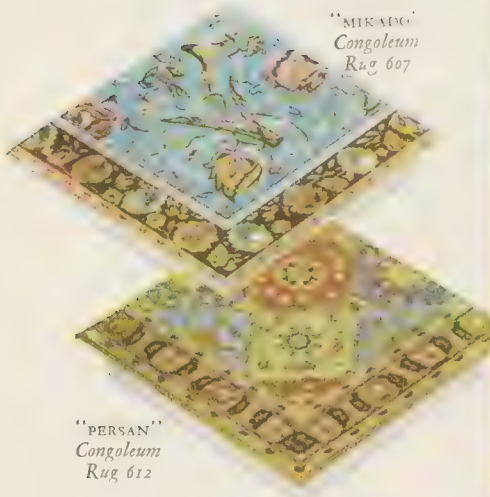
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The House of Simplicity

By V. W. Horwood

Registered Architect

Written for The Western Home Monthly

WHEN the world was very young and our prehistoric ancestry—if Darwin's theory is accepted—rooted in trees or swung from them by their tails, then there were no such things as doors or windows. The leaves of the trees afforded protection from the sun and the lee side of a tree-trunk was home. Now came the cave man—the original inventor of the cellar. From the little we know of him he evidently chose the size of his cave in reference to the demands of his simple life, and if his ready-made home did not fulfil these conditions he rejected it. Our problem is the same; we are all limited by our needs and must adapt conditions to them.

I was thinking of a square—really a square house 33 feet by 33 feet. Many people prefer this shape for good reasons. It is a wise dispensation that we do not all think alike, although we are rapidly becoming standardized, yet in our homes we still retain the vision. Your home is what you make it and it requires an ideal. The builder leaves you sometimes four bare walls, and from the magic of your imagination you give it atmosphere, individuality and the quality of home. A square house means square cornered rooms with level ceilings, similar to what this plan shows, square both up and downstairs, and an added economy is the ease in which the heating apparatus is planned. This plan is not intended to appeal to those who love sudden transition and quaint nooks and surprising corners.

Every home building is somewhat of a lottery. Our savings go into it and we wait anxiously to see the result. The Biblical saying:

"Send me now therefore a man cunning in work, in iron, in stone and in timber"

is echoed in every prospective home-owner's heart when he faces the problems of building his own home. We all have our dream homes, but dreams do not satisfy, reach high as they may. We have to remember that our materials are of the earth and that the building of a modern home at a moderate price is one of the crying needs of today. The square house seems one of the ways in which to overcome the problem. We can figure more closely the costs and the rooms are capable of more elastic treatment

on the plan than that of a more complicated design. This plan seems to me one that will embody the numberless comforts and conveniences at a moderate cost.

In examining the plan you will see how the ideas of relationship of interior and exterior have been kept. In designing a home study closely this relationship of the different rooms. It is amazing the help it gives in the laying out of the plan, for under this heading you will find that it will develop everything productive of expression and character in your planning. It is a fundamental that the

plan should reveal itself in the design of the exterior. This is one of the basic opinions of the great French School of Architecture as taught in the Society of Beaux-Arts, and which has been translated by their students to sound American practice. You can almost

tell by looking at this house what the plan will be, or by seeing the plans, know what the exterior will be like, so that it is evident it is good practice to keep the relationship of plans and elevations clear.

IT MIGHT be said that there are two great ends in building design. The first to have the plan economical and convenient; the second—the design of the outside while being beautiful must carry out the suggestion of the plan within. We often see copies of mediaeval buildings, turreted, castellated, which we cannot by the highest flight of imagination reconcile with a modern interior with bathrooms, and staircases and all the conveniences which we are used to today.

And we are disappointed and wonder why.

In the planning of this house I put myself in fancy in the position of a person wishing a square house. The first thought was for a living room, square-cornered it must be, and so on the paper was drawn a rectangle.

It is a strange force of the mind and of fancy that can set the objects which are closest the heart from far down the lapse of time on a piece of paper. Slowly the room took on shape, a fireplace was added to one end, and in designing it I could imagine all the scenes that might occur at this grate. Home is not the house, although it may be full of charm and sentiment built into it by its owner. Neither do Oriental rugs, beautiful pictures, polished floors or lovely furniture make it, nor yet the fireside with its blaze. It is more than all of these, it is the Presence. The Lares of your love are there, the end of all seeking, where you are understood and where your cares and joys are fully met. There are many who, in this iron age, sneer at sentiment. They may build a house, but you cannot build a home with sentiment. And the thoughts of this room with its rough plastered walls, one-panelled oak doors, with the gleaming hardwood



The enclosed radiator forms a wide window ledge

Continued on page 103

Wishbones

By Adrian Marsh

Illustrated by Samuel Diamond



You've never been so stupid about a turkey before. I'll kill it myself if you don't look out.

ANGUS TWIST was mooching around his chicken-yard with that peculiar waddle-run of his, that was accentuated by his ill-fitting coat which hung open and flapped in all the breezes of heaven with a picturesque sail effect. He loved his chickens, but his particular pride lay in the triple glory, Ben, Bill and Limpety, three beautiful white roosters. He was always feeling them to see how fat they were, mumbling-grumbling meanwhile into his beard and trying to decide whether he would kill them for Thanksgiving or save them and show them at the summer fair.

Angus' beard is not a thing to be passed over lightly. It was so bushy that a wren might have built her nest therein and would have had ample accommodation, but either because it had not been advertised or because it did not have that cylindrical form which appeals to wrens, it had remained unmolested. True, the orioles eyed it brightly and expectantly every season and waited for it to be washed and hung out on the line to dry, when they would have thinned its tropical luxuriance with great rapidity, but they were doomed to disappointment. One especially hot spring day when Angus, at noon, had stretched himself full length beneath the shade of a wagon-box two of these inquisitive birds had ventured onto his heaving chest and if Angus had not appeared from beneath his hat at that moment it is difficult to say what might have happened.

Angus was talking to his three roosters. It is really quite a task for me to tell you what he was saying, because he was expressing himself in Gaelic, as he did most of the time, but the nearest translation I can give you is this:

"Ah, my little tootsy-wootsies, ye are the fat-chested chickens and I'm feared ye'll go into the pot; but maybe ye'll go to the fair, so dinna get worrit, there's mony a breakfast comin' yer way yet." But was there?

Angus had a daughter Ellen and Thomas McMullen down the road had a son Wallace. Wallace had been keeping his eye on Ellen a bit, and Ellen had allowed herself to look at Wallace occasionally. Old Thomas, however, had no eyes for neighbors' daughters; he had not eyes for anything in particular, but he had terribly itchy fingers. When his fingers itched he had to find something with which to scratch them. Every time he passed Twist's yard for weeks his fingers had itched to desperation. He did not know the fat roosters were called Limpety, Bill and Ben, but he did know that their arched breasts were covered with luscious meat. His fingers itched and itched and he knew what tickly things feathers were. They would ease the irritation, without doubt.

SO IT came to pass that Thomas McMullen's neighbors received an invitation to a chicken feed. The Twists were bidden too. After all, they had supplied the chickens, and one must do the proper thing. Mrs. McMullen was quite innocent. She did not know that her husband had caused mourning in a neighboring farm-yard.

Angus could not be reconciled. Ben, Bill and Limpety had gone. Some wolf's hungry maw had engulfed them, and life had become flavorless. Even McMullen's invitation did not brighten Angus' gloom to any degree. He sat in the buggy and drove despondently while Mrs. Twist and Ellen

tried to be gloomy enough to escape his wrath. When they were all seated around the table, and the food came in on great steaming dishes Angus cheered slightly. He attacked with zest the huge plateful of chicken and vegetables in front of him. Never had he tasted such chicken-meat, never. It was like butter, so tender; like honey, so sweet; like —ah, it was just like the meat that had grown on

the plump bosoms of Limpety, Bill, and Ben. Angus wiped a tear from his eye and filled his mouth very full of meat. Drat it! There was always something to spoil events. His right leg had a funny, tickled feeling. He bent down to scratch it. A faint mew of fright sounded as a tiny kitten scuttled away. Angus fingers closed upon the kitten's plaything, the object that had been scratching him. He brought it up as far as his lap.

"What the hell! What the hell!" he said into his



Thomas gazed at the leg before him in stupefaction

beard, so very, very low, and so very, very quickly that those who heard him thought a bit of food had gone the wrong way. His face was scarlet and his eyes almost wild.

What's the matter, Dad," asked Ellen.

Angus hesitated for a second.

"Naethin'," he replied, at the same time stuffing something into his pocket.

From that moment, his whole attention seemed to be on chicken.

"Have some more chicken?" inquired Tom.

Angus thought he would. He did. And a few minutes later it was:

"Pass Angus the chicken and vegetables."

The vegetables were refused but the chicken accepted. The rest of the party had lost their enthusiasm over meat now and were waiting for the pies to come on, huge pies of which they all intended to consume three or four slices. Angus went on eating steadily. Mrs. Twist and Ellen regarded him with a half-frightened curiosity. Six times the chicken went his way. Six times it was accepted.

"It's a fine bit of chicken," he announced after his sixth helping had vanished, and if ye'll no mind ye'll leave the dish here an' get along wi' the pie. I'll not have any pie. I'll just have a bit more chicken instead."

Without waiting for acquiescence he helped himself to a leg, a wing, and several slices of breast. Mrs. Twist and Ellen blushed with shame, and Wallace McMullen wondered if Ellen's appetite would ever grow to such proportions. This did not prevent him from pulling a wish-bone with her, so her charms must have made the possibility

appear microscopic. When the festivities were all over and the Twists on their way home, Mrs. Twist uttered a mild reproach.

"Oh, Angus, how could you, in front of all them people. Seven helpin's."

"Ye'll see when we get home."

He would say no more, so Ellen and her mother had to wait curiously till Angus had unhitched and fed and bedded the horse. Then into the dim lamp-lit kitchen he stamped.

"Now will ye ask? Now will ye wonder? Look to that!"

The women looked. Upon the table Angus had thrown the lame leg of Limpety. The two toes missing, the long scar. No one could mistake it.

Of course Thomas had buried it, but kittens have noses, and they love long, leggy objects for play-things.

"The low-down skunk!" snorted Angus; and a lot more in Gaelic which I shall not tell you.

THIRTY days hath September, April, June and November, and one of these is Thanksgiving Day. That was the day Angus was interested in, and so was Thomas, for he liked to feel hot turkey sliding into his rumtum, and what a turkey he had! It strutted around the yard like Chanticleer and said rousing things to the world every time it gobbled, but to Thomas it said only:

"Thanksgiving Day so-oo-on; turkey and pump-kin pie."

It was Thomas' tummy that itched this time, and only the gobbler's flesh would soothe that itch.

Thomas was rather disappointed when Angus, a week before thanksgiving, asked him to have supper with them. However, he consoled himself. They would have their own feed on the following Sunday.

Ellen and Mrs. Twist were busy baking pies and cakes. It was the day before Thanksgiving, and all the necessary supplies were on hand except the turkey.

"Don't worry," comforted Angus, "I'll kill the turkey in plenty of time."

Mrs. Twist had been rather pestering him about it.

"You had better," retorted she. "You've never been so stupid about a turkey before. I'll kill it myself if you don't look out."

"Oh, no!" replied Angus in alarm. "Dinna do that. It'll be ready for ye. It would be awfu' if you killed it."

"Awful!" echoes Mrs. Twist. "Awful; I do



Angus was talking to his three roosters in Gaelic.

believe the poor man is going crazy." It was nearly dusk when Angus went out to kill the gobbler.

"He's a long time," commented Mrs. Twist. "He must be finishing up the chores."

"I guess so," agreed Ellen.

Angus was a long time, but he arrived eventually, his cheeks flushed above his beard, his eyes

Continued on page 105



The "CLARENDON"

A New Knechtel Dining Room Suite To Grace the Modern Home

THE illustration above—painted from photographs—faithfully pictures this newest and most modern Knechtel design in Dining Room Furniture.

The "Clarendon" is a particularly charming combination of 17th Century period design and the modern art of present day furniture craftsmen.

To the trim, straight-lined dignity of its ancestral design has been introduced pleasing relief in the fluted turnings on the legs, the bowed pedestal runners on table, buffet and china cabinet—and the bow front on the buffet. Tops, fronts and ends are of butt

walnut veneer (also supplied in crotch mahogany veneer), other parts solid walnut. The arch back chairs are upholstered in Spanish leather. Fine line moulding, overlaid medallions, and harmonising hardware, complete the decoration. The top drawer of the buffet is lined—and the table has a cutlery drawer at one end. The "Clarendon" is finished in Duco, in nut brown blended, satin rub.

The distinctive appearance and pleasing charm of this newest Knechtel suite will merit your approval, just as its moderate price will agreeably surprise you.

Clip this advertisement and consult your dealer, or write us direct for further information.

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THE KNECHTEL FURNITURE COMPANY, LIMITED, HANOVER, ONTARIO

"Makers of Quality Furniture since 1864"

The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

The Clothing Industry

ARTICLE No. 6—The sixth pocket manual of the common commodities and industries series published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., 70 Bond Street, Toronto, deals with the clothing trades industry as practised in Great Britain. This is also an important industry in Canada and for many this manual should prove of interest since it is planned as a handbook that will be of some guidance to parents who are seeking occupations for their boys.

The author, B. W. Poole, remarks that the tailor creates fashions that mark epochs of history, that give zest to society, that form distractions to a prosy sermon, that too often are the one thing of paramount importance to men and women. Many people semi-starve themselves to dress well, for they are affrighted by the nightmare that once they drift into shabbiness all other status too often vanishes.

In this work, the main features of technical operations are dealt with in a popular and in an interesting manner. Technical terms are rigidly excluded wherever possible, but where the necessity arises for their introduction, they are carefully explained.

In later pages, high praise is given to the work of the cutter. "Just as the man of healing," says the author, "is assisted to success by a knowledge of your constitution, so is the man of modes by a knowledge of your individual figure formation. It is this close and constant contact with so marvellous a fabric as the human body which really lifts cutting from a craft to an art, and the true cutter from the level of a mechanic to a place among professional men; or to speak truly, it is that which ought to lift him. Between the doctor and the cutter there is no distinction save of degree; one sees to the interior, and the other to the exterior: health and adornment are close friends.

A Column of Proverbs

A CARPENTER'S known by his chips.

Delays have dangerous ends.

Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.

God never sendeth mouth but He sendeth meat.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

One hour's sleep before midnight is worth three after.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

That which is everybody's business is nobody's business.

The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

There are some remedies worse than the disease.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Leisure Hours

THERE are some men and women whose work is so engrossing that they have no leisure; but such people are relatively few in number, and are, as a rule, at the head of great enterprises. Practically all young men and women have some hours from work which need not be devoted to exercise and sleep—two things which ought never to be overlooked or neglected. These unoccupied hours are of priceless worth if they are wisely used. They determine the value of the working hours because they educate a man to use and enjoy what the working hours bring him, for a man's ability to enjoy success depends on his intelligence, his tasks, and the variety of his interests.

Now, it is the use of the leisure hour that equips a man to use wisely what the working hours bring him. The working hours develop his character, if his principles are good, while they increase his fortune, but they do not give him broad views of life, knowledge, and love of the best things. These are the gifts and fruits of the leisure hours, for the leisure hours constitute

a man's educational opportunity. No man who has a few hours every week which can be used as he pleases should remain uneducated. Education is not a matter of schools, colleges, and universities; these are valuable instruments and aids to education, but they are not so essential that the man who cannot command their privileges need remain uneducated. Some men are better educated out of college than in it. All highly educated men, no matter how liberal their opportunities may have been, are self-educated.—H. W. Mabie.

What to Study

NO. 9—Why study economics? Economics treats of the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth. It is concerned with man's efforts to secure a living. Nearly every human institution has its economic side. This is true of education, and especially of government. Industrial history receives attention as the background of the subject; but modern industry also, and particularly the productive efforts of people in the student's own locality, come in for consideration.

According to R. L. Sandwick, these are some of the topics usually studied in a course of economics:

The organization of labor; occupations and the division of labor; efficiency; trade-unions; the problems of labor and capital; competition and competitive prices; monopoly and monopoly prices; interest, profits, money, coinage and banking; tariff, internal revenue and taxes; public ownership or control of means of production; public utilities such as gas, water, telephone, telegraph and railway companies; and the various forms of collective and individual use of wealth.

A mere enumeration of these topics shows that economics is a decidedly live and important subject of study. These are matters in which every citizen is interested. The student of economics will not only be a more intelligent voter, but he should also be a force to mold public opinion, and in industrial and commercial life he should be more capable of intelligent action and of organizing successful business.

Paddling Your Own Canoe

IT may be very soothing to the senses to loll back comfortably in the stern of the boat while some other fellow is doing the pulling, and yet, so far as the matter of rowing is concerned, all the pleasures and advantages that may possibly be derived from that exercise inevitably go to the individual whose muscles furnish the power of propulsion.

The "bluffer" may impose upon the confidence of some few persons for a little time, but the day is certain to come when his "bluff" will be called and at that day he will discover that the only asset that he can really count upon is a widely known reputation for idleness. It is the man upon whose shoulders he so slyly shifted all his responsibilities who has acquired the advantages from the years that should have been so fruitful in experience for him.

The trouble with a great many of us is that we are so tenderly cared for during our youthful days that the age of manhood is well upon us before we begin to realize the meaning of the term "self-reliance." To most of us, however, there finally comes an awakening—a time when we suddenly realize that we are to a very large extent the masters of our own destiny—that if the world is full of desirable possibilities we must labor for them if we would taste their joys. In other words, though the ground may be fertile and everything in nature conducive to a rich harvest, there is no way in which we can hope to reach these fruits of the soil except by first sowing the proper seed, and afterward tending them carefully until the time has come in which we can gather our crops.—Graham Hood.

Labor

FROM the press of the A. W. Shaw Company, Cass, Huron and Erie Streets, Chicago, has come a most interesting book entitled "Labor Management" by Dr. Gordon S. Watkins, who is a professor of economics at the University of California. It is clear to thoughtful observers that more and more attention must be paid to the place occupied by labor in the development of the industries of any country.

Many of the chapters in this new volume have a direct bearing on conditions in Canada, especially during this time of rapid industrial growth in both East and West. Young men in positions of responsibility which involve relations with a working staff, have need of much of the information in this latest work on human relationships in industry. Such chapter headings as: human traits in industry; the personnel manager; recruiting the labor supply; selection and placement; labor turnover; transfer, promotion and discharge; the worker's participation in industrial ownership; the education and training of employees; industrial accidents and their prevention; regularizing employment; and hours of labor in relation to health and output, indicate how definitely Dr. Watkins has dealt with the subject.

"No single key," says the author, "will unlock the door through which the solution of these perplexing problems of employment relations is destined to come. It requires abnormal temerity to offer a panacea for our industrial ills. There is no panacea. Whatever solutions are forthcoming will be born of three important conditions, namely:

1. An intelligent understanding and scientific interpretation of the forces of evolution which have produced modern industrialism.

2. A scientific investigation of employment conditions which appear to be the basic causes of working-class revolt.

3. The application of workable methods of improving employment relations."

An optimistic note is struck in the final paragraph of the concluding chapter:

"Certainly the summary which this book has attempted would indicate that men are discovering basic principles and methods of procedure which, if applied with sincerity, invariably conduce to improved human relations in the workshop. Personnel management is nothing more nor less than the successful adaptation of these principles and methods. If it can help to substitute understanding and co-operation for fear and force security for insecurity democracy for autocracy, self-expression for repression, and justice for injustice, it will be a welcome agency of social progress."

Answers

NUMEROUS inquiries have been forwarded recently to the editor of this page. These are being answered personally as rapidly as time will permit. Some of the questions necessitate some research work before the proper answers can be prepared. Delay in an answer probably means that the editor has found it necessary to submit the inquiry to some authority. Considerable interest appears to exist with regard to home study courses in various subjects. Letters on the home study and other problems are always welcome. Home study represents a profitable use of spare time that is bound to pay dividends, mental and financial, in later life. An inquiry about home study indicates that the writer realizes that his leisure hours are worth something. Indeed, it has been remarked that the way in which the hours of day, from seven in the evening to midnight may be the determining factor in a man's life. Some of this time should be given to exercise and recreation, but certainly some should be reserved for self-improvement.

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Our surroundings are adapting themselves constantly to the change that is in the air

Rugs to Meet All Modes

IT IS a most interesting thing to live in an age of rapid transitions, the flow of ideas, that feature the present one. Those of us who like to be a part of all that is happening, can fling ourselves into the middle of fast-moving events and share them to our hearts' content. The conservative among us can have just as much fun watching the rest of the world do its new and fascinating tricks; we can entertain ourselves by approving or disapproving, by admiring or criticizing. It is all a part of the privilege of living in our particular part of the twentieth century.

Our homes are feeling the influences that are peculiar to the day—whether or not we realize the fact. We have all allowed ourselves to be carried along toward the new standards, the new morals, that progress of one kind and another has been introducing into the intimate fabric of our lives. All the world—our progressive Canadian world—accepts the greater comfort and the easier manner of performing the old arduous tasks, which modern methods and devices have given us.

Our surroundings are adapting themselves constantly to the change that is in the very air. I do not mean by that remark, that we are all adopting the strange new forms that we describe as belonging to the modernistic mode. I do mean, however, that we are expecting more of ourselves, in the matters of home equipment and home beautifying. Everyone feels that the individual can achieve certain successes with her own home, be it a large house or a small room, if she knows what she wants and takes an intelligent method of achieving it. What of the cost? That is, of course, where part of the intelligence must come in; the coat has to be cut according to the cloth—and if results have to be a matter of a bit of paint here, of an effective cheap fabric there, then I can only say that the person who uses them is in luck, for never before could so much be accomplished by such humble methods!

THE great thing about this kaleidoscopic day of ours, is that we do not have to conform to any style, to be in style. We have recently passed through a period of the most boring standardization, in the matter of house furnishing. Everyone had a room that resembled every

Including the Interesting New Developments in Furnishing.

By Katherine M. Caldwell

other person's room—or so it almost seemed; individuality became strangely daring; the average room ceased to be interesting—even though one could find no other fault with it. It became easy to feel, at times, that a definite breach of good taste might be a welcome change!

Now, the home-maker is adventuring. People are thinking for themselves about furnishings and fittings. They are listening and looking with a new interest—because there is so much to see and hear. And everyone can take the course that seems most desirable—be it old or new or a really delightful and entertaining compromise.

The best of what we might for identification call our recent styles in home furnishing, were never better than they are right now—just as the good things of an older time never had more appreciation. That is one of the charms of the moment—the fact that we are admitting that there is room and scope for everything that has merit. The lover of antiques, who has furnished largely with old pieces or with reproductions of the old designs, continues to enjoy them and to hunt for more (for your antique enthusiast is never through “picking up” and “browsing”). The great point is that that person will make sufficient study of the mode of furnishing he or she has adopted, to carry it out fairly; to build a consistent atmosphere where harmony will reign, though no single treasure need lack appreciation. Fabrics may glow with lovely color, but the colors will be those that *belong*; the same will be true of the design. We do not try to couple a geometric chintz with a gracious old Hepplewhite sofa and the pieces it has consorted with so comfortably heretofore; nor do we place our dignified and weighty Chippendale chairs upon a rug that expresses the last word in futuristic thought; we prefer the mellow glowing colors and the rich Oriental design that seems to share the same dignity and suggest that having been here yesterday, they shall still be here tomorrow!

Floor coverings are perhaps as definitely

interesting today as any branch of house-furnishings. They tell the story as few other single items can do, of the breadth of choice and the range of tastes that are characteristic of the time.

New carpets? Indeed yes; any amount of them. But it cannot be said that they have usurped ground that belonged to their predecessors. The fact is that increasing interest of the individual, improved standards of home equipment, readily absorb all the new things that come along and still use more of the tried and proven ones. This has been the case with carpets. Rugs of the kinds that have been appreciated for years, are more strongly entrenched than ever. Because of the fact that so many people are making well-thought-out selections, the demand for all the worth-while types of rugs is very great.

The oriental rug, which proved its worth centuries ago, and achieved beauties that every age has appreciated since, enjoys a place which is beyond challenge. The tremendous adaptability of the oriental types of design, the unvarying satisfaction afforded by the colorings that predominate in them, have made such rugs fit into practically every era of furnishing. It was inevitable that the making of these universally favorite carpets could not be allowed to remain in the far east, nor could it be left forever to the whim and the art of the individual. Rugs of oriental design are today being made on the great looms in our modern factories; the domestic woven rugs take the motifs and the colorings of the ancestors of all carpets, and reproduce them with modern efficiency and a fixed standard of quality that is considerable protection to the inexperienced buyer.

For years we have also shown great partiality for the perfectly plain rug, the seamless broadloom or the high-grade Wilton and Axminster carpet by the running yard. We chose it to give us part of the background for our pleasantly unexaggerated furniture, for our colorful chintzes and other patterned draperies and furniture coverings; and it served and still does serve that purpose to perfection. The plain rug has a place that is

Continued on page 104

The Gossard Line of Beauty



We of the younger generation look at life differently than our forbears... More beauty... more freedom... more joy are our ambitions... And many of us add more slenderness.

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To speak more specifically, notice the gentle persuasion of the little satin girdle illustrated. So light and smooth and comforting on the figure... so exquisitely dainty with its frill of lace and patterned elastic inserts . . . a popular-priced model, No. 387.

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What Have You Been Reading?

By Sheila Rand

DEAR John and Janey Canuck:—

I have been writing about books to the Western Home Monthly for a good many years, and now I have decided to change the style of my monthly page a little. I intend to write to you in the form of a letter. The informality of a letter will give me greater latitude and this I feel to be a necessity if I am to interest you as much as I hope to do throughout 1929. For I do not wish to write formal book reviews. They imply "A new publication" and, as I have said over and over again in these columns, I am not interested in a book just because it happens to be a new publication. There are a few people, those that move in that mysterious circle called Society with a big S, who make a serious business of pretending to know something about every new publication, but they are not book-lovers; and I am, and I believe you are also.

During the sixteen years that I lived and worked in Western Canada I discovered this, that the Canadians have little patience with the funny little foibles of Society with a capital S. And so I am going to take it for granted that I can pass on to you all my enthusiasms and that there will always be some among you whom I will interest. Therefore, you will not quarrel with me for telling you of a book that has been published several years ago. And if I should happen to meet in the course of my wanderings through England and Scotland interesting writers, you will not cavil with me for telling you about them on the grounds that such is not the province of a book reviewer, for you see I have deliberately walked outside this province. The older I grow, the less value I place upon book reviewing. I think the time will come when publishers will list their publications and journalists will confine themselves to writing about books that have interested them in their own haphazard reading. In this way, the public will be freed from reviews that are merely advertisements or reviews that are written with spleen on account of some personal prejudice. Specialists will tell us about books of a scientific or technical nature, but about new novels, poetry, biography, we can find out for ourselves by just going to the library and borrowing the books or going to bookshops and pottering about till we see a book we wish to buy. If we are determined to read as many new books as possible, we can refer to a weekly list of publications and buy them wholesale.

I like nothing better than chatting about books with a few friends around a fire. I like to have a pencil and paper and jot down the titles of books that I have not read but about which someone else is talking enthusiastically. And then I like to talk about the books that have given me great pleasure since we, my friends and I, have met.

So why should not you and I do this? Why should I not just tell you briefly and frankly about the books I have read, with no attempt to survey the field of new publications. It would be impossible for anybody to read them all. Of course, if you, John and Janey Canuck, are the nice, kindly people I believe you to be, you in return would do your share! You would write to me direct to my present London address—Sheila Rand, 3 Inverness Mansions, Moscow Road, London, W. 2. and you would tell me from time to time what you had been reading, and then I could publish extracts from your letters for the benefit of other readers of the Western Home Monthly. Now who will be the first to respond to this request of mine? I am afraid I have taken up a lot of my space with this preamble, but it was necessary, and now I will tell you about some of the books that I read during the winter months.

TWO of them were published in Canada, one by the Musson Book Company, and the other a particularly beautiful production by the Graphic Publishers. "Three Centuries of Canadian Stories" is the title of the fine volume produced by the Musson Book Company. The author is J. E. Wetherell, and the subject matter of the book is, of course, indicated by its title. J. E. Wetherell will be remembered for his book—"The

Fields of Familiar England and Scotland" He has been to a great deal of trouble to collect the stories that he now gives us, though they are not those found in either history books or school books. They have been extracted with industry from hundreds of sources unknown to the general reader and the author is to be congratulated on having collected these facts and woven them into a series of stories much as thrilling as fiction and as important to the understanding of Canadian history as any recognized authoritative works. Young eyes will gloat over the illustrations which greatly enhance the attractiveness of this publication.

THE other Canadian publication is called "My Garden", with charming marginal illustrations by Ernest Harrold. This is a book for all garden lovers, in whatever soil they may dig. I know what I am going to do as soon as I have finished this letter. I am going to write to Marion Cran, the greatest of all horticultural writers in England, and a very charming woman to meet, and I am going to draw her attention to this book. No, I am not going to give it to her, it has already a place on my own library shelf.

Having just referred to "My Garden Dreams" reminds me of a masterly work entitled "Moses" by the French writer, Fleg, which I have just read. Moses was a dreamer and a man of action and M. Fleg is well endowed to understand and interpret the Hebraic hero about whom he is writing, for the author is not only a Jew by birth, but is intensely interested in all matters pertaining to Judaism. He is a poet and a great prose writer and this new life of Moses will, I think, rank with the great biographies.

I WONDER what we would see if all the roofs were blown off all the houses in Canada! That writer, Richmal Crompton, has shown us the interiors of all the houses on the Mallory Estate in her novel "Roofs Off". No, there was not a sudden tornado. Richmal Crompton's title is symbolic. Take the roof off a house and peep in when the folk within it do not realize they are observed, and you will see people who appear quite different from those that you meet daily. An individual might have his or her roof taken off so that the soul was suddenly laid bare to public gaze. Take Martin, all his relatives took it for granted that he was eating his heart out over the death of his wife, but Richmal Crompton took the roof off and lo! and behold, we see him greatly relieved and rejoicing in his freedom, and doing all the things that he longed to do but was not permitted while his wife lived. Do read this charming book, and get to know the people who live on this estate; I am sure you will recognize a great number of your friends. I did.

I AM a great admirer of Martin Armstrong's work. I told you months ago about one of his novels and now I have just read "St. Christopher's Day". A marvellous piece of technique, this story. Although we are concerned with but one day, Christopher's birthday, December 6, which is St. Christopher's Day, yet the entire lives of the man and his wife before and since their marriage, are revealed.

If you are interested to meet a truly modern family working out life's problems in a truly modern way, read "Head In The Wind" by Leslie Storm. But if you are a lover of the leisurely portrait and dignified style, then turn to that marvellous writer, Francis Brett Young, and read his latest "My Brother Jonathan" and then as a complete change turn to the "Portrait of a Spy", by Temple Thurston, and even if you do not like mystery stories usually, I think you will enjoy this. It is a mystery story with an entirely new twist.

For those who revel in being thoroughly depressed, I recommend "A Strange Interlude" by Eugene O'Neil, a wondrous and long play about weird people, and a volume of short stories by Bates, called "The Day's End". Both Eugene O'Neil and Bates are artistic craftsmen but they also are distinctly morbid.

International

I HAVE for years been interested in anything that Ernest Poole has written, and I was glad to come across "Silent Storms," which for me, at least, is a new novel by this very thoughtful writer. Since the War, the mind of man has been turned to internationalism more than ever in the past. So terrible and far-reaching were the results of the Great War that there has been implanted in every thinking person the desire to make war an impossibility in civilized countries, and this has naturally made us think, not in terms of our own little country, but internationally. We are no longer interested in Europe merely because she has been the source of so many delightful holidays for those who can afford to go to this luxuriant playground. It is true that not many months ago a Pittsburgh couple staying at a hotel in Paris, and realizing that their Silver Wedding was drawing nigh, sent a hundred invitations to their friends in America to celebrate this anniversary with them in Paris. They, the celebrants, provided the guests with return fares, a week in Paris and sufficient money to cover all extra expenses consequent upon a trip of that importance. It is a gesture like this that gives one the impression that France, Paris in particular, is just a bijou playground for the idle rich. Read Ernest Poole's "Silent Storms," and you will understand just what Europe does mean to the thoughtful American. For, quite apart from the rather melodramatic situation, a situation wherein we see Barry McClurgh, American financier, widowed in the prime of life, deeply in love with his mother-in-law, and then suddenly swept into marriage with a girl of twenty-five, a polyglot, as she calls herself, for she is of French and Italian extraction and has relatives in every part of Europe—quite apart, I say, from this somewhat melodramatic situation, there is a very thoughtful theme wisely presented. America's attitude to France, her ability to lend much-needed money, reasons why she should or should not—these are the questions that form a solid, commercial background to the spiritual life of Barry McClurgh. Mr. Poole has given a very fine portrayal of the differences in temperament between a girl of l'Europe Nouvelle and the typical American business man. It is quite clear that they could never be happy together, however much a reader might wish them to be.

A Dusty Mirror

WHILST reading the first few pages of "Dusty Answer," by Rosamond Lehmann, I was compelled to exclaim, to nobody in particular, "Oh, clever, clever!" and clever, clever it is to the bitter end; too clever. No light and shade, no depth, no surface ripple, but just a kind of brittle cleverness, dust flung into our eyes to blind us to life as it really is. I recalled how surprised I had been many years ago when someone told me that the lenses put into moderately priced cameras were made of chippings from first-rate lenses. Somehow or other the idea of this glass-dust being used to make new lenses got mixed up in my mind with "Dusty Answer." I thought: "Yes, the author has not felt at all. She has made innumerable chippings from her brilliant set of opinions and these have made the novel. It is called 'Dusty Answer,' and it is made up of dust." They are all so clever, the young things in this book, or rather, the author is so clever at portraying them and the young things are all so queer and none of them seem to grow up like normal men and women. As soon as you think: "Oh, Martin's a normal, decent sort of young fellow," Martin is drowned. Even University life, which one imagines will give Judith a taste of normality, is all queer and squint-eyed. I think that Rosamond Lehmann must be a brilliant person; she certainly is an enormously clever writer. But I do not like her book, that is all.

DESPITE all I have said about not caring twopence about whether a book is new or not, at least five of these I have mentioned are new books!

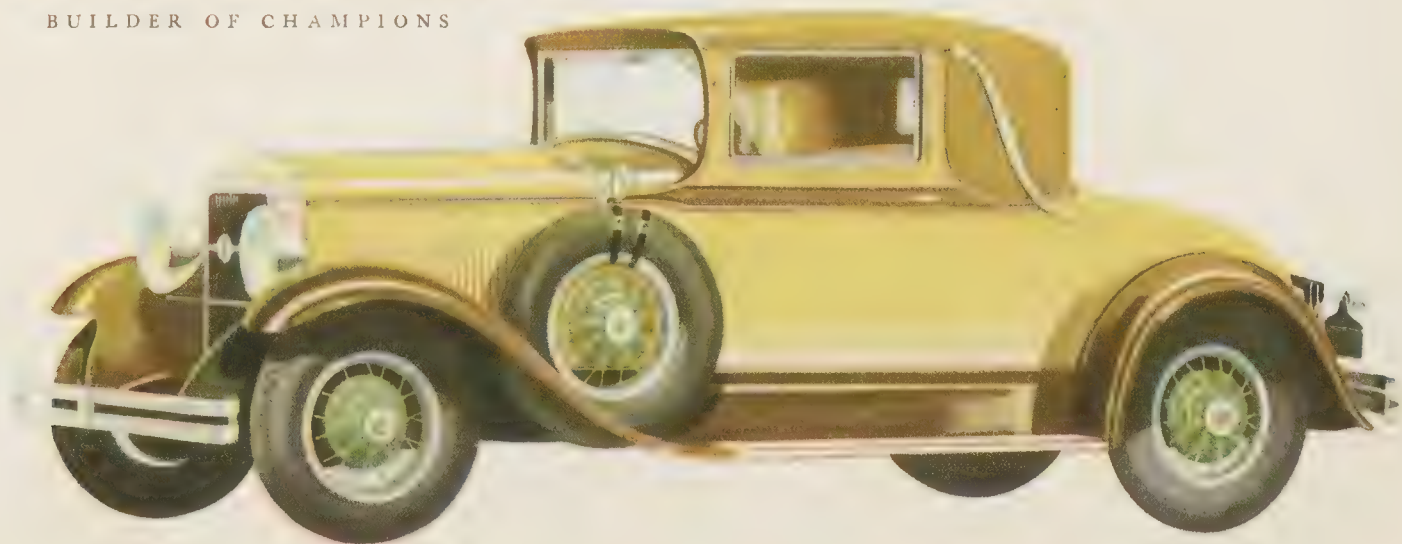
Let me repeat my present London address and beg of you, John and Janey Canuck, to let me know what you have been reading so that I may add the titles of *your* books to my library list. Sheila Rand, 3, Inverness Mansions, Moscow Road, London, W.2.

WHERE Canadians who best know and appreciate fine motor cars foregather, Studebaker prestige runs deservedly high. Interpretive style, inspired by championship performance, has won for these splendid eights and sixes a renown for beauty quite as notable as the fame of their fleetness and trustworthiness. Today Studebaker holds *every* official stock car speed and endurance record. These smart new cars provide riding ease unmatched. They offer in color and in contour the youthful, forward styling that only true genius in design could achieve. And Studebaker's increased Canadian production permits prices that never before bought so much. The car illustrated is The Commander Convertible Cabriolet for Four, available with six or eight cylinders.



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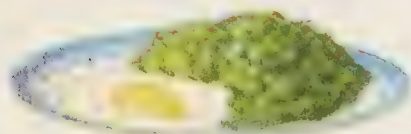
IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

Those ripe, luscious peach halves and those juicy slices you always get under the DEL MONTE label are no accident! They're the natural result of warm, sunny days, endless care in the canning process, a syrup exactly suited to the flavor-needs of this popular fruit. That's why DEL MONTE Peaches are so uniformly good, year after year—why it pays in menu-satisfaction, to be sure you get this well-known brand.

Packed—
for convenience
—two ways
HALVED &
SLICED



— and what meal could ever be dull — with over 100 varieties of DEL MONTE quality foods to choose from!



SPINACH

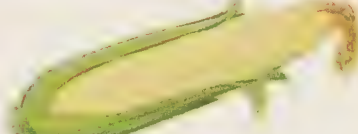
DEL MONTE Spinach, for instance, puts a garden of springtime "greens" on your pantry shelf. No extra work to serve them, either—no washing, picking over or cooking. DEL MONTE Spinach is simply the finest spinach grown (we use 2 lbs. of raw spinach for every large-size can) all cleaned and ready to serve at a moment's notice. Just heat and season to meet your individual taste.



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And remember, DEL MONTE packs Crushed pineapple as well as Sliced. Both are the best of Hawaiian fruit, but Crushed gives you a special opportunity to prepare those "surprises" that add a new touch to an otherwise usual meal. Serve it in fruit cocktails, as a side dish with meat, in salads and drinks, or chilled as a breakfast fruit. There's no end to the treats it can bring to your table.

JUST BE SURE YOU SAY DEL MONTE



The Gentleman King

Continued from page 9

—a catch which probably appealed more by its melody than by its sense, although being quoted by Peter himself, it proves that his entertainments were not always indecent.

And so they lived through the early winter of 1525, a weird, mutilated band of good-for-nothings. And it was well past Christmas when their retreat was invaded by a sudden stream of messengers, arriving two or three a day, to hold hurried conferences with the Baron. It had been a prosperous fall for the outlaws. Since the shooting of Jean Sendreey every one of eight captives had paid their ransoms. Consequently Peter was not yet a rider. He felt quite deserted and lonely as he watched the brigands preparing for the expedition which the messengers seemed to be arranging. He wandered about with hands in his pockets, grinning but unhappy. Many of the men were grumbling. It was too much to expect of them, they said. A few fat burghers would not be missed, but to prey upon the armed nobility was to take brigandage too seriously. Yet the men either did not know, or would not tell Peter the name of the Baron's intended victim.

THERE were about fifty in the party, thirty of whom were cavalymen in full armor. They had been on the road eight days—it was a long journey. Dusk gathered as Renée looked out of the window of her litter, admiring a long blue ridge of mountains on her left, with white cliffs rising into the sky, like strange marble palaces. Their beauty was mysterious. She wondered what they concealed, and told herself that these wild pinnacles of nature could conceal only loveliness. They were not like men . . .

The blue hills and white cliffs made her think of her marriage. They were like virgins in sleep. Though she did not liken herself to the hills she felt kinship with them, and was exalted. She wondered about her future, which would be lived in Savoy, far away from Ardenne, beside a husband whom she had not even seen.

It was good of King Francis to choose, from all her suitors, this one nobleman of Savoy who was reputed to be handsome, and who was closely related to His Majesty's own mother, Louise of Savoy. Nowadays women do not travel for weeks to marry a man whom they have never seen, but the marriage de convenance was so common in the sixteenth century, especially when a woman of large fortune, like Renée, was to be joined to a man of great power and affairs. It must have been one of the supreme periods in a young girl's life, approaching her man and her future and the great mystery of foreign lands.

But Renée's reverie was broken by a loud commotion ahead. There was fighting almost at her window. Her father cried: "You? Riancourt?" and plunged at him with his sword.

"Yield up! Yield up!" cried Riancourt. "Wrecker of happiness!"

ABOUT half past nine Peter, who had just gone to bed, was awakened by a tumult around the castle, by the neighing of hungry horses and the cries of men. He got up, put on his coat, ran out into the light of the fires where they had gathered. Many of the brigands were wounded. They were loaded with booty—gold, silver, jewels, clothes, armor. They had captured several horses and they had four prisoners.

Peter was surprised to see that one of the prisoners was a woman. He straightened himself. Supposing, now, he should be asked to earn his freedom by shooting a woman! Was he capable of that?

The Baron's face was a study as he stood on the platform in the firelight. It was triumphant, with a cruelty that Peter had never seen so exaggerated before. Peter went closer. One horrified look assured him that it was Renée! And her father and brother!

"My God!"

Her dress was stained with the blood of those who had tried to defend her. Peter saw, too, that the Count was wounded. He had fought until overpowered by numbers and the Baron had

just managed to bring him off the field alive. And there was Monsieur Philippe, like a ghost, dressed in black velvet, licking his thin lips, and with his hands tied behind his back.

Peter learned thus, for the first time, that he was not a murderer.

The other prisoner was a stranger to Peter, the middle-aged notary who travelled with the Count that he might execute official documents on the way and witness Renée's marriage in Savoy.

No sooner had he understood the scene than Peter heard the Baron order all the prisoners into the castle, with the exception of the Count, who was left standing on the platform alone. Then the two ancient rivals faced each other.

Even Peter quailed before the look of malignity on the Baron's face while the Count, standing proudly before him, spoke for his children's lives. The Baron's lips curled into a smile. "I think I may promise that they will not be harmed. I do not fancy that the young Count—as he soon will be—will refuse my conditions, my suggestions. Your daughter, my dear enemy, is destined to high honor. I have chosen for her one whose wealth is untold, whose treasury is unlimited, whose blood is equal to your own, whose courage has not failed—myself—the Prince of the Thousand Devils!"

"Unfasten me! Give me a sword! What? Will you stand about me like a crowd of moles? A flock of crows? A set of apes? God, oh God! Am I alive? Give me a sword!"

"Calm now! Calm now!" cried the Baron. "You have not heard me yet. On my honor, I will treat the lady as a lady. She shan't become my wife—I give you my word for this—unless she agrees willingly. She will have the consent of the head of her house. Not you, sir! Not you! You will be gone by then. But her brother will give his consent to our marriage before I consent to marry her." His scarred face leered. "And we shall have all forms—the notary here, whose life I spared on purpose for this. I should have had to hunt one otherwise. The priest—there, in the crowd—the priest!" he pointed. "The chapel there. We are all ready, I assure you. We've been ready for a dozen years, Duprès."

He stopped. Then he leaned forward: "And she will do it, sir!"

"By what means, fiend?"

The Baron shook his finger at him. "Oh, there are means, and means! I shan't tell the lady what is false. I will not say that her father's dying wish was to see her in my arms. I could, you know. And yet I will not. No."

"She must not—she will not! Renée! Renée! Renée!"

His voice, weakened by loss of blood, shrieked into the night. The echoes from the cliff above the stables answered: "Renée." The crowd was silent. Nothing real answered him. "It is useless, you see," said the Baron.

There was a terrible silence. Then the Baron's iron voice: "Your children will be safe, Duprès, unless they cross my will entirely. I do not wish to kill them. I did not plan my revenge yesterday. For I have planned and planned, that the ruin which you wreaked upon me may be returned three times upon you. There will be first your own. Then there will be your son—I'll show him up a coward; he'll give away your daughter. That's the second ruin. And then your daughter's ruin. Ah, my lord."

The Count had become calm. He was listening to the Baron with great attention. At the Baron's gesture they began to drag him away. He cried:

"One moment! A word!"

"Well?"

"That son of mine has no power to give away my daughter!"

"How so?"

"He is a bastard!"

"So?"

"I tell you, he is a bastard! He doesn't inherit!"

"So? And whom have you made your legal heir?"

"What business is that of yours? If you boast of honor, you can't obtain my

daughter's hand by an illegitimate heir, sir! You can't do it, sir! He has no right, sir! And now where are you, sir?"

"The Baron folded his arms. "Duprès, I am here; I am still here. I take you at your word—he is no heir! Yet, by the way that you have hidden him, and shielded him, and educated him, and raised him with your daughter, I suspect that you have crossed the law, and made your will in favor of a bastard! Now, on your honor, sir, do you deny it?"

There was silence, while they faced each other. And then the Count seemed to wither.

"Off with him!" cried the Baron. "I shall execute him myself!"

They disappeared in the darkness beyond the platform. Peter sat on. What horror! And now he alone was left between these two children and the Baron's vengeance. Peter was alone with whatever God he professed as he saw torches waving around the spot of execution, heard the harsh cries—waited—heard at last the musket-shot—heard the echo from the cliff above his stable. He must act, somehow. Act! for they were returning.

"Send for my lord the Count Duprès," cried the Baron with evident satisfaction as he stalked back into the firelight. "And bring Mademoiselle," he added. He went to the edge of the platform and sat down on the bench behind his "judgment table." Several men discovered Peter. "Hello, Peter. Kinda sore you didn't get the chance, eh? Nother time, boy."

"Did he get him clean?" asked Peter. "Him? He always gets 'em clean. Then he picked him up on his shoulder an' took him to the cliff an' threw him over."

"Um."

Peter was thinking.

There was Renée and her brother standing at last on the platform having their "hearing." Peter knew what the fifth act of this tragedy must be, unless, somehow, he could interpose—he, the horse-boy.

"Monsieur the Count Duprès," said the Baron, rising to take off his hat and bow with a mock flourish. "I have the honor to be the first to address you by your new title. And you, Mademoiselle, permit me to congratulate you upon the advent of your—eh—brother."

To Renée this world was not short of horrible. As she heard the Baron's words and as his leering face disclosed the full meaning of them to her, she knew that she was fatherless; that he had made her so; that, on his right hand, as he put his hat upon his head, there was blood. Blood! Her father's. The Baron's face became indistinct—she groped, clutched, as if in darkness, and held her brother's sleeve. Then the iron voice continued: "Do you know any reason, Monsieur the Count, why you should not follow your illustrious father?"

Renée looked up, then, from beneath fluttering eyelids. She watched Philippe lick his thin lips. She waited. He said nothing.

"Monsieur the Count," cried the Baron, "You do not seem to realize the situation. Permit me to introduce myself—" He arose again—"I am René Auguste, Baron de Riancourt, at your service, Monsieur. My family is as noble, and older, than yours. I was banished by your late father, who likewise robbed me of a bride I loved. A bride, you understand! But time, Monsieur, has softened my heart's ache. And now I ask your permission to become allied to your family. Before your father died I promised him that I would ask your sister's hand of you; that should you both refuse, you both would die; or should you both accept, then you, my lord, are free—and she—remains our queen! We have a notary, a priest, and a church. I ask no other ransom."

"Monsieur, the honor is too high," said Philippe with a sneer.

"Indeed?" The Baron turned to Henzeau. "Put a rope around him!" Henzeau jumped forward and slipped a noose over Philippe's head, while a ruffian beside the

gallows pulled the rope taut. Philippe was nearly jerked from his feet—staggered across the platform, stood under the gallows, crying: "You hounds! Hang me? Renée, say something!"

Her father's blood on the Baron's hand. Renée's eyes had never left the Baron's hand. Her eyes were glassy, feverish.

"Monsieur the Count," said the Baron. "I have the honor once more to ask you for your sister's hand."

"You can have the honor of going to the devil!" snarled Philippe, who had courage in his way.

"Sir, I am already there. Tighten the rope, George."

"Y—Aie!" Philippe screamed, as the noose gripped his neck. He was standing on tip-toe, his hands bound to his sides.

Renée stepped forward, "For the love of Our Lady, stop!"

Someone in the crowd crossed himself. The priest chanted, his voice weird, lonely.

"Be still!" cried the Baron to the crowd. "Mademoiselle, Our Lady of the Mountains has already yielded you into my hands. Do not pray to her. You must marry me, with your brother's permission, and your own, or that gallant over there—swings!" He looked at her fiercely. "Pull the rope, George."

Again Philippe screamed, and his toes momentarily left the ground. "Marry him! Marry the carrion!" he cried inarticulately. "I'll—get— you out of it!"

But Renée's eyes had returned to the Baron's hand. As he spoke she watched the hand in its motions. Her mouth opened, as if she wished to cry but could not. Her eyes grew wide and startled. She lifted her arm and pointed with silent dramatic finger. Philippe looked. They all looked. No one had noticed the blood that stained the leader's hand between his thumb and forefinger up to the wrist, drying.

"You MURDERER!"

It was the most uncanny voice Peter had ever heard—almost a scream. Again the priest chanted. The Baron stepped backward, covering one hand with the other. He was vexed, he ought to have wiped it off—a serious blunder which showed a lack of sensibility. He scowled and sat down behind his judgment table. And meanwhile Philippe seemed to be dying.

"If you wish our lives, take them!" cried Renée. "But I would marry the vilest of your band, the filthiest, rather than be led to church by my father's murderer!"

"Renée!" gasped Philippe.

"I cannot," she cried, her hands clasped in agony. "Oh God! I am afraid. Wipe it off! No! Ask me to marry—I will marry—"

Since each one's emotions surpassed his powers of speech, there was a pause. Only Peter, who knew all of these contorted actors, was able to analyze their silence. Seated near the stage, he had made some astonishing discoveries. He saw that the Baron had been swept beyond reason by his desire for revenge—most unreasonable and contorting of all the world's passions; that, intoxicated by years of planning, he had entirely underrated the courage of Renée and even of Philippe. The Baron had judged Renée to be weaker than she could ever be. Peter saw this with the insight of love, which gives one the power of estimating the highest capacities of the soul that is loved. He could have foretold that Renée would put the Baron at a dramatic disadvantage, and he saw how she had done so.

Furthermore, Peter had observed the astonishing likeness that existed between Renée and the Count, her father. Though their features were by no means similar, they had that intangible resemblance which makes it impossible to mistake the members of one family. Now, as Renée stood forth in such superb energy of will and character, it seemed as if the Baron were confronted by the man he had just thrown savagely over the cliff.

On the other hand, though, Monsieur Philippe had his father's hawk nose and slanting forehead, he did not suggest the Count in the least.

Continued on page 38

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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 37

Peter, scrutinizing these torchlit faces, found the cause of the stalemate of emotions which they had reached; for in the Baron's face there was more than anger and more than revenge, there was disgust. As Renée stood before him like a reincarnation of her father, and, no doubt, of her mother, Peter saw a revulsion on the Baron's bearded lips, a recoiling from this marriage. To the Baron, Renée must unite his hatred for her father with his love for her mother; to the Baron, there must be a union, in Renée, of those terrible extremes.

Peter jumped to his feet.

At the same time the Baron rose violently and waved his hand toward the hangman. "Give that weasel some air, George." The Baron seemed to struggle with his own voice.

All this had taken but a few seconds. And now Peter, with his hat on the back of his head and a long straw in his mouth, was stepping toward the platform, pretending to be in a breathless hurry.

"Hold on, gentlemen!" His voice was so unexpected that everyone stared. He mounted the steps noisily. "Baron," he said, reaching the platform and making a deep bow. Just as he said this he performed a Chaplinesque motion with his tattered shoes, tripped over himself, and sprawled. The brigands howled with laughter. He has since claimed that the fall was accidental, and nevertheless it must be attributed to a genius for acting. At any rate his mind was working at feverish speed. The Baron knew now that he had misjudged Renée. Peter could tell that by the Baron's face. The leader was at a dramatic disadvantage and would welcome almost any temporary diversion. If Peter could only get the Baron's imagination working along a certain line! And then if he could only get Renée's sympathy...

But although the Baron was relieved to have the emotional tension broken, Peter's farcical intrusion gave him an outlet for his passions. He took two steps forward, leaned over Peter, seized him by the collar, boxed his ear with terrible force. "Keep out of this, you damned clown!"

But this was precisely the action that Peter had expected. Having anticipated, he was not disconcerted. Instead, as soon as the Baron released him, he struggled to his feet.

"Did you not just hear the lady's request?" he asked distinctly. He was standing. He became melodramatic. "After the names you have called me, I answer like a Pido to any superlative. I am the funniest, the stupidest, the wisest, and just now Mademoiselle asked for the filthiest." And then, without waiting for the Baron's reply, he sidled over to Renée his fingers before him, rolling his eyes, singing:

Who will go catch Marie?
Send him alone to me——"

and thus performed his antics at Renée's nose.

But even now, although he had the crowd with him, this chance he had taken, this apparent jest, was on the point of failure. For the Baron's passions were at such a pitch that it was impossible to make him laugh. Peter, therefore, had to guard his exit; he could not pretend to any motive more serious than humor.

"Get off that platform!" thundered the Baron.

Peter was extemporizing:

"Who'll be the horse-boy's wife?
Who'll love him all this life?
Ma-de-moiselle!"

The chance he had taken, the apparent jest, would certainly have failed had it not been for Mademoiselle Renée and Monsieur Philippe themselves. They both stared at this ghost—Renée shrank away from him. This, and the plan suggested in Peter's extemporaneous song, caused the Baron to scrutinize the faces of Mademoiselle Renée and Monsieur Philippe. The Baron was seized with the vague comprehension that there was recognition upon those faces.

Monsieur Philippe, with quite the opposite intention, tipped the scales in

Peter's favor. "Take that filthy fellow away!" he shouted, his voice betraying rage instead of fear.

The Baron turned toward him smoothly and raised his brows. "So?" he said. If Monsieur Philippe was so anxious for Peter to be taken away, it might be worth while to have Peter remain.

Peter, with every sense alert, understood this. He turned to Philippe. "You forget, Monsieur the Count," he said, "that I no longer take my orders from you. I have become handy-dandy to a greater personage." He bowed toward the Baron. Then, seeing that this reference to the past had caused a faint gleam of curiosity in the Baron's eyes, he turned to Renée. "Mademoiselle Renée, the Baron is an honorable villain. In view of your precipitous offer—" he coughed and touched his throat with his fingers—"to marry the filthiest, he wants to know whether you have ever seen me before."

Peter was rewarded with laughter from the crowd.

Speaking the last words he looked straight at Renée. He was compelling her to answer. His eyes, which both asserted honor and denied it, were hypnotizing her. He made her yield, he made her seek safety in himself; for somehow he had avoided insulting her with clownishness. She bowed her head, answering: "Yes. I have known you before."

"And what is my name?"

"Peter."

Monsieur Philippe stepped forward again. "Are you going to bully my sister?"

But the Baron was interested now. "Be still, Monsieur. Do you want to stand on your toes again? Proceed, horse-boy."

"Thank you, my lord," said Peter. "Now, Mademoiselle Renée, tell the company how it was that I left Ardente so suddenly."

She was frightened because she could not grasp Peter. She did not know what Peter wanted. She could scarcely speak. And yet he was compelling her—

"You—stabbed my brother."

"Stabbed him?" Peter leaned nearer to her. His eyes bored into hers. An intangible strength emanated from his face, dominated her, made her forget the rude clothes, made her remember the old Peter.

"Well, wounded him with a sword."

"Yes, that's better. Baron, will you send a man to my room to get that sword we had so much trouble digging out of a graveyard?"

"Why, yes, if you want, horse-boy. George, go get the horse-boy's sword." and at last the Baron laughed! He laughed at the incongruity of this.

"Now, Mademoiselle Renée, do you know, or don't you know, that that man"—he points to Philippe—"forced me to fight a duel with him?"

Again she wavered. She had been told the contrary.

"Mademoiselle Renée. What did he tell you about that?"

"He said that you appeared—with two men—like those"—she raised her hand feebly—"and attacked him."

"Did you believe him when he said that?" He was leaning over her again. He was trying to say, trust me, I'll get you out; I am the only one. And she sensed something of this. "Did you believe him, Mademoiselle?"

"I—I—didn't know," she said.

Monsieur Philippe gave a yell.

"Silence!" thundered Peter, without giving the Baron time to interrupt him at this critical juncture.

Henau arrived breathlessly with the sword.

"Mademoiselle Renée, do you recognize this sword?"

She did not, really. But Peter forced her to say it.

"It looks like a duelling sword, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Not like the sword a ruffian would use?"

"No."

At this point Peter enjoyed, ironically, the use he was making of Monsieur Philippe's gift. He could not help glancing at Monsieur Philippe from the corner

Continued on page 40

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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 38

of his eye; and during that glance he made a rapid calculation. He saw that Renée's brother would be more bitterly opposed to a marriage with Peter the horse-boy than with the Baron de Riancourt; he saw that by presenting his ridiculous self as a suitor, he would force Monsieur Philippe to utter objections. Thus the Baron's anger would be turned against Monsieur Philippe and the emotional scale tipped in Peter's favor.

So far the only point of his acting had been to gain time and sympathy from his audience. He now proceeded more directly to the point, without, however, allowing anyone to believe seriously that he was seeking the hand of the heiress of Duprès. He turned to the brigands with a wide sweep of his arm, and cried: "Messieurs!" Then he paused, drew out the red cloth which served him as a pocket handkerchief, wiped his forehead. "Phew! It is hard, this, getting a wife," he said. "But after all, my comrades, what was there for me to do? Even the knights of old would not care to deny a lady's request; and was I, the horse-boy, to remain silent when called for! Ah, but the tortures of love! I say this with all the authority of the stables behind me. Who would have thought that I would be called upon to play the part of Tristan in a cowshed?"

The crowd was laughing.

"But what, you ask, is my claim to so honorable a title? What my lineage? I will tell you." Followed, at last, a rapid account of the misfortune brought upon him by Monsieur Philippe, who stepped forward and shouted:

"It's a lie!"

Peter turned to him coldly. "If you knew who and what you are, Monsieur Pretender, you would scream more like a mule than an ass." And this sally was rewarded by a roar of laughter from the brigands. Even the Baron, Peter noticed, leered his amusement.

It would be dangerous to assert that he had expected to succeed when he stepped upon that distorted platform to play the clown. And it would be quite false to suppose that he had anticipated all of his details. He had sensed only the crude elements of the situation. He had seen no more than the possibility of escape.

But now the Baron's imagination began to contribute to the plot that Peter had been constructing. The Baron felt a distinct revulsion toward Renée. Peter's improvised song had suggested a possibility of consummating his revenge upon the Duprès family without having to live with a woman whose expression caused him such internal agony. When Peter's story had held the Baron's interest long enough to allow his emotions to cool, he realized that his original plan had already failed, that he had underestimated Renée's courage, that Renée would not consent to marry him, that he would have to kill her and her brother. Thus the lingering dishonor with which he had threatened the Count would be forfeited. But if he married her to Peter? The Baron saw, suddenly, that he could make use of Peter.

AS PETER'S story proceeded, and the Baron had time to reflect upon the death of Duprès, he saw how very successfully his revenge was working. He was even able to enjoy Peter's humor—for in spite of his fierceness he was fond of Peter. And of course as soon as this happened, Peter had him in his power.

Whatever other motives acted upon his abnormal mind, the Baron now stepped forward, with a gleam in his eyes.

"To give this woman to you, shows how I despise you, clown! Therefore, I'll do it! Go on, ask her to join you in the stables!"

Peter opened his mouth in mock astonishment, leaned backward, and spread his hands toward the Baron. Then he put both hands upon his chest. "I, my lord, I was only jesting."

"Go do as I tell you!" The Baron's anger began to rise again. But Peter had him headed in the right direction. The brigands were agog. Peter crossed the platform furtively, never for a moment forgetting to act the buffoon. Having reached Renée he put on all the airs of an embarrassed lover. He wanted to

get the crowd laughing again so that he could speak to her secretly.

"Mademoiselle, there comes a time in the course of a woman's destiny when it is necessary to take a CHANCE!"

It was enough. Combined with his absurd gestures it produced laughter sufficiently loud for him to lean over and say in a low, crisp voice, "I will get you and Philippe out of here. Trust me. Stipulate that Philippe is to leave safely."

"As I was saying," he resumed in a loud voice, "most women take this chance only once. Then the bon Dieu has pity on them and sends them a lover. I say this, Mademoiselle, to warn you of the peril of our undertaking, lest perhaps my external appearances—have—eh, swept you off your feet." He paused, then: "Mademoiselle, will you bestow upon me the immortality of your hand?"

He bowed. He was serious. He looked at Renée intensely, eagerly, trying to give her confidence in him. Yet what was she to think of these antics and insults? Was it possible for her, fresh in the knowledge of her father's death, terrified by the faces around her, to understand the outlaws' clown? She looked at the Baron in fear. The unreality of him threatened her reason. Who were these brutes? Of what were they made?

"This is a farce!" cried Philippe with a sneer.

"Yank that weasel off his feet again," cried the Baron to George. Monsieur Philippe gave a cry as he was once more lifted to his toes.

"Will you give your permission, Monsieur le Count?"

"God damn you—permission—ask HER!" He was kicking and gasping. His face was purple-red.

"Do you accept the horse-boy?" thundered the Baron to Renée.

"I—I. Yes. For my brother's life I will do this thing." She paused.

"Loosen the rope, George," said the Baron.

Renée fixed her eyes on Peter. She directed all her reproach to him. She said, aloud: "How can I trust you?"

The Baron thought that she was addressing him. "Be easy, Mademoiselle. I always keep my word. You have chosen a horse-boy instead of a husband of equal birth; instead of a King of a Thousand Devils." He waved his hand over the crowd. And she, noticing that hand again, leaned and pointed to it, her eyes feverish.

Philippe stepped forward and cried to her: "You are wrong, Renée. You are blind. It will not be long before you regret this. Why will you not take the villain who is at least nobly born. Why will you disgrace yourself—me—father?"

"Exactly," cried the Baron, enjoying this as part of his anticipated reward. "As Monsieur says, it will not be long before you regret it."

Renée looked downward and did not answer. She could not answer because Peter's eyes were upon her. "Henzau, bring the notary," cried the Baron at last. "Bring the ink-horn! He will draw up a contract. Mind you, fellow," he shook his finger at the notary, "not a word too little or too much, not a 't' uncrossed, to void it." The notary sat down. His pen scratched nervously.

The Baron turned to Philippe. "You have given your permission?"

Philippe said, glaring at Peter: "He has my permission to force my sister to marry him."

The notary looked up. "Peter—Peter what?" he asked. "What is the last name, please?"

"Peter the varlet," said the Baron.

"No," said Peter. I have not earned two names yet. Put down the initial of it. The initial is 'P'."

"Peter P?" asked the notary. "Dear, dear." He shook his head and began writing again. When he had finished he wanted their signatures. The Baron turned to Peter. "Can you write, horse-boy?"

"Of course," said Peter. He felt the wave of surprise that spread through the assembly. The Baron, unbelieving, leaned over his shoulder while Peter in his best style wrote "Peter P."

"An accomplished buffoon you have won to your family!" said the Baron,

Continued on page 42



"THREE BIDS to the Same Dance ...yet a short time ago I was glad to be asked by anyone"

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Pepsodent

The Special Film-Removing
Dentifrice

The Gentleman King

Continued from page 40

turning to Philippe. Then Renée, Philippe, the Baron, Henzau, and the clerk of Padua all signed the document, which was folded and given to Peter. "It is yours for the present," said the Baron, "until it is needed to claim your wife's fortune. And now to the church, gentlemen! How happy the bride appears! Monsieur, the Count, you will give her away!"

Philippe uttered a kind of snarl. Henzau was taking the rope from his neck. The Baron was in high spirits. "Henzau," he cried, "tell those lazy cooks to prepare us a feast at once. We'll have a wedding breakfast, though it's past eleven. Serve champagne and Burgundy. Eh, Peter. I'll give him Burgundy and sing him a round." He was singing in the doorway of the chapel. He slapped Peter on the back.

YET Peter's task had only begun. He was tense and excited, but he was seeing things clearly, as a man does in a great emergency. He realized that more than Renée's life, her honor, depended upon him. This marriage was only a hoax—anybody could see that. Renée would be taken away from him almost immediately and put among those women in the castle. What horror!

He must escape with her. But how? Would it be possible to lead her successfully past the needle-rock? And, having gotten her there, would it be possible for Peter to follow a tortuous mountain trail he had never seen, and to progress faster than the horsemen who were sure to pursue him? No, no, no! Impossible.

And yet, it must be done.

And yet it could never be done had Peter not been a dramatist. He was distinctly aware of personalities, and his first tentative solution of the problem was to wonder what personality among all these devils he could use for his own ends. Immediately, he thought of Lucy. The very weakness of Lucy would give Peter a weapon to work with. Lucy had just ridden over the trail! Lucy could be made to do anything for flattery!

Peter went up to Lucy as if to receive congratulations. He drew Lucy aside a little. Then he said:

"Lucy, you're a rider now and ought to have a woman. I'm only a horse-boy and I don't rate a woman. I'm going to take this one to my shack right after the priest fixes it, but you know as well as I do that they will take her away from me. Now I want you to have her because you deserve her, Lucy. You don't know how I admire you ever since you shot that old fellow so clean. Say, will you let me give her to you?"

Lucy smiled wanly, then eagerly. His eyes lighted at the thought that he was at last to have a woman of his own. He puffed out his ineffectual chest, a little, at Peter's flattery, and put his thumbs in his belt.

"Sure, Peter. That's generous of you."

"Well, I'd keep her myself if I could. Now listen. You meet me right in the shadow of the chateau wall on the west side next to the cliff. You know where I mean?"

"Sure."

"Don't come down to my shack with the rest of them, but wait there by the chateau. I'll bring the girl there before they get to the shack..."

"Here. What are you two plotting?" The Baron swaggered up with folded arms. But apparently he had not heard them, for he turned to Lucy and said: "I've got a job for you tonight."

Peter's heart sank. Would Lucy, his last refuge, be taken away from him?

"I want you to ride down to the cache and bring up those six horses we left there," the Baron continued. "You can start any time. Come on, Peter. You've got to get married, boy."

It was all right, then. Peter tried to catch Lucy's eye as he turned away. He failed. But it was all right, if only Lucy would wait to perform the Baron's command. If only Lucy would show some sense....

Peter endured the farcical ceremony. The Baron stood behind Renée, gloating. Peter could not understand how this man received pleasure. He had to hold Renée's hand. It was soft and cold. She was shivering.

After their marriage the Baron was abnoxious. "Madame, allow me to be the first to congratulate you. I arranged the match, you know. It has been on my heart for a long while, in one form or another." And the crowd gathered at the door of the chapel shouting their rough congratulations.... Peter, the golden-tongued horse-boy. Golden-tongued Peter.

The Baron was ordering horses to be prepared for the departure of Monsieur Philippe. Everything of value was taken from the Count—his rich suit, his jeweled cap, even his leather riding-boots. He went away clothed as a peasant, an indignity which seemed to affect him more than all the other events of the night. He was accompanied by the lamenting notary. Peter watched Renée as her brother vanished. He witnessed upon her face a deeper suffering than he had ever experienced, a loneliness in suffering, an utter solitude. And then Renée fell to the ground exhausted.

Peter claimed the right to carry her to his room in the stable until the feast was ready. He took his sword and scabbard from Henzau and buckled them to his side.

"Take her to your kennel," said the Baron. "We'll come after you presently." Peter knew what that meant, too. He gathered Renée in his arms. He pushed his way through the leering crowd. He had won the spoils. He must defend.

"Back, comrades!" he cried. "Surely I have won a few minutes with her. By the blood of God, I worked hard!"

They laughed. And it was the only way he could get her there, to profane her, to banter and jostle them aside. He was going to escape. He would get her out of this.

When they arrived at the stable he was panting with excitement. "Mademoiselle," he whispered, "we are going to escape! You are out of it now!"

He felt as if she ought to thank him. Unfortunately, Peter had forgotten that she was married to him, that he had forced her to marry him. He knew nothing of women. He did not know that she had come to distrust him entirely, that to her he was just another outlaw scheming to dishonor her.

Philippe had called Peter a coward, had accused him two years ago of complicity with these very brigands. Therefore Philippe had left her so coldly just now; gone away so coldly, as if he were glad to leave her; she who had chosen this wail Peter—this coward, murderer, horse-boy, clown—

They entered the room and Peter slid a bolt across the feeble door. Renée was on the floor, leaning against the wall. Peter was stooping over her. "Come quickly, Mademoiselle!" he whispered. "We have not a moment to lose!"

And then he stared at her in hopeless amazement. Her lips were trembling. She murmured: "Go with you? I will not go anywhere with you. I would kill myself first!"

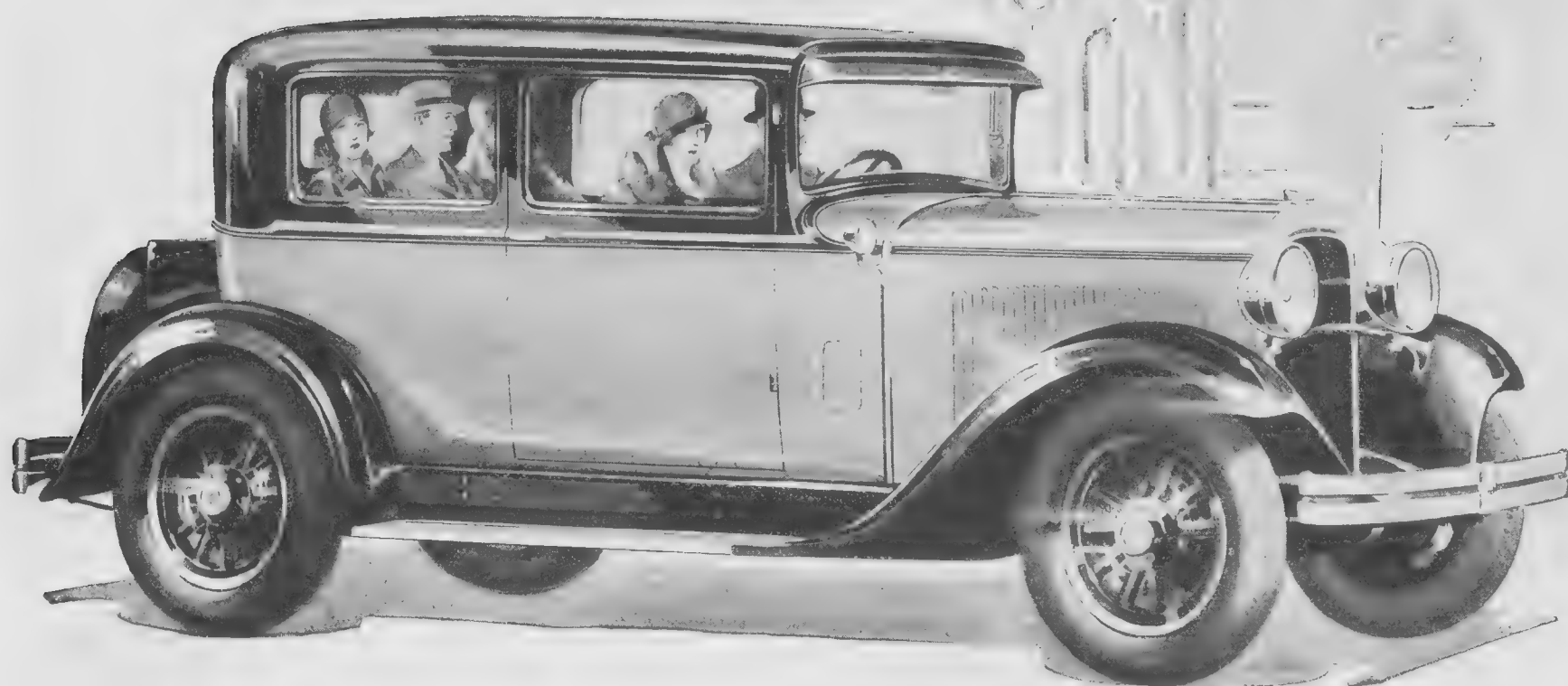
AS HE knelt before her Peter could hear the rioting of the brigands in the chateau and a clattering from the kitchen. In his imagination they were already descending upon the stable. He knew it would not take them long to prepare the feast. He knew that the Baron would give him only a few minutes with Renée to be able to say that he had fulfilled his contract with the dead Count and the departed brother. Then they would snatch Renée from him and put her among those women in the castle. He stared at her with horror spreading across his face.

"Not go with me? Not go? Why?"

But she did not answer. She sat on the floor, leaning against the wall, her eyes closed, her hands limp on her lap. She was breathing heavily, suffering. She seemed far away—her beautiful breast rising and falling almost as if in sleep. She was accusing herself, now, for having chosen Peter, instead of meeting death. Peter, this double ruffian! It would have been better to have been dishonored.... Philippe would rather have had that. She must kill herself somehow.

Peter's voice was acute with pain. He was perspiring.

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DODGE BROTHERS SIX



CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

The Gentleman King

Continued from page 42

"Mademoiselle!" he cried. "If you will not come with me you will have made me the meanest villain in France!"

She opened her blue eyes. They gazed widely at Peter.

"I will have made you? You blame ME?"

"Listen, Mademoiselle Renée. Had you married the Baron he would have had power to protect you. As horrible as he is, he would have defended you jealously as his wife. No one would have touched you. But now — now — you will be ruined!"

Peter pressed his hands together in the agony of his imagination, in the knowledge that he had but a few minutes—a few. "Oh God!" he cried. And he did not understand this. For the first time in his life he did not know what to say. For the first time he was confronted by a woman's mind; and he had no time to argue, no TIME!

"Mademoiselle, I risked my life for you out there, because I know of a way of escape. I am the only man who knows that way; I found it myself. And I took it for granted that you would trust me. And now, because you won't, I am a violator of BEAUTY!"

He could find no stronger word. He was of his age.

"Trust you! Why should I trust you?" she cried, aroused now. "Everything I have seen you do has been dishonest. You broke your word to my father. You fled like a coward from Ardente, leaving my brother to die, for all you know. Tonight you stood upon that platform and—and—I don't know how you did it; I don't know what you did. You lied. You forced me to lie, almost to say that I believed you innocent of the past!"

"Hurry! Hurry!" cried Peter. "They are starting over!" He heard the Baron's voice far away, assembling the crowd. He pulled the rags from the hole in the wall, and by reaching through the hole piled them on the ledge that lay between the stable wall and the edge of the cliff. He dug up the rope. Feverishly he reached through the hole and attached the rope to a beam which projected outside the stable. Then he allowed the rope to drop over the cliff, so that it would look as if they had used it for escape.

"Don't you think I'm human, even?" he almost screamed, pulling his head back into the cabin and facing Renée. "I haven't married you for my profit!" At last he saw the point that was troubling her. She thought that he had done all that acting out there to satisfy his own lust. "That contract gives me no power over—THEM!" He pointed through the wall in the direction of a harsh song that rose and fell, approaching, nearing. "They will take you away from me."

Renée had risen to her feet. She was leaning forward, gazing into his face. "If you did it for my sake let me go by myself!"

"You cannot. The way is impossible for you. It is past the guards. A man waits out there to help you. He would injure you without me. Come!" He held out his hand.

"Then let me kill myself over the cliff!"

He looked at her. By pure chance he said the right thing:

"Very well. That will mean my death too, you know."

"No! You can escape by your own way."

"I will not. I will throw myself after you!"

She drew in her breath, sharply. His face was close to hers—a strange mixture of gentleness, pity, horror, determination. The singers were almost at the door. With uncanny intuition Peter reached into his pocket and drew out a large folded knife.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "take this. It gives you power. You can use it against me or against yourself if I fail to respect you."

He had found the right persuasion at last. He had put himself at her mercy and had given her an escape of her own. As her fingers closed over the knife-handle she was overcome by her emotion. She wanted to sink down and cry. But there was a voice at the door. "Hey, there, bridegroom! Open the door!"

Someone was pounding on the door. They were singing, jeering. Peter took Renée by the shoulders and pushed her to the hole in the wall. He climbed through himself and then drew her through after him.

"Hurry!" he cried, outside. "Hold onto this crack along the wall. This ledge is just one foot wide." He grabbed a handful of cloths and sacks, began stuffing them into the hole. She stood beside him, her fingers in the crack above her head. "Don't look down!" cried Peter.

"Hey, you bloody rascal!" they were crying at the door. "Open the door!" They hammered and swore. Through the last hole in the sacks Peter could see the door shaking, heard the bolt chattering. Then there was a loud "Heave-ho!" They were forcing it.

Peter closed the hole hurriedly.

"Follow along this way!" he cried. "Slowly now! Don't get excited. There's no danger. Keep your fingers in that crack!"

STEP by step they moved sideways, to their right. Peter was really terrified lest one of the brigands should look around the end of the stable, not ten feet to his left. On his right the stable stretched a hundred feet along the top of the cliff. Their progress was agonizingly slow. Peter's sword was much in his way.

There was another crash at the door. The whole crowd charged, the bolt broke, he could hear the splintering of wood, the surprised oaths and cries inside.

"Where is that son of Judas?" someone cried.

"Can you go any faster?" he whispered to Renée. They had left Peter's room well to their left by now and were opposite the horse-stalls.

"Yes, Peter — I think so. You go ahead. I'll follow as fast as I can."

"Be careful." They moved sideways along the ledge at a slightly faster pace. The moon shone weirdly on the opposite cliff, leaving the fugitives in shadow. On, on, on!

"Call Baron!" cried Henzau. "They aren't far away. He's run off with her on the plateau. Damned little varlet!"

"Let's hang them both!" someone cried.

Peter knew that when the Baron arrived he would somehow discover their means of retreat. He wondered whether they would still be on the ledge at that moment; whether they would fling themselves over . . . together . . . Then he gasped. He heard the Baron's voice.

The Baron was stalking toward the stable whose door hung crookedly on one hinge allowing a stream of candle-light to blow out in the darkness. The brigands were gathered around in groups. One group after another set out, cursing, to explore the plateau.

"Escaped?" cried the Baron, his blood-shot eyes flashing. "Impossible!" There is no escape from Our Lady of the Mountains."

He reached the hut and stood with thumbs in his belt, surveying it keenly.

"Look at those rags over there, he

said, pointing. "They've been removed, and replaced from the outside."

"Like hell!" said Henzau. "Them's always been there!"

"Not that way, fool!" The Baron crossed to the rags. "See how they are smooth on the inside. If they had been stuffed from this side the edges of the cloths would be on this side. All the edges are on the other side. Take them out and see!"

He grabbed a bundle of cloth and pulled it. "Loose," he said. "They have just been put in!"

"God of God!" cried Henzau. "They've thrown themselves over!"

"George!" cried the Baron. "Remove all those rags!"

George did so, with a kick of his foot. He squatted at the hole and looked out. He did not, however, look along the ledge on either side of him, because the first thing that caught his eye was the rope that Peter had left hanging in front of the hole.

"God of God! There's a rope here!" Henzau cried.

"Get on it and climb down!" commanded the Baron.

"Climb through the hole, fool, and do as I tell you!" The Baron was so angry at Peter that he could scarcely speak.

Reluctantly, Henzau began crawling through the hole, legs first. On the ledge, not a hundred feet away, Peter and Renée stopped, lest their movement should be seen. They pressed themselves to the wall.

"Oh, we're lost!" Peter whispered hoarsely, giving way to his emotions for the first time that evening. Renée's delay had caused his plan to fail. But he added: "Thank you for coming with me — Renée."

He called her that naturally, without thinking.

"Peter! Peter!" she sobbed. She pressed her cheek to his shoulder. She too realized that she would be responsible if Peter's plan should fail now.

Henzau was on the rope. At last his head disappeared below the cliff. He had not seen them.

They were still ten feet from the end of the stable. Peter was afraid to move because another brigand was leaning out of the hole to watch Henzau as he descended into the canyon. The Baron's voice could be heard inside, angry, ferocious. And meanwhile, Peter knew, the brigands were scouring the plateau with torches. He could see the flares around the end of the stable, ten feet away. He and Renée were trapped!

Suddenly he decided that they must move at all costs. "We've got to get out of this," he whispered to Renée. "Keep your eye on that fellow. I think we're enough in the shadow so that he won't see us if we move slowly. But if he looks this way, stop moving."

Painfully they reduced the distance to the corner of the stable. Nine feet, eight, seven—at last! Peter drew Renée around the corner. He heard the brigands shouting: "Anything down there, Henzau? Anything down there?"

The danger now was from the search parties on the plateau. But no one knew the plateau as well as Peter. He took Renée's hand and, crouching over, they ran through paths in the tall bush, keeping near the edge of the cliff, pausing once to hide as a party passed close with flaming torches.

Peter began to wonder about Lucy. Suddenly he realized that he had no weapon but his sword, which would be an awkward one at close quarters. He really needed a smaller weapon. He turned to Renée. "Mademoiselle," he said, sensing the delicacy of the question, "I shall presently need a small weapon, and I have nothing but my sword. I would—would you trust me long enough to let me have the knife a moment?"

She had forgotten the knife. The blackness of the night, the peril, the fatigue had left her mind dazed and unreal. At his mention of it, the scene with him in the stable flashed vividly before her. She regretted that memory.

"Oh, Peter!" she cried. "I don't want the knife."

She reached into her bosom and drew it forth. He took it from her and pressed

Continued on page 56



But Evening finds her Lovely as Ever

TONIGHT there's hardly a sign of the distressing cold she woke up with—no dull headache, no reddened, unlovely nose, no maddening snuffle to torment her and spoil her looks—no risk of ugly complications like catarrh or sinus trouble to threaten her social program.

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Ever so easily, you may have such fashionable floors. Without soiling your hands or wearying your back you can now put the lovely and preserving finish of wax right over any varnished or

painted surface. Linoleum and tile are brightened and beautified, and you will never need to scrub them again.

The furniture is being waxed, too, in homes of social importance. The greasy, glaring finish of other polishes is considered bad form. The mode calls for the satin-like lustre of Johnson's Wax, with its hard film of protection

that wards off scratches and shows no finger prints.

Mail the coupon now for a liberal sample to try, and an interesting booklet, illustrated in colour, that tells all about the uses of Johnson's Wax.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Limited, Brantford, Canada
"The Interior Finishing Authorities" Branches: Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto, and Montreal
Waxes • Varnishes • Enamels • Wood Dyes • Fillers • Wall Finishes

The easy electric way to wax-polish floors \$35⁵⁰
is just like walking over them. The tremendous popularity of the Johnson Electric Polisher has cut the price of the new improved model from \$48.50 to \$35.50, complete with applying mop and 1/2 gallon Johnson's Wax. If you wish to try it before buying, rent it by half day or day from the nearest grocery, drug, department, paint, hardware, electric, or furniture store.

Either in paste
or liquid form



JOHNSON'S WAX

Polish for
FLOORS
FURNITURE
WOODWORK
LINOLEUM
AUTOMOBILES

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Limited, Dept. M-3 Brantford, Canada

Send me enough Johnson's Liquid Wax for my dining table or the floor of a small room. Also your illustrated booklet on its uses. I enclose 10c in stamps.

What dealers in this city sell Johnson's Electric Floor Polishers? ☐

Name..... Address.....
City..... Province.....



CREATORS OF THE MODE

AFTERNOON TAILLEUR BY PREMET . . . CAR BY HUPMOBILE



The Place de la Concorde, Paris

To the style-conscious woman, the New HUPMOBILE Century car flashes its message of smartness and modernity as swiftly and surely as does the latest gown by the Paris Grande Couture. But to the man who knows HUPMOBILE, there is more than beauty in these New Century cars. In their mechanical trustworthiness he sees them as the same old, game old HUPMOBILES. As rugged as they are regal. As responsive as they are smart. As elegant in their road-manners as they are in their looks. Her car for its dash; his car for its deeds! It is this harmony of approval from both sides of the family that has given these New HUPMOBILE Century cars a sales impetus almost startling, even in the fast-moving motor car industry. The New Century Six, \$1785 to \$2200; the New Century Eight, \$2445 to \$3560. All prices f. o. b. Windsor. Equipment, other than standard, extra.

THE NEW HUPMOBILE CENTURY SIX & EIGHT

STUDYING FACIAL EXPRESSIONS OF ANIMALS

By Julia W. Wolfe



"Alexander and Diogenes." By Landseer, Tate Gallery, London

ONE day a friend of Sir Edwin Landseer remarked to him: "How much our dog Bowser's smile is like that of some people?"

"Yes," replied the great animal painter, "I have noticed it, but did not think anyone else had. And if I dared to put that dog's smile in a picture the critics would declare I was guilty of an absurdity."

Not only was that charge frequently brought against Landseer, but it has been brought against many animal painters, that they endow their horses, dogs, cats, parrots, etc., with human expressions.

"A dog expresses joy by wagging his tail," wrote a critic once, "and not by the play of his facial muscles." Now, is that altogether true? Have you ever watched your dog or cat show delight, sorrow, dejection, contentment, amusement, disappointment? Darwin denied it when he said: "He who will look at a dog preparing to attack another dog, or a man, and in the same animal caressing its master, or will watch the countenance of a caged lion when insulted or fondled by its keeper, will be forced to admit that the movements of their features and their gestures are almost as expressive as those of a man." The great scientist always observed before he spoke.

But as another well-known naturalist points out, there will ever be observant people who from lack of application will remain skeptical. They see the purely canine or feline expressions without noticing those which resemble the human. When, for instance, a dog is about to

spring on his antagonist he utters a savage growl; the ears are pressed closely backwards and the upper lip is retracted out of the way of the teeth. These movements may be observed with dogs and puppies at play. But if a dog is really savage in his play his expression immediately changes. This, however, is simply due to the lips and ears being drawn back with much greater energy. But how many understand that, through centuries of association with man, dogs and cats have gradually assimilated, and are still further assimilating, to man's expression? Wider and wider grows the

"And with a courtly grin the fawning hound Salutes thee cowering, his wide opening nose Upwards he curls, and his large, sloe-black eyes Melt in soft blandishments and humble joy."

We read in Sir Walter Scott's "Life" that his famous greyhound had this grin, which has so carefully been studied by a famous naturalist in Spitz and sheep dogs. The upper lip during the act of grinning is retracted, as in snarling, so that the canines are exposed, and the ears are drawn backwards; but the

general appearance of the animal clearly shows that anger is felt. He says: "Dogs, in their expression of fondness, have a slight eversion of the lips, and grin and sniff amidst their gambols in a way that resembles laughter. Some people think of their grin as a smile, but if it had been really a smile we should see a similar, though more pronounced, movement of the lips and ears when dogs utter their bark of joy; but this is not the case, although a bark of joy often follows a grin. On the other hand, dogs when playing with their comrades or masters, almost always pretend to

interval between the domestic and highly-bred dog and his ancestors, the wolf and the jackal, the ferocity and cruelty inherited from these animals being now almost entirely eradicated. A poet long ago noticed the very canine or grin of pleasure which Landseer's critics denied:

bite each other, and they then retreat—though not energetically—their lips and ears. Hence, we suspect that there is a tendency in some dogs, whenever they feel lively pleasure combined with affection, to act through habit and association on the same muscles, as in playfully

Continued on page 66



"Uncle Tom and his Wife for Sale." By Landseer, Tate Gallery, London



Oh!
to look
my Best
this night!

TO BE CHARMING—
BEAUTIFUL—
ADMIRABLE!

To every woman whether she be young girl or matron comes the thrill of anticipation of some social event, when the occasion demands the best of her personality—of her charm—of her radiance. Then to be "beautifully complexioned" transcends the importance of being well gowned.

Your beautiful evening dress, your vivacity of manner—your popularity—may be nullified by a poor complexion. Thousands of women who know this are careful to include in their preparations for social engagements, a restful 30 minutes with "Boncilla Cosmics Pack".

Tonight perhaps—you plan to look your very best. If so, thirty minutes with Boncilla will bring you most pleasing results.

Do this, apply Boncilla to your face and neck. Rest while it dries. You will feel it draw from the skin all that clogs or mars it—all the dirt—grime—dead skin—hardened oils—the powder of yesterday—are drawn from the skin to the pack. Feel the warmth as the blood comes to the surface to nourish and revive the skin.

Now wash off the Boncilla Cosmics Pack and behold these very definite results—

A radiant glow
An animated look
A clean, clear skin
A soft smooth skin

Never again will you prepare for an evening without Boncilla. Millions of women are daily proving its amazing powers. Beauty experts in fifty countries use Boncilla as their basic requisite. Try it and see. Send for the special package mentioned below.



ONE WEEK TEST

Boncilla - 77 Peter St., Toronto.

Mail me a one-week treatment of Boncilla with the two creams and face powder which go with it—four samples. I enclose 10c.

Name
Address W.26-4

From Sugar Beet to Sugar Bowl

Continued from page 18

Even
when
teeth
are
white

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

*4 out of 5 Neglect the Gums and Surrender Health to Pyorrhea

DANGER seems so remote when teeth are white. But, as your dentist will tell you, teeth are only as healthy as your gums. And diseases that attack the gums seldom reveal their presence until too late.

So start taking proper care of the gums to preserve teeth and safeguard health from dread Pyorrhea—the disease of neglect that ravages 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

Every morning and every night, when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously with the dentifrice specifically made for this purpose—Forhan's for the Gums.

Within a few days you'll notice an improvement in the way your gums look and feel. In addition, your teeth will look cleaner and whiter. For while this dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them youthful (the surest safeguard against Pyorrhea) it also cleans teeth and protects the crevices where decay so often begins.

Get This Good Habit

Remember, nobody's immune. And the safeguard against disease is proper daily care and a semi-annual visit to your dentist.

Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes—35c and 60c. Start using it, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. It will protect their health. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

New . . . Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant

It's The Perfect Mouthwash. It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no telltale odor. Try it.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTHPASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



The first requisite and the most important factor in beet sugar manufacture is a properly cultivated beet. For that reason the sugar companies use all their means and power to influence the farmer to cultivate the beets, so that not only will the harvest prove of satisfactory weight, but the beet juice will be pure and of a high grade sugar percentage.

The sugar content and purity of beets and tonnage harvested not only depend on the weather, climate and soil, but also on conditions that farmers can control.

According to sugar beet experts, the soil in which the beets are planted should be plowed to at least the depth of seven or eight inches on new land, and to about nine inches on cultivated land and loosened by a subsoil plow. The sugar beet has a wonderful root system. One hundred days after planting the roots of the beet penetrate down to a great depth.

In all cases, before planting, the soil should be reduced to a perfect tilth, and well manured sugar beet land is considered the best possible investment for a heavy tonnage yield.

The beet seed is planted in rows, about 20 inches apart. The seed is covered to a depth of about one and a half inches. Deep planting is avoided as the tender shoots of the young plants are not able to emerge from a very deep covering of earth.

When the beets have four to six well developed leaves, the thinning process is commenced, leaving one vigorous shoot about every 12 inches, when 22-inch rows are used. Thinning is an important part of beet culture. Ten days' difference in the time of thinning may make from two to three tons' difference in the yield.

Cultivation after thinning is necessary, so that the rows will be kept free from weeds and not rob the beets of fertility and moisture. Cultivation should continue until the foliage is injured by it, and the ground should be furrowed at the finish of cultivation, so that every row can be watered. At the time of laying by, which is about the middle of July, the surface soil should be left as smooth and level as possible, except for the furrow.

Digging should start about September 20. In harvesting the beets are loosened by a digger, which passes under them, and they are removed from the soil by their tops and thrown in heaps. The tops, a portion of the neck, are then removed by means of a sharp knife and the beets are ready for delivery to the sugar factory, and the manufacture of sugar is commenced.

The beets are delivered to the factory, where they are weighed and then unloaded over a revolving screen, which separates them from much soil and foliage. The beets are next transferred to a conveyor belt, which in turn delivers the beets to the storage shed. It is very essential that the beets be delivered and stored fresh and uninjured. From the storage bins or sheds, the beets are taken to the mill by water, which runs in flumes. As the beets enter the factory they are elevated by a large wheel into the beet washer, where they are washed. Every effort is made to eliminate to the utmost leaves, trash and foreign material.

The beets are then carried from the washer by means of a bucket elevation to an automatic beet scale, where they are most accurately weighed. From the scales they go into a slicer, more commonly known as the drum cutter. Here they are sliced into V-shaped cosettes.

THE cutting of beets into cosettes is effected in a large revolving drum slicing machine, consisting of a circular plate or drum revolving on a horizontal axis. Into this drum are fitted knife boxes. The knives used are corrugated pieces of steel, having the edges sharpened in a V-shape. The knives are arranged and fastened in a holder so that they can be easily inserted into the drum and removed quickly to be sharpened. The holders are fastened to the rotating drum and the beets fall through a hop-

per to an annular ring, coming under the revolving drum with its numerous knives.

The cutting efficiency, extraction efficiency, and steam economy are dependent on the character of the cosettes delivered to the following station, which is the battery. It is impossible to extract the greatest amount of sugar from the beets with other than a perfect clean cut, properly shaped and even sliced cosette. These cosettes are next put into large tanks, or cells. These tanks are 14 in number and are known as the diffusion battery. The cosettes being long, thin and V-shaped, and about three millimetres in thickness, are now within this battery exposed to hot water and steam and it is in this station at which the first step in the actual extraction of sugar from the beets takes place.

The juice is actually taken from the cosettes or beets by the process of diffusion. The process of diffusion is really based upon one of Nature's laws, commonly known as osmotic action, which may be explained as the power of most crystalline substances in solution, sugar being among them, to permeate a water tight membrane.

The sugar beet is made up of small sacks or bladders, containing sugar solutions and during the process of diffusion the sugar is drawn through these little bags and the albuminous substances are left behind in all these tiny sacks that are not ruptured. It is inevitable that we have some of these impurities entering the juice by reason of cutting many of these little cells in producing our cosettes, but it is our aim to destroy as few as possible of these cells in our operations in order that we might eliminate a maximum quantity of impurities and produce a juice of maximum purity.

When the desired amount of sugar is taken from the cosettes the exhausted cosettes are dumped from the battery cell and pumped to the silo and is now known as the beet pulp. Ultimately becoming choice food for cattle and sheep.

As the juice leaves the battery it is now known as raw juice, violet in color. If not treated very soon it will ferment and be difficult to treat in subsequent operations. It carries with it fine particles of beet chips and some impurities besides the sugar, and these are eliminated as far as possible before the sugar can be taken out. Without going into detail chemistry of the process of purification of the juice is accomplished as follows:

A preliminary heating is given the juice for the purpose of coagulating albuminous matter, which will not coagulate after the addition of lime.

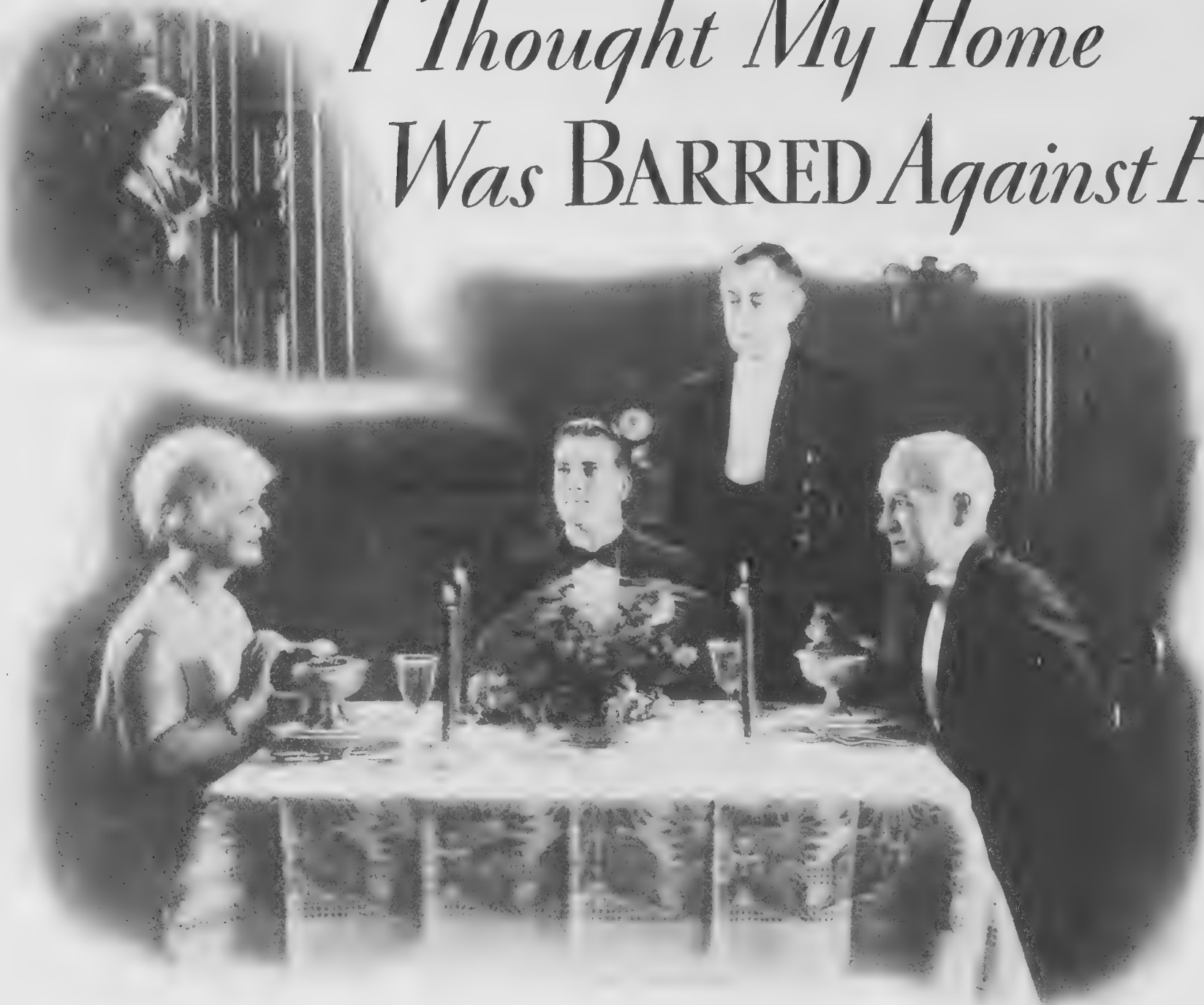
The raw beet juice is pumped to the first carbonation stage where the hot raw juice is next subjected to the action of lime, whereby it is purified or defecated. The action of the lime upon the raw juice is both chemical and mechanical. Lime acts chemically as a precipitant and decomposes the non-sugars. Mechanically the purification is due to the fact that suspended matter is carried down with this precipitated lime, which therefore acts as a purifying agent. The lime used is burned at the factory because the carbon-dioxide gas given off in burning the lime is used for carbonating purposes.

Carbon-dioxide taken from the lime-kiln is used to precipitate lime in the defecated juices. The gas is forced into the juice by a large pump. The chemical reaction in the carbonation process cannot be explained in detail at this time any further than the action of the gas upon the lime juice is, that the lime excess is broken down. This also breaks down any lime salts and in liberating the sugar, precipitates the lime as calcium carbonate. The juice is then heated by steam, which also contributes in liberating sugar from any lime saccharates, and helps the chemical precipitation and above all the purification of the juices.

The carbonation of beet juices requires the greatest attention on the part of the workmen in charge, for a poor control at this station results in sugar losses and difficulties at the filter presses later.

Continued on page 50

"I Thought My Home Was BARRED Against Her"



DON'T think I'm a hopeless snob. But my family wouldn't possibly understand how a girl could be sweet, and intelligent, and a true gentlewoman—as Eleanor is—and at the same time what they would consider ill-bred.

Mind you, they wouldn't hold poverty against her. They are old-fashioned enough to value many friends who have lost money. They wouldn't mind her working—many of the girls in my own set have gone in for every imaginable kind of job.

But table manners! That is another thing entirely. They just supposed that a lack of them implied all sorts of awful things.

When I tell you that I loved Eleanor, and still do, with my whole heart, you may imagine how impossible it was for me to tell her the real reason I have not asked her to marry me just yet.

Lacking my family's approval and consent I could not marry without forfeiting not only an inheritance, but also my means of supporting a wife. For I was working in my father's business "learning it from the ground up."

Eleanor was so lovely, so thoroughly dear to me that I couldn't bear to tell her she needed coaching in her use of silverware. How could I? Yet even our family dinners at home are decidedly formal...

Tudor Plate

By the Makers of Community Plate

Bob and Mary Enter the Case

IT'S amazing how many cases there are like this one. Men of wealth recognize the true worth of many lovely girls in humble positions, but simply cannot bridge the social gap between them because of one thing.

Table manners aren't learned in business. Girls learn how to dress, they evolve interesting personalities, they read books and go to plays and develop mentally until they are able to hold their own in any circle.

But when they enter a formal dining room they are lost. Even the fashionable restaurants now serve in such a manner that inexperienced guests won't be embarrassed. But formal meals are not served that way.

If you would like to have the book that Bob and Mary put into Eleanor's hands—the book that explains the "whys and wherefores" of silver service, that shows just what silverware to use and how to use it for every occasion—send the coupon for "Setting Your Table With Happiness" Free. At the back of the book you will find a list of Tudor Plate prices. Complete sets for six—26 Pieces, with lovely bright-colored chest, for \$16.50. Individual pieces to match any pattern as low as 50c.

Fill out and mail coupon today.

Tudor Plate Division,

Oneida Community, Ltd.
Niagara Falls, Canada.

Send me "Setting Your Table With Happiness."

(Name)

(Address)

(City)

(Province)

To insure my getting this book, I include name and address of my nearest dealer.





They thought she had planned it

But she told MARY DEAN the real story of her triumph

All of us have had that "sinking feeling" when something goes wrong with a dessert at the last minute. Mrs. H. G. P. has found a simple way to carry her through such emergencies.

"I returned from town recently," she writes, "to find my green hired girl had simply ruined the pies.

"Now, there's nothing my family loves more than dessert—just leave it off one day and they howl they're being starved! Most families are the same way, I guess.

"On this day, I got out my big bag of Market Day Special raisins. Then I looked to see what else I had for a quick dessert. In no time at all I had a fine pudding ready, not just an ordinary pudding but one rich with raisins.

"The family said it was the best dessert of the year! Do you wonder I keep Market Day Special raisins always on hand? In the evenings I pass them around when we're listening to the radio and they always make a hit."

There's such a lot of help like this in a bag of "Market Day Special" raisins. From California's finest vineyards, these raisins are rich with the goodness of delicate seedless grapes. Plump, meaty, and thoroughly cleaned, yet low-priced, they are a direct result of Sun-Maid's great resources.

Here is the recipe for the pudding which Mrs. P.'s family liked so much. I'll gladly send other recipes if you

Write me in care of Sunland Sales Association of Canada, Ltd. Montreal, Quebec.

Mary Dean

Raisin Cream Pudding

Scald 2 cups milk in double boiler. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup instant tapioca and cook until transparent. Beat 2 egg yolks, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Add to hot mixture. Cook, stirring constantly, until creamy, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup "Market Day Special" raisins. Pour into serving dish. Beat 2 egg whites stiff, add gradually 3 tablespoons sugar, beating well. Pile on top of pudding and brown.



You can be certain of getting genuine "Market Day Special" raisins! Just insist on the light blue bag with the Sun-Maid girl on it (4-lbs. or 2-lbs.).



Sun-Maid Nectars (red carton)—plump, tender, actually grape-like, as if the juice of the seedless grapes had suddenly jelled! Sun-Maid Puffed (blue carton)—seeded raisins that pour! Your grocer has them, as well as the "Market Day Special" raisins.

From Sugar Beet to Sugar Bowl

Continued from page 48

The first carbonation juice is a very thin, hot mud, alkaline in reaction, and must be clarified. The lime has to be separated from the clear purified juice. This purification takes place in what is called the filter presses. The principal operation is that of mounting several vertical filter leaves upon the carriage, which is so constituted that the leaves run into a horizontal shell during filtration. Heavy twill cloth is placed on leaves; the juice to be filtered is pumped into the shell, the juice passing through the twill cloths, leaving the lime on the outside of the leaf and forming a cake.

The cake is built to about three-quarters of an inch in thickness, after which the juice is drained from the shell or press and replaced by water. The cake will contain much sugar and must be separated. This is accomplished by filling the press full of water. The water will pass through the cake, carrying with it the sugar. After the cake is washed and the desired amount of sugar is retained, the water is sent to the lime to slack lime that goes to carbonators. The cake from the press is discharged and can be used for fertilizer if desired. The greater percentage of non-sugars that were in the carbonation juice have now been changed from a soluble to an insoluble state and are now taken out of the juice by the process of first filtration. The juice is next pumped to the second carbonation station, where it is again subjected to another treatment of gas to a point where no further precipitation of lime takes place.

The juices are now pumped forward through the heaters to be kept extremely hot and filtered again, leaving the presses a brilliant, clear color. After leaving the second presses or filtration it is again subjected to furious boiling and then goes to the third saturation station, where it is treated and given the third filtration. There is no point of the operation of the entire factory that requires more chemical supervision than the operation of the filtration station, because of the possibilities of the sugar losses and abuse to juices.

Up to, and including, the third filtration, all the operations the juice has undergone have had for their object the removal of none of the saccharine matters and the clarification of the juice. This object being accomplished, the sugar now exists in a solution of about 85 per cent. water. The next step in the operation is to convert the sugar into a solid in order that it may be separated from the few remaining impurities. This is effected by evaporating the water from the juice until the small quantity of water can no longer retain the sugar in solution; later, the sugar crystallizes out and can be separated from the mother liquor and obtained in a pure state.

Evaporation is for a two-fold purpose, namely, for rapid concentration of juices and steam economy. Water must be evaporated without delay, as in a dilute solution, the sucrose is liable to decomposition, and since sugar is liable to decomposition at a very high temperature and inversion, it is urgent that the temperature be as low as possible during evaporation and the time limit which juice remains at certain temperature be reduced. This is effected by boiling the juice under a reduced pressure. By means of which its boiling point falls. For these reasons juice is boiled under a vacuum.

There are usually five large vessels connected to each other, which are known as evaporators. In each evaporator there are several hundred brass tubes, through which steam flows. In the top of the evaporators there is a large pipe which carries off the vapors. Attached to each evaporator is a steam chamber. The chamber attached to the first vessel or body is equipped with an exhaust steam line. Also one for live steam. Steam entering the first steam chamber causes the juice in the evaporator to boil and become itself condensed. The vapor from the boiling juice enters the steam chamber of the second evaporator, and boils the juice of the second evaporator. The vapors rising from the second evaporator

boils the juice of the third evaporator, where it enters a certain vacuum, and therefore boils at a lower temperature than that in the first evaporator, and so on until final evaporator is reached. By reason of the lowering of temperature in the succeeding bodies, brought about by vacuum, which is attached by a powerful pump removing the air from the last body, concentration of the juice is faster and steam consumption is reduced, hence economical evaporation, and the juice leaves the last evaporator containing 65 per cent. sugar.

During the process of evaporation in a mill cutting a thousand tons of beets per 24 hours, there would be evaporated approximately 1,000 tons of water. The juice leaving the evaporators is now known as thick juice. The juice is given another extensive treatment in what is known as the sulphurators, and then given its final filtration, eliminating all particles of sediment, and leaving the juice in a clarified condition and ready to be crystallized into sugar, which is done under a vacuum in what is known as the white pan.

The white pan is an apparatus in which the thick juice is again boiled under the highest attainable vacuum to concentrate the juice to the point where there is not sufficient water for the sugar to remain dissolved and it becomes partially crystallized. Then the juice is concentrated at a uniform temperature until the sugar commences to crystallize in the pan, after which the crystals grow slowly as evaporation continues and fresh supplies of syrup are added until ultimately the whole is transformed into stiff magma (masse cuite). This is known as boiling the grain.

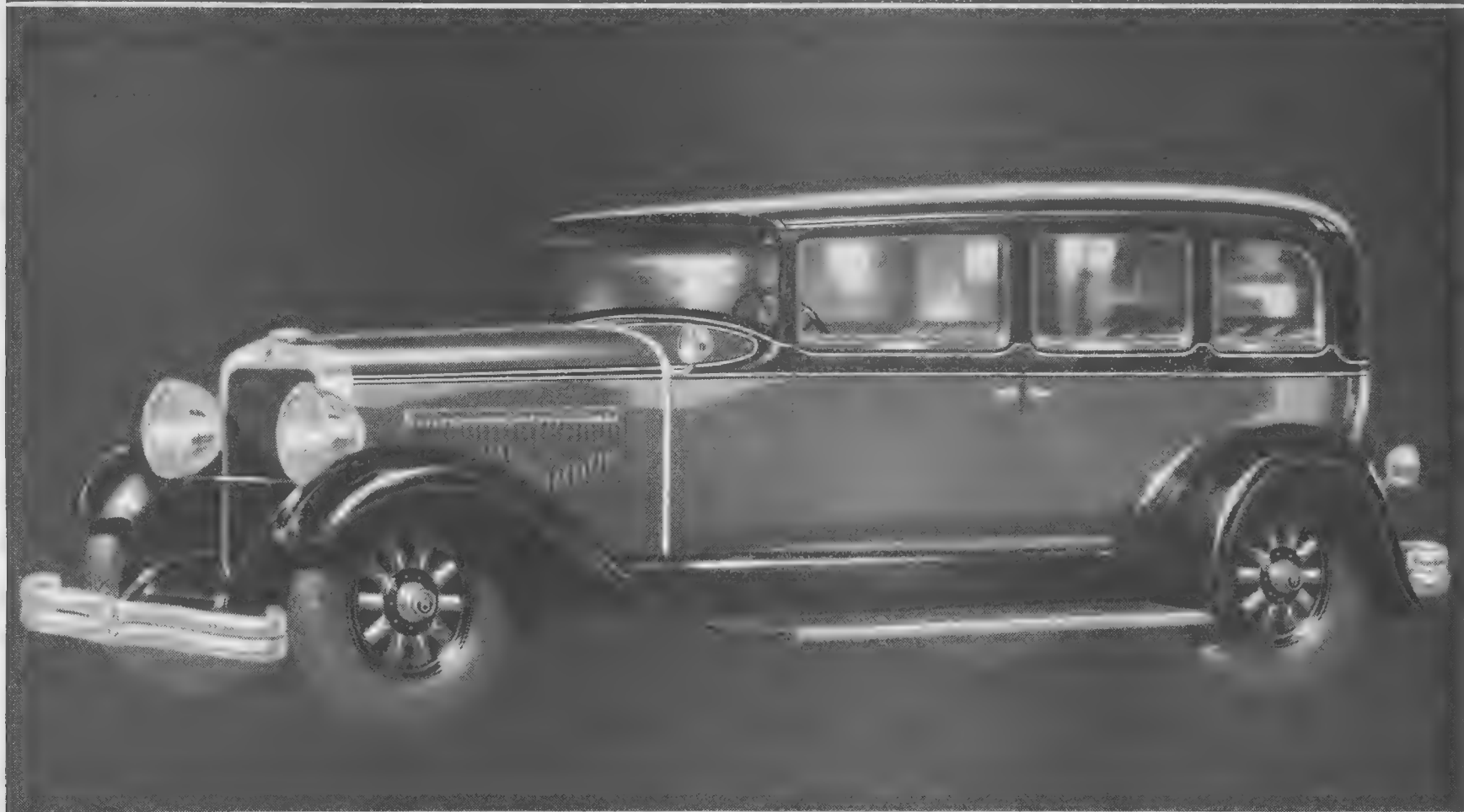
The art of boiling the grain consists in forming the necessary number of crystals into the thickened juice, and as boiling is continued only these crystals formed to go without forming new ones. The operator learns by observation and experience the amount of crystals to be formed for a certain grade of sugar. After crystals are formed, juice is introduced into the vacuum pan, which dilutes the masse cuite. The sugar in the new juice drawn into pan builds onto the mother sugar crystals and so the crystals develop as boiling progresses.

This procedure is followed until the vacuum pan is full of masse cuite. After the last introduction of the syrup the finishing of the sugar begins. There must be a separation of the crystallized sugar from the syrup that did not crystallize into sugar. The separation is effected by the sugar being discharged from the pan into a large mixer, from which it goes into the centrifugals. A centrifugal consists of a vertical cylindrical basket suspended on a vertical shaft. The centrifugal is 40 inches in diameter and 24 inches high, lined with fine screens. The machine revolves between 1,000 to 1,300 revolutions a minute.

The sugar is drawn into the centrifugal and the machine started. The speed of the machine throws the mass outward against the fine screen. The crystallized sugar remains inside the basket, the remaining liquor passes out through the holes in the screen. The color of the sugar at this stage is a light brown and in order to bring it to final white granulated sugar the crystals are washed with the purest hot water obtainable.

The sugar is then taken from the centrifugal and run through a long cylindrical granulator through which hot air from a large radiator is drawn. The sugar comes into granulator opposite to the hot air and the sugar is dried. It is next weighed through automatic scales and bagged, each sack is checked for accurate weight and then the bag is sewed by a bag-sewing machine.

The syrups that pass out from the white sugar in the centrifugals contain a large amount of sugar so it is taken through a purifying and refiltering process and is finally made into white sugar. The sugar when bagged is stored in a large warehouse built specially for this service and later is delivered to the retail trade.



ONE of the most important motor car engineering achievements of the year is the perfection by Nash of the *Twin-Ignition, high-compression, valve-in-head* motor for the motor car.

It gives to the new Nash "400", greater power, quicker acceleration, greater speed, with less gasoline—the same remarkable performance which already has made *twin-ignition, high-compression, valve-in-head* motors supreme in aeronautics.

Twin-ignition, high-compression, valve-in-head motors carried Lindbergh to Paris, Goebel to Hawaii,

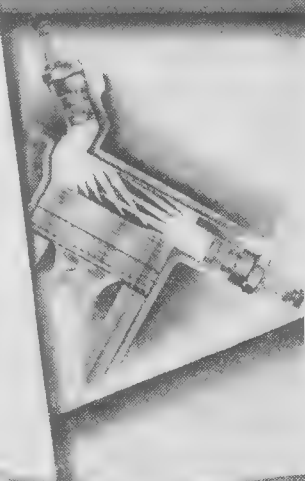
Byrd over the Pole, and the U.S. Army airplane Question Mark on its history making, record breaking flight.

Drive the new Twin-Ignition-motored Nash "400", and you will never again be satisfied with the performance of older types of motors.

(9958)

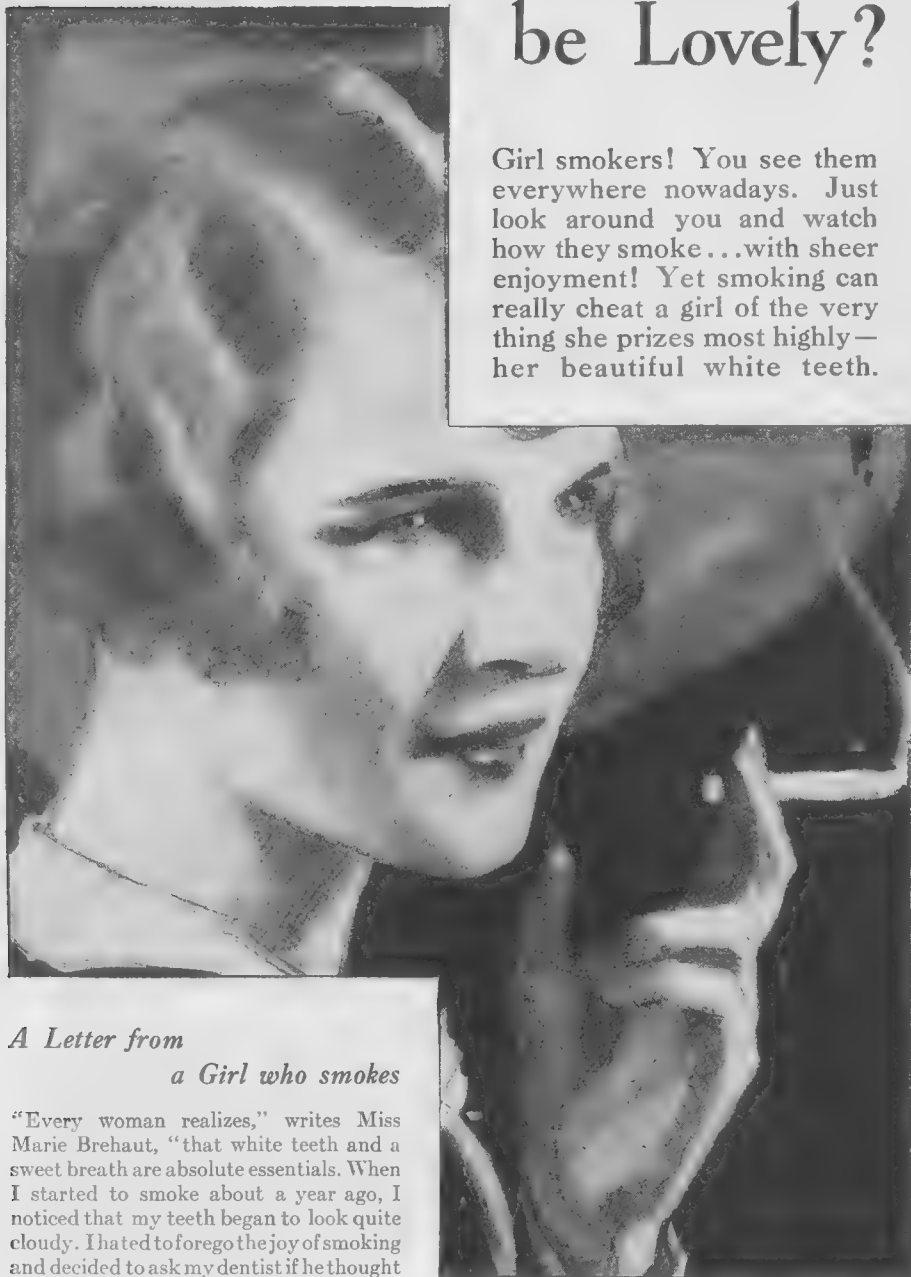
NASH
"400"

Conquer the World in Motor Car Value



Can a girl Smoke and still be Lovely?

Girl smokers! You see them everywhere nowadays. Just look around you and watch how they smoke...with sheer enjoyment! Yet smoking can really cheat a girl of the very thing she prizes most highly—her beautiful white teeth.



A Letter from a Girl who smokes

"Every woman realizes," writes Miss Marie Brehaut, "that white teeth and a sweet breath are absolute essentials. When I started to smoke about a year ago, I noticed that my teeth began to look quite cloudy. I hated to forego the joy of smoking and decided to ask my dentist if he thought it would discolor them permanently.

"He recommended Pebeco Tooth Paste. I am delighted to say that my teeth look better than ever before. My mouth stays moist and sweet—and feels so clean, despite a lot of smoking."

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) MARIE BREHAUT



OF COURSE smoking doesn't injure teeth permanently. But it makes them dull and yellow.

And there's nothing more ruinous to a girl's loveliness than a stale tobacco breath.

"What do you men do to prevent this?" girl smokers are asking.

Thousands of men who smoke constantly, long ago discovered a way to keep teeth stainless and white. They use a tooth paste specially created to correct unhealthy mouth conditions—Pebeco.

Pebeco contains a special salt that gently stimulates the saliva.

Aided by Pebeco this saliva flows normally for hours after you brush your teeth. It washes away the rank tobacco taste. Removes nicotine deposits. Whitens and brightens the precious enamel.

Pebeco polishes beautifully, too, keeps your gums firm and pink. Your breath sweet and fresh as a child's.

Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada), Limited, for the owners of the Canadian trade-mark "Pebeco."

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Some Facts About Spring Painting

ALMOST everyone does some painting, or has some done, in the Spring, so naturally it is in the Spring that people want to know things about paint. Some of the things most people want to know are: What color should I paint my room to make it look larger, smaller, warmer, colder? Should such-and-such a wood be filled before painting? Do I have to remove the paint from old wood? How soon can I walk on a lacquered floor? What is varnish-stain?

The How of Color

MOST folks do not know that colors are generally divided into two groups, the cool and the warm. This is a very general classification, but easy to remember. The cool colors, green, blue and violet, have the property of making the rooms seem less warm, and of causing the walls apparently to recede. Thus they are suitable to use in a too-sunny room or a too-small one. Yellow (including tan, buff, etc.), orange and red and all their combinations are warm colors. They add light to dark rooms (except dark red) and cause them to appear smaller. There are, however, exceptions to these rules. For instance, a pale cream, beige, or ecru may not make a room seem appreciably smaller, but will be most effective in causing it to appear lighter. A green which has a great deal of yellow in it, as lettuce green, may reflect almost as much light as would tan, but will have a little more color interest. A greyed, yellowish-green and a light, greyed yellow are the two most popular wall colors. The use of grey is going out, as it is cold, uninteresting and difficult to handle unless one has an unerring color sense. There are many greyish tans, such as beige, which can be used in its place to better advantage.

What is Paint, Varnish,

Enamel, Lacquer?

PAIN is something we think about as exceedingly friendly, not only for its faculty of preserving outside surfaces, but the brightness and beauty and gloss of its finish. If one wants to brighten up a room, without changing its basic color scheme or its basic arrangement, one thinks first of paint. Some small objects in the room are painted a bright color, or a couple of bright colors which make each piece stand out individually. Or decorative motifs, such as flowers, fruit or figures are put about the base boards, or a border on the wall near the top. This is accomplished with the use of decalcomania designs, which are most interesting and decorative.

Paint is adapted to many uses. Walls (either plaster or wall-board), woodwork, ceilings, floors, furniture, radiators and pipes, picture frames, and the exterior of houses, are all painted. There are many varieties of paint; two which concern the householder most are the flat and the gloss paint, so named because of the amount of shine present when the paint is dry. There are paints made for special purposes, as roof paint for metal, porch, floor paint, machinery paint, exterior house paint, deck paint for boats, brick paint, bridge paint, wagon paint, stencil paint, cement floor paint. Truly, a paint for every purpose. Buying a paint to use for the particular purpose for which it was intended, insures success.

Recent discoveries by the scientific section of the American Paint and Varnish Manufacturers' Association have shown that radiators which are painted with a light colored flat wall paint are much more efficient from a heating standpoint than if these same radiators had been painted with a metallic paint or were unfinished. The paint may be applied over metallic paint and will bake to a hard coating, which is very durable. The aesthetic advantages of having a radiator the same color as the wall are obvious.

What About Varnish?

VARNISH divides itself into three classes—again from the casual user's viewpoint. First the regular varnish which is extremely durable and which dries to a high gloss. Second, the flat or semi-flat varnish which is dull or only slightly shiny when dry. Third, the varnish-stains; these varnishes contain a stain mixed in with them and when applied to unstained wood will stain as

they varnish. Each additional coat darkens the color, so if the first coat gives the proper hue, plain varnish should be used for the succeeding coats. Varnish-stains may be bought in mahogany, oak, cherry and green colors. They are used especially on furniture and wicker or reed pieces. Of course, there are many other varnishes made for special purposes, as asphaltum varnish for furnace doors, exterior varnish, spar varnish for boats and much exposed places, marine varnishes, automobile varnishes, and so on. But the three mentioned are those most often used.

Gloss varnish may be deprived of its shine by rubbing the well-dried coat with powdered pumice stone (called pumice flour) and water. This will give a texture which is comparable to the hand-rubbed furniture which is made by master cabinet makers. The flat or semi-flat varnishes give much this same effect but at much less expense; this varnish is much used for woodwork and for furniture.

Enamel

ENAMEL has been favorably known to householders because of its wear-resisting qualities when applied to woodwork, furniture, built-in cupboards, and so on. Its beautiful texture and the wide variety of colors in which it can be secured are other points in its favor. Some enamels dry to a gloss finish, others to a dull one. Some of the gloss enamels may be rubbed down with pumice and water, as may varnish, but the amateur should always make sure that the kind he is buying is a rubbing enamel, for many, such as the quicker-drying enamels, for instance, do not take kindly to rubbing. Enamel may be used on radiators in place of paint if desired. Special enamels are prepared for bath tubs and sinks.

Lacquer

LACQUER, the newest of the paint family is fast becoming one of the most popular because of its fast-drying qualities. The length of time which should elapse before putting on a second coat of lacquer or between the lacquering and the using vary with the products of different manufacturers to such a degree that the brand of lacquer should be known before a definite time is stated. But lacquer dries almost instantly. The leaflets of the manufacturing company and the directions on the can should be consulted by the user in each case. Lacquer, since its most important use is for furniture, is made in a great variety of colors, from which, by judicious mixing, any color desired can be made. Lacquer may be used for woodworks and floors as well as furniture.

Woods—Open and Shut

ACCORDING to painters, woods are of two varieties, open grained and close grained. To the open grained belong oak, ash, chestnut, walnut, mahogany, etc.; the close grained woods include pine, white wood, poplar, maple, birch, etc. The open grained should be filled with a paste wood filler before applying paint or varnish; the closed grained do not need to be. Opened grained wood has large pores which do not become filled with the finish and so must be filled before finishing to insure a fine job.

Constant Reminder

A lady ran away from her husband and went to live in a hotel. After several days she went back to him. She said she couldn't stand looking at the sign on the hotel door every time she went out; it troubled her conscience. The sign was: "Think; have you left anything?" — Weekly Telegraph, Sheffield.

Social Worker—Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?

Fisherman—No sir. I likes 'em fried in the ordinary way.—Tit Bits.

Mrs. Solomon Says:

The Fault-finder is never mistress of a happy home.

For the first time in the history of the world, women have every privilege in the world; but they must not forget the old privilege—to help make the world better.

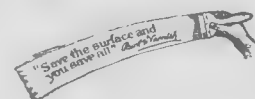
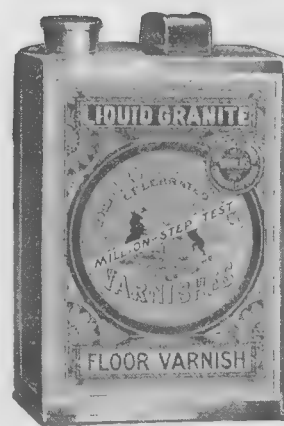
LIQUID GRANITE — THE MILLION-STEP-TEST FLOOR VARNISH



Here comes the gang --

Children can't scuff or mar a floor finished with Liquid Granite, the million-step-test varnish. It's as waterproof and washable as a ship's deck—preserves the natural beauty of your floors—and *it wears*. Unharmed—Liquid Granite survived 26 hours of live steam—235,000 scrubblings with soap and water—the constant pounding of an

air hammer and other equally grueling tests conducted by an independent laboratory. When you can buy such lasting quality without extra cost—why accept a less rugged product? Before you finish your floors send for illustrated booklet describing the spectacular tests that prove Liquid Granite the most durable of all varnishes.



BERRY BROTHERS

Varnishes Enamels Lacquers

Walkerville, Ont.

Liquid Granite Varnish is produced by the maker of Berrycraft Enamel, Lionoil Floor Enamel, Luxberry Enamel, Luxberry Wood Finish, Berryloid and other wear-resisting finishes.
 Principal Foreign Agencies: London, S. E. 15, Hatcham Road at Old Kent Road;
 Paris, 54 Rue de Paris, Charenton; Berlin, Ober Wallstrasse 20; Turin, 16 Via Goito.



Other Women will tell you

how this new form of sanitary protection
brings freedom, comfort, better health

A scientific method replaces hazardous, uncertain makeshifts—brings new standards of health, comfort, fine grooming.

BECAUSE science has found a solution to woman's oldest hygienic problem; because doctors and nurses have discovered this new form of sanitary protection and women have told one another of its remarkable advantages—the hygienic habits of women have changed all over the world. Today, one takes quite for granted the comforts of Kotex, which plays so vital a part in new-found feminine freedom and peace-of-mind.

Mental as well as physical relief

Kotex has always offered the advantages: Cellucotton absorbent wadding, the super-absorbent filler, takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture; it is disposable, just like tissue . . . easily, quickly; fashioned of soft, specially treated gauze, it offers gentle, easeful protection; the Cellucotton absorbent filler is adjustable—layers can be removed to suit one's individual needs.

Deodorization and a new cut

In Kotex Laboratories a way has finally been found to deodorize Kotex safely,

completely. This process has been patented* and is to be found in no other sanitary pad. Then, too, corners have been rounded and tapered so as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection. At the new low price, Kotex actually costs less than home-made cheese cloth and cotton substitutes.

Buy a box of Kotex Sanitary Napkins today at any drug, dry goods or departmental store . . . 60c for 12.

Kotex Company of Canada, Ltd., 330 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada.

Use Super-size Kotex

Formerly \$1.20 . . . now 75c

Super-size Kotex differs from Regular Kotex only in giving the extra protection of additional layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. The advantages in using it in connection with the Regular are thus obvious. Disposable the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it indispensable where extra protection is needed. Buy one box of Super-size to every three of Kotex Regular. Its extra layers of filler mean much in added comfort and security.

MADE IN CANADA

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process.

Northland Everbearing Evergreen Strawberry

By Hugh Hassard

FOR the benefit of the amateur undertaker to establish a good strawberry bed I wish to say a few words.

My knowledge of this plant from practical experience enables me to speak with some authority on the subject, and will apply in a good measure to other varieties.

It is a very vigorous grower, very hardy, requiring no winter protection save a good watering, it can be available last thing in the fall, before winter freeze-up sets in.

It is a very heavy cropper and should be removed every third year, for reasons which I shall endeavor to show later.

It will adapt itself to almost any kind of soil but favors clay loam.

In preparing the bed for the plant it is best to cultivate about 8 inches deep. If the soil is not quite rich well rotted barnyard manure should be used, and thoroughly mixed with the soil by repeated operations of turning over with spade or plow, and afterwards firmly compacted from bottom to top especially at bottom. Plant in rows 3 feet apart, plants 2 feet apart in row. In all cases fan roots out as far as possible radiating from centre of plant and put in ground as deep as possible, providing for the crown of the plant to come level with the top of the bed.

Pack soil firmly around roots from bottom to top. Water liberally for the first two or three weeks after planting. Nip off all blooms of spring planting till after 1st of June.

Do not cultivate deeply, especially close to the plant. Do not allow the land to crust, the weeds to grow or the soil to become dry. Runners should not be allowed to grow the first season, unless you want plants. The less runners the larger the plant and the more fruit on it.

If space is not available plants may be placed much closer together each way but in such case a two year system of rotation will be necessary for best results in that case.

When good vigorous young plants of this variety are set out in the spring they bear a good crop of fruit that same year, if properly cared for and much heavier the second year. The third year not quite so heavy as the second. By this time they have drawn from the soil within the radius of their roots almost all the elements that go to make fruit. A moment's reflection will convince us of this fact.

All varieties of strawberry develop new or additional fruit stems. This variety continually developing those the whole summer long and simultaneously developing roots for each individual fruit stem, and always from an angle above the original, or parent plant, we can thus readily see what a dense mass of roots will develop in two to three years. The consequence is, the plant will get higher and higher out of the ground, and having got so dense in stems and roots with provisions exhausted it is bound to die. Who would think of planting ten to fifteen nice young strawberry plants in a bunch together in the spring and expect a good crop of fruit, and even worse results would obtain in case of the older plants, with the soil exhausted.

In view of the foregoing facts, it will readily be seen, that a plant that grows so vigorously and bearing such heavy crops for three successive years has done all that can be reasonably expected. In short it has fulfilled its mission.

Many people imagine that a nice loose fluffy soil is just the ideal condition for sowing seeds or putting young plants in, so the roots can more easily push themselves through it. And so fearful are they of disturbing this condition, they put bits of boards down to tread on while planting.

Right here is where a great mistake is made and accounts in a great measure for the failure so many have in trying to establish a good strawberry bed. Roots do not push themselves through the ground, nor always follow the lines of least resistance.

Anyone who wishes to go to the trouble may satisfy themselves on this point by watching a strawberry runner.

At the joints on the runner a little plant forms, after a short time it will develop roots which grow into the ground and in a few weeks it becomes an independent unit. This in spite of the compactness of the soil. Now if the roots were working on the least resistance theory they would raise the plant in the air when it would get further and further from the surface, but instead the roots get deeper and deeper into the soil, and seem to pull the plant more closely to the earth. May I here ask those loose soil theorists where does the push come in?

The roots of any tree or plant never move after they begin to function. The question is here raised, how do roots grow longer? they don't push themselves along in the ground.

The root draws from the soil atoms of nourishment for the plant, attaching to itself atom by atom properties that elongate it. In order to get best results the roots should be in constant contact with the soil.

For instance, if in the root's progress it come in contact with a rock, say the size of an egg it cannot go on developing through the rock, it must go round it, upwards, downwards or sideways. The same thing will obtain if it meets a hole the size of the rock, the same with a pebble or smaller hole. Hence from loose fluffy soil, full of small holes, the roots can draw but a puny supply of food to the plant and the result is a puny plant and puny, scrawny fruit if any.

In growing the Northland everbearing strawberry we find that the soil can hardly be too compact, we find the larger berries and the heavier crops on the plants that grow on the most compact soil. The fruit, too, is more firm, yet quite as juicy and luscious as the softer specimens that grow on the less compact soil, and will stand shipping to greater distances.

There is one great advantage in the Northland over the one crop varieties, i.e., relative to summer frosts.

If the blooms on the one-crop variety get frozen in the spring that puts an end to that crop for that year, while if the blooms on everbearing get frozen it does not matter as they keep shooting out new bloom buds all summer long and on into the fall until hard winter frosts stop all growth and loaded with fruit in all stages of development from blossoms to ripe fruit, and if a good fall of snow comes before a heavy frost and covers up the plants, remaining there for some days or even weeks, we can go out and pick nice ripe berries under the snow. This has often been done here, not only with the Northland but with other everbearing varieties. It is almost unbelievable but yet it is a fact.

There is no household which can possibly have a bed of berries but should have a bed of those Northland everbearing plants where they can go out in their berry patch and gather a dish of ripe luscious fruit every day, from early summer till late in fall.

I have been told time and again that strawberries cannot be grown in such and such a locality, too cold, too cold. I venture to state the trouble does not really lie in the locality but in the variety of the plant and the system of cultivation. As shown above, loose soil is detrimental to plant growth, and deep cultivation after the plant is set out is almost sure to kill it. Strawberry roots do not go very deep into the soil, and if deeper cultivation than scuffling the surface, especially close to the plant, is practiced it disturbs the roots, prevents them from functioning, robs the plant of the required nourishment, reduces its vitality, and we have a puny dwarfed thing hovering between life and death perhaps scrawny little fruit, and taken as authoritative proof that strawberries cannot be grown in that locality.

I feel certain the Northland everbearing evergreen strawberry will grow and produce paying crops of fruit as far north as grain can be grown, or as far north as wild strawberries may be found, and this I understand is hovering around the polar circle.

Sleep Like a Child— Every Night of Your Life

Sound sleeping becomes a regular habit on Slumber King—the famous \$12 Spring. Its yielding coils make bed-time a thousand times more welcome... utmost relaxation and rest take the place of restless, sleepless nights.

Twenty-six broad ribbons of resilient steel are suspended between the sturdy pressed steel frame. Four rows of springy coils hold these ribbons firmly in place.

This unique combination completely adjusts itself to every movement of the body at every turn of the sleeper. Slumber King never sags.

For distinctive daytime appearance, Slumber King is built to box-spring height.

There is no better spring made than Slumber King; and no spring of inferior quality can give you the same results in downright comfort every night of your life.

Simmons SLUMBER KING SPRINGS

"BUILT FOR SLEEP"



\$12

The Latest Opinions of
SCIENCE on SLEEP

Written by an
Eminent Medical Authority

DO YOU SLEEP LIKE A LOG?

THE MAIN CAUSE OF
BRAIN FAG

Greatest Rest Period Two
Hours After Retiring

You have likely heard the story of the maiden lady whose greatest regret in life was that she was unable to sleep. Yet, one night when a big fire occurred almost across the street from her home she knew nothing about it until the next morning.

This story is not fair to this lady because just as there seems to be a certain rate for our heart beat, for our breathing or respiration, so also does the heaviness or lightness of our sleep seem to have a definite rate. Most individuals reach the period of greatest quiet within an hour and a half to two hours after retiring.

The testing of the degree of sleep has been done by the movements the individual makes during sleep; the number of times he stirs or changes his position. This has been done by mounting the bed so that it yields to the movements of the sleeper, while an instrument records the movements and the time they occur.

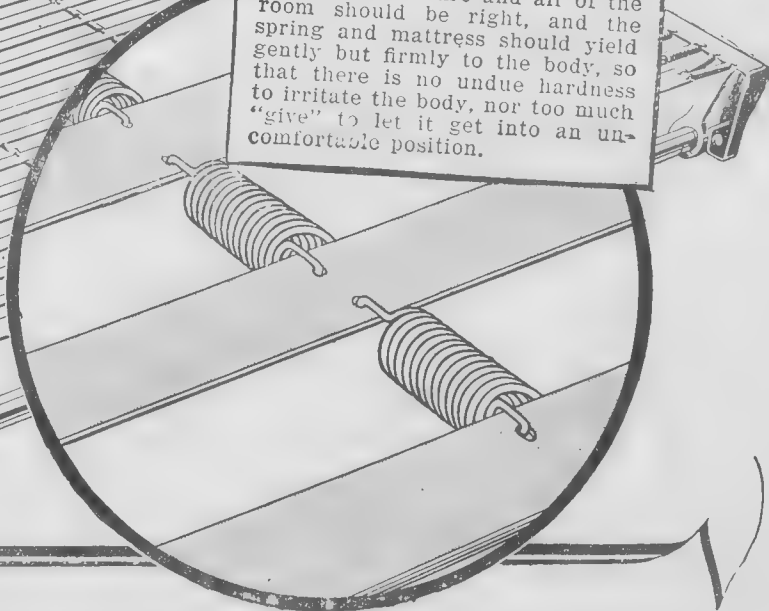
In an experiment with a healthy young man, free from worry, sleeping soundly for eight hours, the number of times he moved or changed his position during the night was about thirty-five.

The idea you have had that you "sleep like a log," without moving all night, is therefore a big mistake.

Now moving quietly in bed the above number of times is quite all right because it helps the circulation of the blood in the parts of the body which may be a little low, perhaps in a cramped position, or bed clothing pressing too heavily on them, or other cause.

However, if the body stirs too often, or uses too many muscles in changing position, the brain or nervous system has to send down impulses to the muscles and this stirs up the brain. If the brain gets stirred up you awaken.

The temperature and air of the room should be right, and the spring and mattress should yield gently but firmly to the body, so that there is no undue hardness to irritate the body, nor too much "give" to let it get into an uncomfortable position.



The Gentleman King

Continued from page 44

**"When tiny
crow's feet tell of
fading beauty"**



WRINKLES are not always Time's handiwork. Often they mark lost rest—fatigue—strained nerves. Often crow's feet tell a tale of nerves whipped-up by tannin and caffeine, two drug-stimulants found in certain meal-time beverages. While the body pleads for rest those nerves are under punishment; they can't relax. Come bitter nights of sleeplessness. Bit by bit charm fades . . . eyes lack lustre, skin turns muddy—soon those tiny, tell-tale crow's feet.

Tannin and caffeine are harmful. With you these agents may work fast or slow.

Drink Postum. In 30 days this appetizing, full-bodied hot drink will prove how you and each member of the family can be better off for it because it contains not a single trace of any drug stimulant. Instantly made in the cup at a cost of about half-a-cent. 90 cups to a 50-cent tin. There's Postum Cereal, too, made by boiling or percolating twenty minutes. Get Postum at all grocers', restaurants, your club or on the train. Try Postum for 30 days. We'll start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply free. Write for it. State whether you want Instant Postum or Postum Cereal. Canadian Postum Co., Limited, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Postum

You know how many children do not like the taste of milk. You know how they like to have the same drink as the "grown-ups." You know, too, how good it is for them to have a hot drink! Make Instant Postum for them, using hot milk (not boiled) instead of boiling water! They'll like the taste immediately! And they will get the added nourishment of milk in a hot drink that is economical and so easy to make.

her fingers. "You are an angel from heaven—to trust me . . ." He turned away.

And at last he saw the thin form of Lucy standing with folded arms at the corner of the chateau wall—a strange ghostlike figure with its hat on one side and the chateau looming above it like a monster. Hand in hand Peter and Renée approached.

The figure stepped forward. "Hey, Peter?"

"Lucy?"

"Peter, you're going to get us into a hell of a lot of trouble. The devils are mad."

Peter did not answer. He had opened the knife. He walked straight up to Lucy and pressed the naked blade to Lucy's stomach just below the ribs.

"Lucy, if you move I'll rip you up."

"What?"

"Quiet now. Any noise will be your last."

"Peter?"

"It's me. Are you going to do as I tell you, or do you want to get ripped up?" His face was two inches away from Lucy's. He could see fear spreading over Lucy's features. Peter's strong personality exerted all its energy, and dominated this weak one. Peter knew that he could not fail here. He knew the metal he was working on.

But he would not tell Lucy that they were going to escape. He would keep him in doubt. One can have more power over a weak personality so long as it is in doubt.

"Don't you think I can fix the Baron?" he whispered fiercely. "Didn't you see what I did to him tonight? I'll just tell him that I wanted you to have this girl. Have you got the courage to take her?"

Lucy could not answer. He was overcome with fear but he was also afraid to show his fear. He wanted to show that he was a bold outlaw, worthy of having a woman of his own. And Peter knew this. "You do just as I tell you to do, and go just where I tell you to go. If you think you can get away from this knife by yelling or running, do you think you can get away from the Baron when he learns that you have been conspiring with me? Only I can manage the Baron. You can't. Now are you going to take this girl where I tell you to?"

He prodded Lucy gently with his knife. "I'll . . . I'll take her . . ."

"Good. Do you see that ledge along the chateau wall?" They were standing at one end of it: Peter pointed along it. "Sure."

"Just go along that to the other side of the chateau. I follow you, and the girl follows me. And no noise."

STRANGE group of fugitives gliding noiselessly between the dark hulk of a robber castle and a seemingly bottomless canyon! A consumptive who had no courage, forced to act as guide against his will; a lady of high degree with the jewels torn from her clothes, married just recently to a waif; and the waif himself, the horse-boy with dreams of royalty in his queer head, generalissimo of the tiny army, directing its course with his inscrutable mind and triangular jaws! And the excitement upon the plateau increased, for Henzau had returned from the blackness of the canyon reporting that the rope simply ended upon the bare face of the cliff, seventy, eighty feet below. You could hear the Baron's voice shouting directions to the searchers on the plateau.

The fugitives made good time, for the ledge along the chateau was much wider than that along the stable. They reached the small open space between the chateau and the needle-rock. Here the ground was unfamiliar to Peter since he had never been allowed to traverse it. Nevertheless, he ordered Lucy ahead, and by dodging through the thick brush they were able to reach the needle-rock without being observed. Peter whispered further directions.

The great rock bulged out above them, shielding them from the observers on top of it. As they tunneled through the brush to the left, leaving at last the edge of that perilous cliff, they could hear the guards shouting to the search parties on the plateau. "What's the

matter down there? Lost something? Name of a Name?"

Peter and Renée and Lucy circled the giant rock and stood at the base of it looking into the valleys of France. Peter, who still held Renée's hand, took a deep breath. Just to his left he could see the trail, glittering white in the moonlight, exposed to the eyes of the brigands' guards. Then it disappeared and plunged, unseen, down, down, down!

"Name of Mary, Peter, where are you going?" Lucy was whimpering. Peter did not answer at first. Then he extended his arm. "Down there!" he said. "No, no! I dare not run away! I don't dare! They'll catch me!"

"Lucy, if anyone of us is caught he will be killed. Any one of us. They wouldn't only KILL you, they'd torture you as a traitor. Do you understand? But all you need is a little courage to get out of this. The Baron sent you after the horses didn't he?"

"Well, that's where you are going. And we're going to follow you!"

"But Peter, they'll see us!"

"Do you see that shadow reaching down into the canyon?" Peter pointed. "That comes pretty near the trail down there, doesn't it?"

Lucy studied the slope below them for a while. At last he sighed and raised his head and said: "How did you know?"

"I know a great deal," said Peter, making use of what had been but a chance remark. "A little spurt across the moonlight, and then we reach the shadow. If we keep to the shadow they can't see us. The devils are making so much noise on the plateau that they can't hear us. When we get far enough down there, we can cross over the trail and run down faster than horses can go."

"Oh, God, Peter, they'll catch me! You've caused my death torture! You've ruined me!"

Peter put his hand on Lucy's shoulder. "A little of the old courage," he said. "If we get out of this you'll never be able to thank me enough!"

For a moment Lucy hesitated. Then, flinging his arms in the air with a clumsy gesture, he set forth down the side of the mountain, dashing like a sprinter across the moonlight. Peter and Renée followed.

Just then the Baron on the plateau, to their left, standing with folded arms not a hundred yards from the base of the needle rock, cried: "Keep your eyes open for the horse-boy, guards!"

"Who, Peter?"

"The same. He's run off with Mademoiselle. We think he went over the cliff. But watch the trail."

"Very well, sir!"

And then Lucy and Renée and Peter reached the shadow which would lead them safely down the mountain to a place where they could take the trail without being observed. Terrifying as the proximity of the Baron's voice had been, Peter realized that it had in a measure added to their safety. For the guards had all turned towards the Baron and had not observed the drama on this side of the needle-rock.

Lucy set forth down the side of the mountain, picking his way in the gloom from rock to rock. Peter turned to Renée.

"Are you all right, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Peter."

"We have a terrible descent for a hundred yards. Then the trail will be easier. You must lean on me. You must let me help you."

"Already you have helped me—more than I could have asked."

"If anything happens to me I think you can handle Lucy. You see how I do it."

"Yes. You are wonderful. But if anything happens to you, I won't want to go on, I—"

"Well, nothing will," he interrupted her. They were balancing from rock to rock as they spoke. Peter was supporting her. "Not so fast, Lucy," he said to the hurrying form ahead of them. Down, down, down.

There were many dangerous places, small cliffs, chimneys, jumps; places which, it seemed to Peter, were impossible for Mademoiselle Renée to cross.

Continued on page 58

DEVOTED TO QUALITY



THE DURANT "40" DE LUXE SEDAN

Red Seal Continental Motor
Bendix Four-Wheel Brakes
Morse Silent Timing Chain
Full Force Feed Lubrication

Passenger Cars
Fours and Sixes
from \$675 to \$2095
f.o.b., Leaside, Ont.
Standard Factory Equipment
Taxes Extra

MANY factors contribute to the popularity of the Durant "40" . . . more power and speed . . . more ease of control from its improved steering facilities . . . more comfortable riding . . . less effort in driving.

Drive it yourself; make your own comparisons; judge it by your highest conception of automobile performance and modern appearance. Your dealer is waiting, now, to place a car at your disposal.

DURANT MOTORS *of* CANADA, LIMITED

TORONTO

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RUGBY TRUCKS IN 1/2 TON TO 1 1/4 TON CAPACITIES



Bloomer No. 112 for Larger Figures

Ask to see our Bloomer No. 112, specially designed to fit larger figures. Size A for women of 125 lbs. Size B, 145 lbs. Size C, 175 lbs. Size O.S., over 175 lbs. This bloomer has regular leg length and is moulded to fit the figure perfectly.

GARTER BLOOMER No. 120 is illustrated here. It has yoke front and garter cuff of contrasting color. Brassiere to match is shown but vest may be procured if desired.

for Comfort

Servus Lingerie combines strictly tailored lines, smartness of appearance and absolute ease of motion—whether for strenuous sport, as the perfect fitting undergarment for clinging evening gowns, or the luxurious, comfortable undress of the boudoir.

Always correct—always comfortable, a complete line of Modern styles is featured by leading stores. The Servus label is your guarantee of satisfaction.

Servus LINGERIE
Made By
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Reg'd.

**WHAT YOU
GROW
DEPENDS ON
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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 56

And yet she did cross them, with his assistance. He was very careful, very patient, very gentle. And all the time he had his eye on Lucy and a naked knife tucked in his belt ready to be drawn.

They reached the trail! In spite of Lucy's terror, Peter insisted upon a pause so that Mademoiselle Renée could rest awhile. He saw that her shoes had been cut by the rocks. He tore strips of cloth from his coat and bound them around her feet. When he was through she smiled, thanking him, and put out her hand to him. He took it in his and drew it to his lips.

"There are many things for me to tell you," he said, "but we have no time."

"After this night I feel as if I knew all about you, Peter. I will trust you always."

"You give me all that I could ask!" he cried. He kissed her hand again, and then turned resolutely toward the drop below them. A few feet away from them Lucy stood in the moonlight, his thin face haunted by a sensuous passion, and fear, and a realization that he had been duped by a cleverer mind. He was on the point of rebellion.

But just then they were all three terrified by the sound of firing above, of shouting, and oaths. None of them could tell the cause of this confusion, which grew in volume till it seemed like a small battle. It was as if civil war had broken out in the brigands' camp. Peter wondered whether, indeed, this was not true. Was it not possible that the evening's events had somehow weakened the Baron's power over his men? Peter hoped so; he hoped that he had been instrumental in the Baron's fall.

At any rate, the dissensions of the camp above them would give the fugitives an opportunity to make their escape certain.

"Dear God!" cried Lucy, "we're lost!" Seeing that Lucy interpreted the sounds on the plateau as those made by pursuers, Peter replied: "Not yet! Hurry. We can go faster than the horses!"

Lucy turned and fled down the trail. "Not so fast, damn you!" shouted Peter. If they catch me or the girl I'll tell them what you've done tonight. There's no use going faster than us."

It was necessary to keep Lucy in sight for he was the only one of them who knew the trail. At Peter's threat, he slowed his pace. He seemed to be able to find no way out of the spell of Peter's mind.

"We're all going to get out of this together," said Peter, to reassure him.

They went on, stumbling, falling, sliding; leaving the plateau farther and farther behind. They reached the cache, retreated among its sheltering pines, saddled three horses; rode down, and down, and down, toward the valley, toward the opening of the canyon jaws.

THEY had found six horses tethered in the Baron's cache with all the necessary equipment piled nearby. Peter saddled two horses hurriedly. The vexing question had been what to do with Lucy. Peter did not want Lucy to accompany them any farther, foretelling that before Renée could reach safety there would be situations requiring a finesse of which Lucy was not capable. Lucy was no actor and Peter knew that when they reached civilization again some acting would be necessary. On the other hand, it was too dangerous for Lucy to return to the brigands. They would never believe him if he told them that he had not seen Peter. Hadn't the Baron caught Lucy and Peter talking together? If civil war had really broken out because of Peter's actions this night, the Baron would spare no means to revenge himself upon Lucy.

Peter, therefore, turned to Lucy, and, with Renée beside him, said: "You have rendered me a service tonight for which I can never repay you sufficiently. Now I want to tell you something, Lucy. If you stay in that brigand camp you will lose all your sense of honor and finally get killed. Courage does not mean doing evil. The most courageous men are good men. I want you to get on a horse right now, and ride away, and spend two years working honestly and faithfully. At the end of that time, if you have been honest

and courageous, you are to go to Paris. There you are to look up Mademoiselle Renée Duprès—anyone at court will tell you where she is. If you have succeeded she will reward you beyond your dreams. She will be able to tell by your eyes whether you succeeded or not."

When he finished, Peter turned and looked at Renée, and the two of them exchanged one of those glances that come of a perfect understanding. Peter grinned. "She knows everything," he said; "she knows much more than I do, Lucy."

Renée laughed. "Nonsense, Peter."

Thus it was decided. Lucy at last swung into his saddle and led them at a gallop to a fork in the trail. Here he himself followed the main trail to the left, planning to reach the nearest town as soon as possible, where he would be protected from the brigands. He had a little money with which to give himself a start in life. Peter and Renée chose a small path to the right which the brigands rarely used and which led through a canyon toward the Paris highway.

It was a long journey. By dawn, though they still hurried, they were reaching the level plains and felt secure from their pursuers. They looked up at the morning sunlight as if it had come to them from heaven.

About eight o'clock they reached a sycamore grove, tied their horses, and sat down by the side of a dark spring. They decided to rest ten or fifteen minutes and then hasten on. Renée looked at the blue sky through the trees. She felt that she had lived years since last she had seen the sky. Yes, years. Last night, just as the sun set she had been riding into Savoy, expectant and happy, to a wonderful marriage; and now, by early morning, she had lost a father, had been separated from her brother, and was married to a ragamuffin. She looked at Peter curiously. Did he realize, did he know what she had experienced?

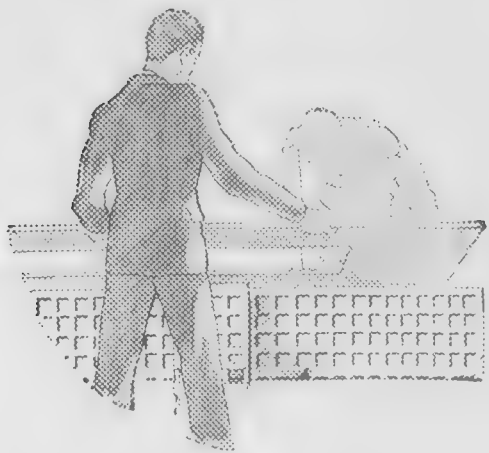
Then, too, as she looked at his dirty, unshaven face, she realized that her emotional stature had grown during the night. And Peter had had something to do with this. She could not explain the magnetism. She thought his courage had made her understand more about life. And yet she knew that it was more than courage—his quick-action mind perhaps. The way he had given her that knife in the bandits' stable. She shivered. Very clever of him.

And even now she did not know whether to distrust his cleverness or to love the trustworthiness of this stable-boy, this impossible Peter, this unshaven, repulsive, courageous clown! Why was she not repelled? He had betrayed her brother at Ardenne, had he not? But now there were his blue eyes so full of energy, undaunted; but clever—too clever to be trusted, cleverer than her father, than her brother, than anyone she had known before. And he was braver than the others, cooler in moments of white heat and danger. But an unkempt stable-boy! It was a low thought to have held him lovable. She shuddered. Was she not the daughter of blood? The sense of her nobility came, a wave of shame, over her tired body. She blushed under his clean gaze. It was revolting to have looked upon him as other than a brave servant. She hated herself for having done so. And him? Him she pitied.

For his part Peter was also thinking that the night had changed him. He looked back upon his life among the brigands with horror. That time he had wondered whether he should shoot Jean Sendreay—he had not been so horrified then, yet it had been a horrible indecision, shameful. Thank God he had not done it! He could not be so happy sitting there beside Mademoiselle Renée, had he committed that murder.

He was able to see something of his own character—how his apparent friendliness to the brigands, though wicked, had been the only way to gain power over them. If he had not made them respect him, he would not be here now with—why he was here with Renée THE Renée. He could not believe that this was so. He looked into her eyes deeply and she answered him. His power over the brigands had made this look possible.

Continued on page 60



New Toronto with the lid lifted

THIS is the story of the most interesting and valuable experience I have had during the years I have been a dealer in automobile tires. It is a story I want every one of my customers to know, because it shows so clearly the right road to follow in choosing tires.

Business Took Me to Toronto

And I naturally planned to visit the Goodyear factory at New Toronto. I had some business to do there, and besides, I hoped to pick up a few helpful pointers. Believe me I got an earful and an eyeful.

Out of the Night

I got my first surprise before I reached Toronto. As I sat looking idly out of the window at the lights along the lake shore, my view was blocked by an enormous building which rushed up out of the darkness. Not only an enormous building, but a building with every window blazing with light.

This was my first sight of the Goodyear factory—a building three times as big as I had expected and with every wheel turning, every machine at full speed, in the middle of the night. I could not get that picture out of my mind.

I wondered what unusual rush of business made night work necessary in a plant so big. I even wondered if there were some kind of celebration going on, and you can bet I intended to satisfy my curiosity the first opportunity I got.

I Got the Answer

When I visited the plant next day. The first reply to my question about the celebration last night was a stare, and the second was a smile. The guide who was taking me through the factory explained that there was nothing unusual about that, that the Goodyear factory worked that way every night except Sunday, and not only that way every night, but all night long, and had been doing it for over three years.

Now I began to see some of the things which Goodyear men had been telling me about how Goodyear's tremendous production and twenty-four-hour-a-day operation cut down costs and enable Goodyear to build the kind of tires they do at ordinary prices. When I saw all those high-priced machines and all those costly buildings doing work twenty-four hours a day instead of eight, I could understand the great saving which it means to the motorists of Canada for Goodyear to have such a business.

"But surely," I asked, "You don't sell all these tires in Canada? This factory must be able to make all the tires Canada requires, without leaving anything for other makers."

Then they explained to me that tires from the Goodyear factory at New Toronto go all over the world. They took me down to the shipping room and showed me the shipments which were going out on that one day alone to sixteen different countries. It is this world-wide business which is largely responsible for Canadian motorists being able to buy Goodyear Tires so cheaply.

Probably the most interesting thing I saw in the factory was the terrific amount of testing and inspecting through which each Goodyear Tire has to pass. They told me about all the inspections which take place in the Goodyear cord mill and in other plants where the raw materials are produced, and I saw for myself the almost endless inspections which take place in the tire factory itself.

I Saw Scientists



Using microscopes and delicate scales and test tubes, and a whole host of other exact machines and instruments. Then I saw both men and women who seemed to have practically infallible eyes and fingers as they watched each process of manufacture. I counted one

hundred and seventy-two of these inspections which I saw or was told about.

Perhaps the most interesting of all were the inspections and tests on Supertwist cords which go into Goodyear Tires. Goodyear, you know, make their own cord in the Goodyear cord mill at St. Hyacinthe, Quebec. This is because Goodyear use their own patented Supertwist cord which they want to make themselves to be sure it is exactly the cord their scientists developed.

Over the Bumps

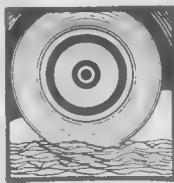
They showed me in their laboratory just what happens inside a tire when it is in use. They showed me how a tire changes its shape as it rolls along the road, some parts being stretched and others compressed. This is particularly noticeable when the tire hits a bump or hole.

Now the body of a tire is built up of layers of cords, and naturally if the tire stretches the cords have to stretch.

If the cords have not sufficient stretch, they will break under a hard blow, and eventually you have a blow-out.

Also, if the cords are not sufficiently elastic, they will not recover to their original length, and the tire will fail.

This, of course, explained why tires built with Supertwist cords last so much longer, because Supertwist cords have a great deal more stretch and life than ordinary cords.

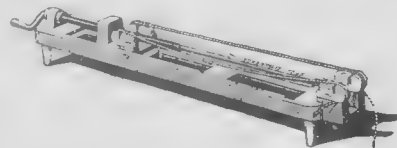


They Have a Test Machine

They put a Supertwist cord and an ordinary cord of equal length in this machine and stretched them until the ordinary cord broke. Then they went on stretching the Supertwist cord much further before it broke.

Then they put two more cords in, stretched them, and then relaxed the tension on the machine. The Supertwist cord recovered tight and taut, but the ordinary cord sagged down with most of the spring taken out of it.

I secured one of these testing machines, and I'd be glad to let any of my customers make these same tests any time they want to drop into my shop.



I saw the tests, also, which they make on the All-Weather Tread. I had always known from my own driving experience, particularly over country roads, that there wasn't any tread in the world like the All-Weather Tread for giving traction and fighting skids, but I never knew just why until I saw them making these tests.

They are a whole lot more scientific than I thought any tread test could be. They test the All-Weather Tread for every direction in which a tire could skid or slip, and then they make sure that this tire has a number of keen, sharp edges at right angles to that direction. They make other tests too, to make sure the tire will run quietly and wear evenly; and still other tests, to make sure that the tread, itself, will stay on the tire throughout its full mileage, and not wear down smooth.

In the mold room I got some idea of what it means to provide their dealers with a complete line of tires, the way Goodyear do. This is a tremendous, big room with row on row of vulcanizing pits which run down through an entire story of the factory, and explains why I am able to give you a Goodyear Tire in any size or type you want, depending on just what your needs are.

Another thing I noticed was the care used in making all Goodyear Tires—the lowest-priced as well as the highest-priced. The same men make them—the same methods are used.

You know, one of the beauties of the Goodyear Selected Dealer Plan, under which I operate, is that I am able to meet the needs of all my customers all the time. By concentrating on one brand of tires I can carry all types and sizes, without having too big a stock. I get faster turnover, and can save enough money in this way to give you a mighty valuable service.

I will be glad to see you in my shop any time.

The GOODYEAR

Selected Dealer

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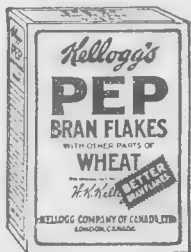
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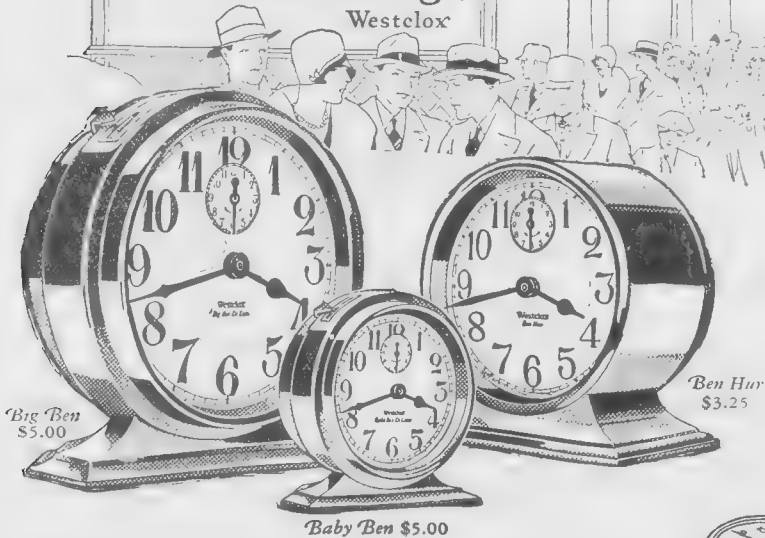
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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 58

That was an astonishing, even terrifying discovery; but it was true. It had something to do with that contrasting of good and evil in which Peter had indulged during his blindfolded ride. It seemed as if everything he had done in his life, whether good or evil, had been a preparation for this beautiful moment. Yes. Ardente, Father Gaspard, the books of romance; and, on the other hand, his fight with Monsieur Philippe, his life among the brigands; his ability to dominate evil men.

As he looked into her eyes and she into his, Peter felt that he had gained power in another way. He had gained the power to make a woman do his will. Then something went wrong with Peter's heart.

"Mademoiselle Renée," he said, "you—"

He stopped. She stirred uneasily. After all, anything in the way of sentiment between them, now that the night was over, would be impossible. It was the sixteenth century; she was the lady and he was still the horse-boy.

"You have changed my life," blurted Peter.

She did not answer. She wanted to rise, but she was very tired. Very tired. He would not, surely he would not.

"You have changed me inside," he said. He sensed that she was not in harmony with him. He put his hand into his coat pocket and drew out his letters. He chose the marriage license. Without unfolding it he passed it to her.

"I don't consider my life changed in any other way," he said. "I have just become bigger inside."

She looked at him inquiringly and her large lashes fluttered. Then she dropped her eye.

"Take it," Peter said. "Keep it, to throw it away when you want. Don't throw it away until we reach safety. We may need it. After that it is yours."

He had leaned close. She raised her hand and took the paper; then she curled and squeezed it between her hands nervously.

"Why did you make me marry you?" She spoke suddenly; her voice was sharp. It hurt him because it showed that even yet she could not trust him entirely.

"There was no other way," he said, turning from her. "There was no other way out."

"And that was all? That was the only reason?"

What does she want? Why does she torture me so—the ONLY reason! He grew angry in his own defence.

"Mademoiselle Renée," he said, looking squarely at her, "there are many reasons for everything I do."

He was sorry to have said it, because it seemed to hurt her.

They sat on in silence, watching the sunlight in the branches of the pines. A little later Peter helped her to arise. Renée felt so tired that Peter felt sorry for her. He wanted to take her in his arms. He saw, then, that the barrier of class made it impossible to help her. She could never really be joined to him; only by great illusions could he possess her—his boyish illusion of knighthood. Only by pretending. Yet even as he thought bitterly that he must never see her again she looked up at him, took his hand, and her finger and palm against his.

"I'm sorry for that question, Peter. Forgive me again."

He was looking down at her beautiful, tired face, her hair falling over her forehead and loosened on her back. He put both hands on her shoulders.

"Mademoiselle Renée. I—"

They had forgotten society. Everything but their need for each other, and the human appeal which they had for each other, had been forgotten. That in Peter which Renée could never understand with her mind, exerted an unmistakable power over her emotions. "I want to kiss you," said Peter.

And she still stood there. It was impossible for her to think of anything but his eyes and the whole character of him, which he was now giving to her. And he bent down and pressed his lips to hers. He gathered her to him in despair and love. He felt her breast pressing against his.

"Renée!" he cried. I would not have dared. It is just this one moment. It is

this one moment when I can aspire above myself. I shall go. I shall never trouble you again. I shall never trouble your eyes again. I see, I understand!"

He did understand. That, to Renée, was the wonderful revelation of Peter. Even as he professed his love for her, he knew, and he showed that he knew, that she could never marry him, really; and he knew that he had power over her. Yet he would never make use of that power for his advantage.

Before they started on again, he made her say that she loved him, and then he made her say that she didn't, and then he made her laugh. They kissed—once more, mounted, and hurried on.

Toward eleven o'clock they reached a highway. Renée thought she recognized it, but she wasn't sure. They turned to the right. They made a curious pair—Peter with his ragged coat and bagging trousers, his legs bare; Renée in her rich dress, once studded with jewels, her hair tumbling about her shoulders, her face tired and worn, her dress, stockings and shoes in tatters. They rode wearily for about three miles, stopping to ask an astonished peasant, who looked at Renée intensely, whether there was an inn nearby. He said there was. They started on again.

"I haven't a denier," said Peter.

"Neither have I, Peter." She hesitated a moment. Then she said: "I have a diamond ring which used to belong to Mother. I never wear it on my finger, I keep it on a chain around my neck. Perhaps, we—I don't want to lose it! But if we could give it to the landlord until someone helps us."

"Yes," said Peter. "We can put it up for security without any danger of losing it. You stop at the inn. I'll borrow a horse and ride after the governor of the nearest town. Of course, we could put up the horses, but they aren't worth much, and a diamond ring would impress the landlord with out wealth."

Renée agreed to the power of her ring. But she thought Peter must be too tired to ride, and objected to the danger of such a ride, if there was any chance of encountering the Baron.

But such was Peter's command over her, now that he had kissed her, that he was able to wave aside these objections curtly, saying: "Time enough to worry about that when I get back to the inn."

Then he said, timidly: "Renée."

"Yes."

"Mr. Landlord will be very suspicious of our looks."

"I should think so. But tell him who I am, Peter."

"Yes, yes. But he'll want proof. Now if you would let me have that marriage contract I could prove enough to satisfy him."

"Peter, you should not have hesitated to ask me," she said, looking up at him.

The devil of Peter could not resist a grin, which she saw and answered with a sly laugh. How they had changed in these few hours. She produced the contract and the ring from her bosom. Peter put them into his pocket.

At the inn the landlord was indeed suspicious. He was thin and consumptive with feverish blue eyes and black hair. Peter told him a good story. Peter claimed nobility for himself, as well as for Renée, and as added proof drew out the marriage contract. He shoved it energetically under the landlord's nose. Peter watched the landlord, and saw by a slight flinching that he could not read; wherefore he bullied him the more, and put on all the airs which he had learned at first-hand from Monsieur Philippe.

The landlord consented to take the ring as security for a room and a horse, if the lady would stay behind "to be sure the ring wasn't misplaced," as he tactfully put it. Peter saw that Renée was comfortable in her room and urged her to go to bed until he returned.

The landlord said that there was a town in either direction. The governor of the nearest town was unknown to Renée. At the village in the other direction, however, there was a Monsieur de la Place, and Renée, hearing his name, cried that she knew him well. Monsieur de la Place had feted the Duprès family

Continued on page 78



The Dainty Mode by HARVEY



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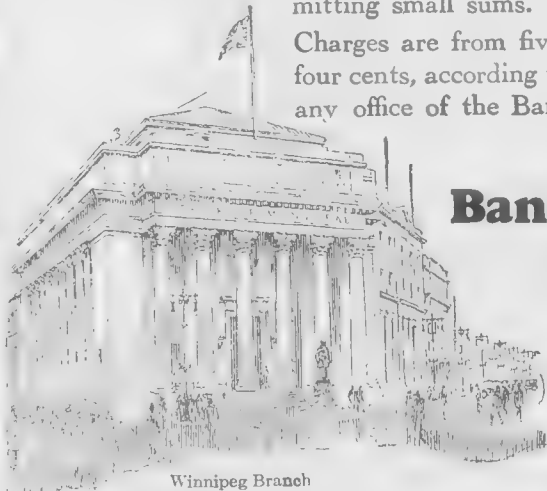
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Great-West Life
ANNUAL LIFE INSURANCE



This Department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

IN THE last issue we gave some instances of towns and municipalities being liable for their failure to keep highways in such repair as would obviate the possibility of accidents. A Saskatchewan judgment recently announced by the Court of Appeal is of interest in this connection.

An accident took place when a man was driving his mare along a highway, the mare being so badly injured from slipping on the icy thoroughfare that he was obliged to shoot it. The court found that the following facts were established:

"The highway in question was within the defendant municipality and was opened by the defendants in 1913 or 1914. Since then it has been graded and maintained by the defendant. In the course of grading, it was necessary at one place, about the corner stake half-way across between said sections 10 and 15, to grade through the side of a hill, with the result that on the south side of the graded highway there is rather a sharp drop of five or six feet, and on the north side a steep bank, in which there was a spring from which water flowed. To prevent this water flowing onto the graded highway, a ditch was dug along the north side of the highway, which in the summer time drained the water away from the highway through a culvert in the highway, but in the winter time, it was generally frozen therein, until it filled up the ditch with ice, and thereafter flowed over the travelled highway, and froze thereon. This process apparently took considerable time, and depended somewhat on the nature of the season as to when the ice would begin to form on the highway. The above-referred-to ditch when first dug was about two feet deep, but at the time of the accident it was only about six inches deep, and was grass-grown. The plaintiff swears that on February 5, 1927, as he was driving over the said highway with his team, drawing a bob-sleigh with some wood, of which team the mare in question was one, he came to above described locality and found the highway covered with ice, for about 25 feet in length, and when about half-way across his mare slipped and fell thereon, and was so badly injured that, about eight days after, he had to kill her."

Of these facts the Court found that it was the duty of the municipality to keep the highway sufficiently free of ice so that it would not be unsafe for travel and, as the highway was shown to be in such a condition of unrepair as to make it unsafe for travel, the burden of the proof was on the municipality to show that the lack of repair existed notwithstanding all reasonable efforts to comply with the law. It was shown that this overflowing and freezing had taken place to the knowledge of the municipality for the last 13 or 14 years and in previous years it had been their custom to put material on the ice to make it less dangerous but that in the year in question one of the councillors for the municipality had given instructions that such material was no longer necessary. The traveller was given damages to the sum of \$125.00 for the loss of his mare.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Q.—I should be glad to know if there is an old age pension law in Saskatchewan, if so who is entitled to such pension, how much and how would one go about to secure it?

A. At the present time there is no Old Age Pension law in force in Saskatchewan, but it is possible that such legislation will be passed during the present year. You should, of course, see ample reports of it in the papers if such an Act is passed.

Ghost Pine Creek, Alta.

Q.—I bought a car on instalment plan, being allowed nine months to finish payments and borrowed money for this purpose from a loan company. This car was paid for in two months and a half, including interest for nine months. Their agreement states that they will refund all but one per cent from the time it was paid. This rebate has been due since November 1, 1928. What steps should be taken to get this money and can I demand interest on my money?—Farmer Alta.

A.—Your rights depend almost wholly upon the terms of the lien agreement. If the agreement provided that the company will rebate all but one per cent of the interest then you are entitled to obtain payment of the surplus interest as from the date the agreement is paid. It is unfortunate that you did not calculate this rebate and deduct it from your remittance. You can of course take proceedings in any Court which has jurisdiction which will include the Court for the district in which the office of the loan company is situated.

You cannot obtain payment of interest on the refund due to you until after giving notice to the company. In the notice you could ask them to pay you five per cent per annum interest on the amount due to you as from the day the Company receives your notice.

Brandon, Man.

Q. We are considering incorporating a club but are doubtful whether we can then control the membership by restricting the transfer of shares. Please advise whether this could be done.—A.R.D.

A.—One of the primary perquisites which the law attached to shares in an incorporated company is unrestricted transferability. It is however, possible to obtain incorporation with a charter restricting transferability in accordance with certain regulations, such as approved by the directors. This restriction should be further strengthened by an agreement signed by every shareholder when he receives his certificate agreeing to be bound by the restrictions. It is possible that the directors could not have an absolute power to veto transfers of shares. The restriction should be more along the lines of giving the right to the directors to find an alternative purchaser for the shares within a given time and at a certain price.

Pamukan, Alta.

Q.—I would appreciate very much to have the following question answered by your legal department: While 19, a boy living at home and attending school ran up a store bill of \$13.00. Boy is now 21 and bill has not been paid. From whom must the store-keeper collect, the boy or his father?—L.M.N.O.

A.—If store bill is for necessities boy is liable for payment of account. If not for necessities the bill may be repudiated by the boy and payment refused because it was a sale to a minor.

The father can only be liable for the account if he expressly authorized the boy to pledge the father's credit with you or impliedly authorized it by the father paying other accounts incurred with you by the boy.



70-B

A New Willys-Knight

*An Artistic Conception of
the Style Moderne*

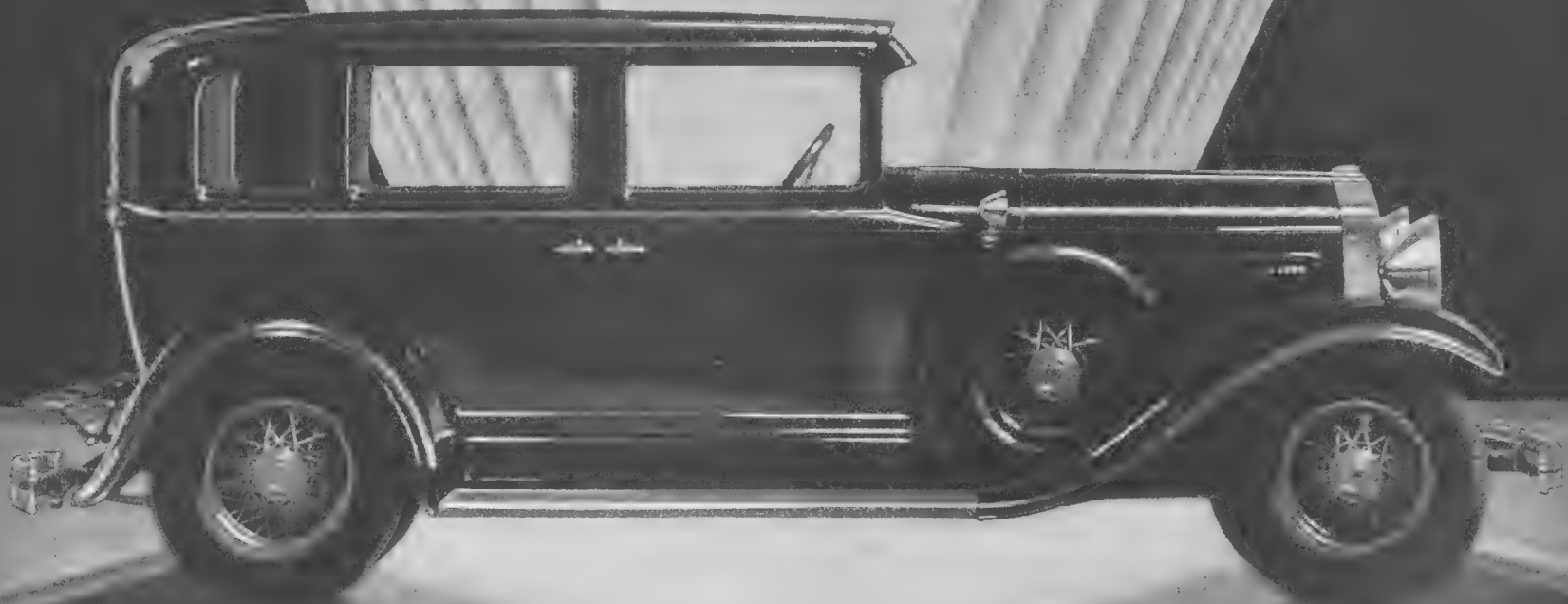
NEW and refreshing style lives in every line of the Willys-Knight "70-B". Sheer beauty created by today's foremost exponents of automobile body-building art.

In this new creation, Willys-Knight has united the highest artistic interpretation of the new style-trend with the world's simplest and most efficient automobile engine—the double sleeve-valve motor—renowned the world over for its velvet smoothness, silent power, rugged stamina, sustained high speed, flashing activity, marked economy and ever-increasing efficiency.

"Finger-tip Control" is another feature of the new-style Willys-Knight "70-B". The most remarkable advance in driving convenience since the self-starter.

The remarkably low price of the new-style Willys-Knight Six makes it available to the thousands who have always wanted a Knight-motored car. Arrange for a demonstration.

Willys-Knight 70-B Sedan \$1545, Coach \$1420, Coupe \$1420, Roadster \$1420, Touring \$1325. Willys-Knight 56-A Coach \$1220, Sedan \$1345. Prices F.O.B. Factory, Toronto, taxes extra. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Limited., Toronto, Ontario. Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg.



WILLYS-KNIGHT

SIX

*A Store
you can
patronize*



with Confidence . .

- because* it is a prescription drug store with a registered pharmacist owner in charge.
- because* you will always find fresh clean merchandise at lowest prices.
- because* no Nyal franchise is granted a store that is not in charge of a registered pharmacist.
- because* all Nyal household preparations, cosmetics, and specialty items are prepared in pharmaceutical laboratories of seventy-three years' standing.
- because* all Nyal goods are unconditionally guaranteed—the customer must be satisfied or his money is cheerfully refunded.

NYAL Spring Tonics that everyone needs

Spring tonics are of utmost value this year to offset the ravages caused by "flu," and by a severe winter. The following are recommended—

Nyal Strengthening Tonic—For those who are run down—gives vim, vigor and vitality—improves the appetite.

Nyal Blood Purifier—Valuable in the treatment of Skin Diseases and Poor Blood.

Nyal Nutritive Hypophosphites—A standard and palatable combination of particular value in the treatment of Nervous and General Debility.

Nyal Sarsaparilla—A reliable spring medicine for Sallow Complexions, Pimples, Boils and Pustules.

Nyal Creophos—Recommended for Nervous Weakness, stubborn, deep-seated Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthmatic conditions.

NYAL Company, Limited, Windsor, Ontario



SPECULATION and investment in all kinds of industry, mining and oil activities, continue apace and the question which naturally arises in the mind of the cautious individual is: "How long is this tremendous expansion going to continue?" Are we creating a top heavy superstructure on an insecure foundation or are we building in accordance with the best principles of finance? Are we due for a "black Friday?" Will paper fortunes melt away and many be plunged into the bottomless pit of insolvency? These questions come to our minds when we consider the great interest that is shown by the public in stocks, bonds and securities of every kind and description.

An interesting side-light is found in a report which states that Al Smith lost New York State in the recent presidential election, not because the majority didn't favor him, but because nearly every person of voting age in the state was carrying stocks on margin and they were afraid that the markets would sell off if the republican candidate, Hoover, were not returned. Whatever may be the opinion of the average man as to the merits or demerits of the present inflation of stocks, we believe that there are in existence to-day two great safeguards for the prevention of a sudden and disastrous slump in the stock market.

The first of these safeguards lies in the Investment Trust Company, a great number of which have come into existence in Canada during the past two or three years. An Investment Trust Company, is a company formed for the purpose of investing moneys in the stocks, bonds and securities of a diversified list of other companies. The managers of such trust companies are usually picked for their knowledge of prevailing market conditions. Having selected the stocks of certain companies as possessing real and potential values they invest the moneys so entrusted to them by their shareholders in the purchase of these new stocks. Not alone does the ordinary individual gain the advantage of such experience but he safeguards himself against the possible loss in any one industry by spreading his security amongst a variety of industries. Take for instance an Investment Trust Company which has purchased stocks in leading railway, mining, oil and industrial companies to the extent of \$100,000.00 John Jones has invested \$100.00 in the Investment Trust Company and with this \$100.00 he has been able to buy a share in all of these leading companies, a thing which would have been impossible if he had endeavored by himself to purchase these shares with his initial capital. If any of the stock of any of these companies should fail his loss would be very small, whereas if he had invested his whole capital in the particular declining stock he might have been compelled to sell out at a great loss. There is the added fact, which we have already mentioned, of the experience of the officers in charge of such an Investment Trust Company. These Trust Companies are usually headed by a directorate of very strong and influential business men who have in addition to business acumen inside knowledge as to the working of a large number of companies. This experience they in turn pass on to their own shareholders who cannot do other than benefit by such an asset.

THE second great safeguard is somewhat more indefinable but none the less real. It is found in Investment Houses, the probity and financial genius of whose directors is beyond question. There are in Canada a large number of such Investment Houses, who pride themselves on their ability to gauge the market and, secondly—and this is the more important thing as

far as the investor is concerned—who pride themselves on dealing with their clients in an honest manner. Firms of this kind give advice to their clients of the best kind and in the sincere hope that prosperity will ensue to such clients. It is true that there are throughout Canada a great number of financial sharks whose whole object is to separate the public from its money as expeditiously as possible without having one iota of care as to the disaster which may occur to their victims. In this connection we wish to point out the danger on the part of our readers of ever listening for one moment to the siren voices which in wheedling tones speak from the pages of tipster sheets.

These tipster sheets are as varied in their appearance and in their enticements as the colors of Joseph's coat. Their mode of procedure is usually based upon two principles:

First of all they send information dealing with a reliable company, the activities of which are well-known and the prospects for an early rise in prices of which are generally conceded. In this way they create a feeling in the mind of the speculator that they have inside information or financial ability of no mean order. They usually suggest the purchase of shares in such a company and when this advice has been followed and a profit has been obtained they then have prepared the way for the second line of attack.

In anticipation of such a feeling of confidence they have probably purchased all the shares of a defunct company whose operations have ceased for a long time and by manipulation of the market and a fictitious trading in the shares they give to this defunct company the semblance of life and of prosperity. They use their tipster sheet for the purpose of boosting the shares in this company, and usually the customer, flushed with his former success, becomes a facile dupe. The stock quoted is usually at a low price, this being a further inducement for participation by the customer. Orders pour in which they never intend fulfil. As soon as they have raked off sufficient money they cease operations, close up their office and paper and start in operations under a new name. In spite of the endeavors of the Post Office authorities these sheets spring up like mushrooms overnight and continue to inflict serious losses upon the community.

"Investigate before you invest" is a slogan that should be engraven on the hearts of every possible investor. Information can be obtained from any of the leading investment houses, from your own bank manager, and in many cases from the government departments in each province. Two instances of this will be found, one in British Columbia and one in Ontario. In British Columbia the government has determined that as far as it can it will prevent any fraudulent manipulation of mining stocks. If there is the slightest doubt as to the merits of either the mine itself or the people who are promoting it an investigation will immediately be held. This has happened on several occasions and money has been saved for many a speculator. In Ontario the same procedure is followed and we have witnessed lately its very edifying conduct in the prosecution and disbanding of certain notorious swindlers who were preying upon the public. Governments now realize there is a duty cast upon them to protect the public and that this duty must be exercised without fear or favor.

Daddy, at the menagerie: "How long do you suppose it is, Sonny, since you descended from a monkey like that?" Sonny: "Five years."

"I always use it in the Spring"

ALMOST everybody needs a tonic treatment in the Spring. After months of indoor life—breathing dry over-heated air and eating artificial foods—the blood becomes thin and watery.

The nerves are first to feel the lack of proper nourishment and there is sleeplessness, headaches and tired, depressed feelings.

Many thousands have learned to consider Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as the greatest of Spring tonics because it goes directly to the formation of rich, red blood and the restoration of the nervous system.

Wherever women meet, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a frequent subject of conversation because most women know by personal experience just what a great help this restorative treatment is when they are run down in health, tired and discouraged.

What it has done for others it will do for you.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food
The Great Spring Tonic



*Because of its pure ingredients, expertly
blended, this fine old ginger ale always has the same*

Marvelous Flavor



It's as crisp and sparkling as dew on a lettuce leaf . . . with piquancy equal to caviar . . . refreshing as tea after a long walk in the country . . . cooling as the breeze which blew over the hills . . . and mellow as the conversation around the fireplace. This is "Canada Dry." *This* is the champagne of ginger ales.

*Its basic excellence gives it
distinction*

Its remarkable flavor is like some rare old wine. Its zest and sparkle set it off forever from any other ginger ale. It truly has an inimitable quality which has won the approving nod of connoisseurs.

And did you ever stop to think why "Canada Dry" is such a popular ginger ale? One simple statement tells the story—marvelous flavor. First, absolutely pure ingredients and high-quality Jamaica ginger give "Canada Dry" basic excellence. Expert blending and balancing contribute to the inimitable result. A secret process of carbonation produces a delicate balance of flavor which is neither too sharp nor too flat. Daily tests under laboratory methods assure purity. Here is a truly fine ginger ale!

There's a thrill to the flavor of drinking this better, finer, purer ginger ale. Order it today in the Hostess Package.

"CANADA DRY"

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

Canada Dry Ginger Ale Limited, Toronto, Edmonton and Montreal
Formerly J. J. McLaughlin Limited, and Caledonia Springs Corporation Limited

BETTY BELDON

talented hostess, suggests

CLEAR SOUPS for dinner to warm the stomach and enliven the digestion; cream soups for luncheon or supper to furnish nourishment . . . and whichever meal they precede, accompany it with "Canada Dry" . . . sparkling . . . appetizing . . . delicious.

SARDINES AND ANCHOVIES, radishes and lettuce, bread and butter at luncheon . . . "Canada Dry" with its piquant quality insures a brilliant afternoon's work.

MIXED GRILL . . . chops, dusted with salt and pepper, then placed on a broiler . . . small sausages around them . . . thick slices of tomato dipped in crumbs . . . small strips of bacon across large mushroom caps . . . sweet potatoes, peeled and scalded . . . broil 20 to 25 minutes . . . arrange individual plates . . . and beside each place an ice-cold bottle of "Canada Dry."

FOR GUESTS or just home folks, serve a salad . . . one of plain vegetables or crisp greens for the salad course in any meal . . . or the main course at luncheon . . . with cheese or nut sandwiches . . . and "Canada Dry."

TO MEET THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE MODERN WOMAN



The smart modern is the champion of every new device which adds to the pleasure and comfort of living. It is this eagerness of youth for something better which has won for Modess in so short a time, a country-wide popularity.

Modess is infinitely finer, more comfortable, safer. For instance, a remarkable new filler is used. It is not in stiff layers with square edges, but comes in a soft mass of downy substance like cotton—amazingly absorbent—instantly disposable. It is shaped and rounded on the sides to give the utmost in yielding, conforming comfort. Modess will never chafe. For added protection, the back is rendered resistant to moisture.

And—Modess is an effective deodorant. Laboratory tests prove it to be more efficient in this respect.

As the cost is no greater than you are accustomed to pay, why not give Modess a trial.

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18—M

Fashionable Fox Scarfs

To Complete the Spring Ensemble



Our collection of beautiful fox pelts is one of the largest to be found in Canada, and includes a fine assortment of the newest double animal effects in the various shades of colored fox, slated for Fashion leadership this Spring.

Holt, Renfrew's own and operate one of the largest fox ranches in Eastern Canada and our collection of the aristocratic silver fox is unexcelled in beauty and variety and offers values that cannot be duplicated.

Lucille from ... \$27.50	Platinum from . \$97.50
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Also a complete range of chokers of mink, stone marten, sables, grey squirrel and other favoured furs. Write for particulars.

Buy Your Fur Coat for Next Season on our Budget Buying Plan

You will save from \$30.00 to \$100.00 over next season's prices, due to the greatly increased cost of raw furs. Write today stating size, kind of fur and about the price you wish to pay, together with a bank or business reference. We will send free of charge a selection of coats for your approval. Pay 10 per cent. at time of selection, 1/3 before delivery and the balance will be arranged on convenient terms. No interest or storage charges.

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Studying Facial Expressions of Animals

Continued from page 47

biting each other or their master's hands." The fame of the grinning "Cheshire cat" is known the world over, and we know a woman who writes about her cat: "It is not as if he were merely showing his teeth, because if that were the case it would occur at unwarranted times and seasons. But, Budge only smiles when he is pleased—that is, when I take particular pains to please him, and then in a manner suggestive of the cat in 'Alice in Wonderland'."

What could be more irresistible than pictures of laughing dogs and cats? And yet many people would say that the expressions are unnatural, and be accused, as Landseer was, of drawing on his imagination? The same criticism would be applied to any painter who should attempt to show such grief as Landseer portrayed in those two pictures—"Alexander and Diogenes" and "Uncle Tom and His Wife for Sale!" Even Ruskin said Landseer was foolish to paint such "human expressions" on the faces of dogs.

But there are other expressions to be seen on the faces of some dogs and cats equally striking. Frowning is one of the most important of all expressions in man, and is due to the contraction of the corrugators by which the eyebrows are lowered and brought together, so that the vertical furrows are formed on the forehead. A bulldog, of course, wears a perpetual frown. Other dogs, however, frown heavily when displeased. Pouting animals are often met with. The head keeper at a famous Zoo offered a chimpanzee an orange and then immediately took it away. The attendant expression was a pronounced one of sulkingness. Monkeys often laugh.

Many animals lie in perfect silence when petted and if you will note the expression at this time, you will see them register contentment. Is this not the same way humans express themselves? Nor need this same human expression be confined to quadrupeds. Have you not often noticed the droll or humorously malicious expression on the face of a parrot? They often look as if they were stage comedians cast for a part. Just watch your pets and see if they do not express themselves when happy?

Armistice

By Edward Ormerod

Rough old horse twist twisted shafts,
Wheels that slant awry,
Bags of rags piled up behind,
Loud and mournful cry;
Happy in the morning sun,
Rag-man on his way
Greets you with the years-old call:
"Rags or bones today?"

Sidewalks chalked in "Hop-Scotch" squares,
Circles drawn for "Pig!"
Roller skates and scooters swift,
Every sort of rig!
School—dismissed to fall of night—
Freedom precious now—
Children's voices fill the air;
Laughter, shout, and row!

Rain-drenched pavements, close of day,
Street-lamps' mellow glow,
Heavy mark hangs thick above—
Comes a hush below:
Hark! . . . a plaintive cry high up;
V-shaped squadrons swing
From the southland, sweeping north,
Calling! . . . wing to wing!

Shouting children, old-clothes men,
Wild geese high a-wing—
Envoys crying armistice;
Heralds all, of Spring!

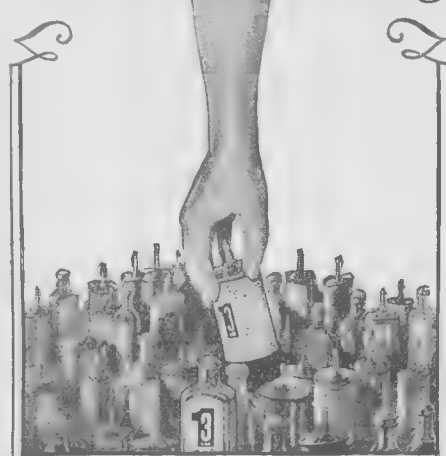
A placid old lady who took life philosophically sat knitting in the drawing-room. To her there came rushing her fifteen-year-old granddaughter.

"Oh, granny, granny," cried the girl, "father's just fallen off the roof!"

"I know, my child," replied the old lady, without even raising her eyes, "I saw him pass the window."—Tit Bits.

Inexperienced.—Hey — "Aren't you wild about bathing beauties?"
Hey—"I don't know, I never bathed one."—Aggievator.

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3-in-One is not an ordinary light oil, but is an oil compound—a scientific blend of several high grade oils having peculiar properties that no single oil can possibly have.

3-in-One oils perfectly all light mechanisms in home, office, factory. Penetrates quickly. Stays put. Doesn't gum or dry out. Use frequently and liberally.

Polishes nickel and prevents rust and tarnish on all unlacquered metal surfaces. Cleans, polishes and preserves fine furniture, woodwork, floors, linoleum, oilcloth.

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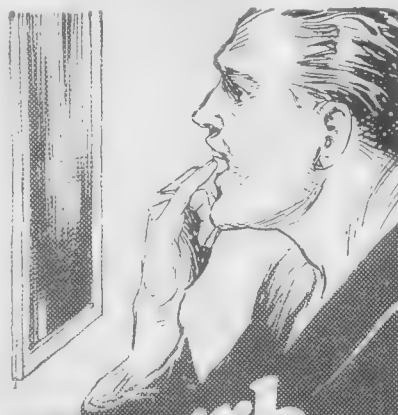
Canadian Factory at Montreal

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As a preventive it destroys germs - helps to keep gums firm -

Ask your dentist about

Absorbine Jr.

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

At all Druggists \$1.25

No! No! Murgatroyd

Continued from page 17

occasional burst of machine-gun fire away to the north. He was jumpy and nervous. He hated the eerie silence. It was worse than the usual noise.

The approach of a figure along the trench made his heart bulge in his throat. It was only Sergeant Hawkes. "Oh, lawks, 'ere's 'Awkes," as the saying went. They exchanged the usual military greetings.

"Ere, you, I'm goin' over the top to do a bit of scoutin'." The sergeant peered cautiously over the parapet into "No Man's Land." "Colonel he's a little envious to know what that Boche workin' party was doin' of in that shell 'ole last night. Keep yer wits about yer now, sou, and don't loose off at me when yer see me crawlin' back."

Murgatroyd gasped. "But you're not going alone, Sergeant, are yer?"

"Got to. One man don't attract attention like a party." He looked out over the top again.

"I'd—I'd c-come with yer if yer wanted a bit of company, Sergeant."

"No, you stay 'ere and look after your job, my boy." With which Sergeant Hawkes slipped quietly over the top of the sand-bags.

Murgatroyd watched him as he crept away on all fours. There was no moon, but the stars enabled him to keep the indistinct, slowly-wriggling figure in view for some time. His admiration for the cool, business-like sergeant ought to have been set to music and played by the Professor.

Ten—fifteen—twenty minutes passed, but the sergeant did not return. Murgatroyd became a living fidget. He searched with strained eyes, but could make out no sign of life. There were only weird shadows, black shell holes, entangled barbed wire and smells. He waited and waited. There was nothing. Nothing? Yes, there was. A dim form, moving, but not coming back. It was crawling into the blackness into which the sergeant had disappeared.

Murgatroyd gripped his rifle with trembling hands and watched. His eyes were none too good. He dare not fire at the moving figure in case it should be the sergeant. Yet what if it were a Hun?

"Oh God," he said to himself, "I must do something. Hawkes has been good to me."

With his heart pounding against his ribs, he found himself scaling the parapet. He held his breath as his feet touched the mud of the dreaded "No Man's Land." It terrified him to be without the protection of the sand bags.

He had died a thousand deaths before, but he died yet once again as he crept along on hands and knees after that dim figure. The barbed wire lacerated him, but he hardly noticed that.

On and on like a scraggy cat he followed that hazy form. He was not more than six yards away from it when something happened that nearly made him scream. He had knocked some loose earth into a shell-hole. It fell with a light splash and the figure ahead drew up.

Murgatroyd scrambled behind a small mound and brought his rifle up. The figure took cover behind another mound and crouched. He could see the outlines of the other's head, but neither of them fired. Murgatroyd's finger was on the trigger, but he couldn't pull the thing, he couldn't. He could see that the helmet worn by the other man was German, but his hand was paralyzed. Minutes went by like years.

And then a Verey light shot up into the air, making the night as bright as day. Each man saw the other covering him with a rifle held in trembling hands. But Murgatroyd saw something more—something that filled him with joy. He saw the enormous spectacles and the walrus-like moustache of Professor Max Wurtzner beneath that German helmet. "Max! Old pal!" he whispered, hoarsely.

The professor made no answer, but continued to point his gun.

Again and again he repeated those words, but the rifle never moved. Then, in a heaven-sent inspiration he had a go at that song: "Tatatata—tatatatata..."

"No, no! Murgatroyd!" the professor interrupted, in exactly the same old way.

A second Verey light and the spattering of bullets sent them both hurtling forward into the huge shell hole that had separated them. They clung to their rifles from force of habit and fell into each other's arms.

"Max! Old pal!"

"Mein Gott! It is you, my friend!"

The two little men laid down their rifles and kissed again with tears. And all through their comic hugs and ejaculations, playful punches and sobs, they thought of another and different Christmas in a warm back room with a piano, a violin, a baton, cheap cigars and beer, to say nothing of peace and goodwill...

"I didn't suppose you ever would be a soldier," said the professor, at last.

"And I didn't expect you would be one, either," answered Murgatroyd, gripping his arm. How do you like it, eh?"

"Ach! It is horrible! Barbarous! But I was in Germany when the war was declared and they took me for the army with all the others."

"It's a wonder we didn't shoot each other just now," said Murgatroyd laughing. "Why didn't you fire, old bean?"

"I could not shoot a man so close. I have fired at them when they have been more far away, but right in his face—I could not do it."

"I was afraid, too. Too much like murder, eh?"

"This is most wonderful that we meet again, my dear!" said the professor, squeezing his arm. "And in this way, too. It is not to be believed."

"Remember our suppers at your rooms, old boy? And the lager beer?"

"Yah! We were all so happy then, before this dreadful war."

"And the concerts at the Queen's Hall when you played in the orchestra?"

"Ah! Do not speak of those times. It breaks my heart again." The professor clicked his tongue. "There should not be no wars."

"No. That's right," said Murgatroyd. "And there wouldn't have been this fool business but for the blinking Kaiser, you bet."

It was a remark that shocked both men back to realities with a click. Deadly enemies, that's what they were, and instead of chatting as friends they should be killing each other. They had been trained for the job.

"Gott mitt uns!" cried the professor.

"God save the King!" yelled the boy.

They made a grab for their rifles. Like a pair of terriers they closed and fought with their hands. They rolled in the mud, first one on top—then the other. Their breath came in short, convulsive pants. Mud squeezed and water splashed. Whatever they say about it in private, this was a bloody war.

The Sergeant plunged in for cover just as another light went up. Like a flash he drew his revolver and covered those comic tragic oofs.

"What the 'ell's this 'ere"? he asked in amazement.

The two men stood up straight.

"It's only me, Sergeant Hawkes," said Murgatroyd, breathing rapidly, "and this is Professor Max Wurtzner, the only friend I've got."

The Professor bowed.

"A wotter"? said the Sergeant. "Why, 'e's a blinkin' Boche!"

"That's right, Sergeant, but I knew him back in Blighty, and he was very kind ter me."

For all that the sergeant was puzzled. He gave a huge guffaw. "But 'ow in Gawd's name did you two rum little jokers get into this 'ere shell 'ole together? And what was you knockin' the stuffin' out of each other for just now?"

Murgatroyd did his best to explain, and the Professor backed him up.

Sergeant Hawkes found nothing to laugh at. "You've got more guts than I ever give you credit for, Andrews, but you ought to get 'ell for leavin' your post." He turned to Professor Max. "What was you doin' over 'ere"? he asked.

"The oberlieutenant told me to come over by your trenches and try to hear

Continued on page 68

ACHES



WHEN a cold or exposure brings aches and pains that penetrate to your very bones, there is always quick, sure relief in Aspirin. It makes short work of headaches or any little pain. Just as effective in the more serious suffering from neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism or lumbago. No ache or pain is ever too deep-seated for Aspirin to bring relief, and it does not affect the heart. All druggists.

Aspirin is a Trademark Registered in Canada



ASPIRIN



MOTHER-MOTHER I'VE HURT MY WRIST

MARTHA. THESE COLD DAYS MAKE ME ACHE ALL OVER

MY RHEUMATISM IS PAINING ME BADLY!

For rheumatism, backache, lame muscles, sprains, stiff neck, bruises, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia use Sloan's Liniment. It eases your pain at once. Go to the drug store and get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for 35¢. It makes your pain go right away.

Sloan's Liniment

Beauty is skin deep and it fades!

BUT there is a kind of beauty that does not fade. It comes from fine vitality, and good health; from a fastidiously cared-for body, and a life of sane and controlled habits—from the correct practice of feminine hygiene.

But even in this frank, enlightened day, when it is not unladylike to discuss and understand this delicate phase of a woman's toilette, there is much misinformation abroad.

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PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS

No! No! Murgatroyd

Continued from page 67

some talk. He wanted to know if the Scotch were there. He does not like the Scotch."

"Don't blame 'im"? said Sergeant Hawkes with a grin. "All right, Professor. We'll make a dash back to our lines when this 'ere firin' lets up. They'll give yer a rousin' welcome in the orderly room."

Murgatroyd's heart stopped a beat. "But, Sergeant," he said quickly, "you're not going to make a prisoner of him, are yer?"

"Ask me another, young feller."

"But . . . but he's a friend of mine, Sergeant."

"In that uniform? A friend? Look out. I've got a split lip."

"He's the best friend I ever had, Sergeant. Couldn't you let him go? He used to give me singing lessons."

"Oh, ain't that nice"? said Sergeant Hawkes. "Blimey! Your folks didn't 'alf do you dirt, ma boy. First they calls yer Murgatroyd and then they go and 'ave you learned to be a singer! Who was it learned yer to come out 'ere, get a prisoner and let 'im go?"

"But they might not treat him well in the prisoner's camp, Sergeant."

"Wouldn't that be a shame! Maybe we could get 'im a suite of rooms at the Ritz."

"Don't kid me, Sergeant. What I mean is that our crowd have been pretty rough on prisoners ever since two of our men escaped from a prison camp in Germany and told the tale of what happens in them places. And they've been madder still since the stretcher-bearers were fired on last week. I'd hate a friend of mine to get into their hands."

Sergeant Hawkes rubbed his bristly chin, thoughtfully.

"Yes," he said, "they don't put on no kid gloves to 'em. I don't want to be 'ard on your pal, but if I let 'im go back to 'is own lines 'e'll be fightin' against us again . . . Tell yer what I'll do, straight. I'll see the Colonel, vouch for your friend's bein' a decent bloke and maybe 'e'll get 'im sent over to Blighty. Can't do more—and that's a bit too much."

The boy's gratitude almost choked him. "Sergeant," he said, "I only hope as how somebody'll do the same for you."

"Oh, yer do, do yer? Well, I'm . . ."

There was a deafening, screaming crash, accompanied by a blinding burst of light.

IT WAS broad daylight when Murgatroyd came to. He was lying on a stretcher. And there were other men on stretchers all about him. He tried to move, and couldn't. There was the sort of pain in his shoulder that he had no words to describe. He wondered where he was and how he came there. His mind was an absolute blank.

And then he recognized the big, bullet-head of Sergeant Hawkes on the stretcher beside him, and he pieced together the meeting, the shell-hole, and the argument like a bloomin' picture puzzle. They must both have been hit. Ah, then this was a forward dressing station. Yes, it was, by jove. He recognized the smell.

"Sergeant Hawkes"! he cried out. "Are you all right, Sergeant?"

The Sergeant nodded. He couldn't do more at the moment.

"And the Professor, Sergeant, is he . . . was he . . .?"

Sergeant Hawkes slanted his head ever so slightly towards another stretcher.

With a prayer on his lips Murgatroyd struggled painfully up on his good elbow. There, by the grace of God, was the walrus moustache of his pal.

"Max"! he called out. "Max, old bird"! There was a tremor in his voice.

The little singing-master opened his eyes and made a feeble attempt to smile.

"Max! Oh, Max, listen. Tatata—tatata . . ."

The little professor smiled again, shook his head and shaped his lips into: "No, NO, Murgatroyd" as his pupil went flat on the note that he had never been able to sing.

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A Load of Wheat

Continued from page 15

could not refuse his ultimatum. It was a low-spirited crowd who, taking turns, emptied their number one wheat into that car and went away with the price of number five. In many cases, because of the heavy roads, the entire load was exchanged for a check that would barely pay for a sack of flour.

Martin had stood often with that crowd that winter and several times left for home with a sack of flour and an empty purse.

It had taken everything he had to pay for putting in this year's crop. It gave a good yield, and now the long cold trips to town and the market had begun. A little snow was blowing from the northwest but as yet there was not enough to spoil the roads. He had heard rumors during the summer that the government was going to see that the farmers got a fair price for their wheat this year. Martin had little faith in such rumors; the government meant well, but the West was a big place. As he plodded after his load of number one he wondered if they were true; if so, he could go on farming; otherwise there was but one alternative, he would sell out at any price and go back east. He had not told Helen of these plans; it would be time enough when he knew what the market was. Helen loved their little home and knew that the move back east would be all because of her; nothing else would induce her husband to give up. Well, he would wait; he had little hopes, but Helen need not know how he felt. She must not be worried now.

While there were but two of them, hardships could be lived through, but soon there would be the third mouth to feed. Above all, it was no place for Helen to be at such a time, with the nearest doctor twenty-five miles away. "No, we'll go—we'll go back east!" Martin talked aloud as though his other self was urging him to stay on the prairie. The oxen, hearing his voice, thought he was urging them to more speed and quickened their pace. Soon they would reach the top of a hill from which they could see Dunville. It meant they were half way there.

THE sun was down when Martin placed his load in the already long line of wagons and found stable room for his team. Later he walked over to the pool room to inquire of the market conditions. Everyone he spoke to confirmed his suspicions: the old dishonest buyers were still there, though the price was a little better than it was the year before. Nothing definite was known concerning the purchase of the Clover Line elevators by the big eastern milling company as rumored, so the farmers were being bled of their living as before.

Martin slept little that night. He cursed himself for ever taking Helen out to such a place. He wondered if she was disturbed with such thoughts too. He tried to smile, but could not. There are times when one cannot be cheerful, and to him this was one.

Long before the sun appeared in the south-east, oxen were hitched to wagons and the men crowded near the platform to hear the fate of their wheat, but it was not until late in the morning that the prosperous buyer appeared. For a moment he gazed at the crowd, then with the smile of one who thinks he is doing a good deed, he announced that number four would be the grade of wheat for the day. Bad as it was, it brought a momentary gleam to some sad eyes. They had expected it to be number five.

Martin sensed something in the sudden rise in grade, and could he have spared the time he might have waited until the next day to sell. Yes, he told Helen he might do that. He was sorry for that lie but she would have worried had she known he was going to walk to Willow Valley. Well, he had to see Dr. Hobart that day, and even at the price of number four he would get a few dollars more than he expected, which would be very welcome.

It was almost noon when he reached Willow Valley and knocked at the doctor's door. Dr. Hobart came to the door and led his visitor into his office. As he

trotted around the room Martin couldn't help thinking how much he looked like Helen's old duck back on the farm. He was short and fat and just enough of his pleasant face showed through his whiskers to radiate his ever-present smile. Encouraged by that smile, Martin told the doctor of his mission.

Yes, it was a long way out in the country and he had other patients to attend, but he would come. He never refused a call anywhere. It was his work, his duty. For a moment the little man was silent. Suddenly he rose from his chair and asked to be excused for a few moments.

When he returned to the office Mrs. Hobart was with him. She, too, was a jolly little person, enough like her husband to have been his sister. The doctor introduced Martin to his wife telling him that Mrs. Hobart had a proposition for him to consider.

Without allowing Martin a chance to object, the little woman placed all the facts before him. He must bring Helen to Willow Valley for a few weeks to visit with her. It would be better for Helen, and the doctor would be near his other patients. Having already told the doctor of his financial position he could think of no plausible excuse for refusing their proffered kindness. He drew his wallet from his pocket, extracted the larger of the two bills it held and placed it on the table. The doctor smiled but made no move to take the money.

Neither the doctor nor his wife would see Martin start on his long walk without first having something to eat, so a few moments later he was laughing and joking over the dinner table with the happy couple. Even the knowledge that this added expense would hasten the sale of his farm could not dampen his spirit. It was with a light heart he bade his new friends good-bye and started for home.

There was still more than an hour of daylight left when he arrived back in Dunville. He secured the little coal and the few groceries needed, loaded them in his wagon and started for the homestead.

As he followed the wagon in the darkness he whistled cheerily. The creak of the oxen's hoofs on the frosty snow was music in his ears. With Helen away he would not need so much coal nor so many groceries. Luckily he had thought of that in time to save the dollar for train fare to Willow Valley. Once, the thought of having to leave the farm in the spring entered his mind. He suppressed the thought. After all, that was a little thing to worry about; greater problems now needed his attention.

IT WAS nearing midnight when the oxen shook their heads and trotted around the corner to the little branch trail that led to home and rest. The man, who engaged in thoughts of his own, had forgotten the team, laughed; it was an old habit which they never failed to think of.

There was a light in the house and the collie barked as he drew near, but no one came to the door. His heart sank. He leaped to the step, pushed open the door and entered. Helen met him as he crossed the room. She was sorry to have frightened him, but as she did not expect him until the next day she supposed Bubs was barking at the coyotes as he did every night. She did not tell him that she was lying down to save the little coal that was left for the morrow. Relieved of his fears, Martin smiled. To Helen's inquiry about the market he replied: "I've good news," and went out to attend to the stabling of his team.

When he returned with the little box of groceries under his arm, the fragrant smell of hot coffee reminded him that he had had nothing to eat since noon and in the meantime he had walked twenty-six miles. As he ate the lunch he related his trip to Helen across the table. When he spoke of the visit to Willow Valley she refused to think of going while times were so hard.

"But I can't go, Martin! How could we ever pay them, with the price of wheat so low? No—we can't afford it. It was

Continued on page 77

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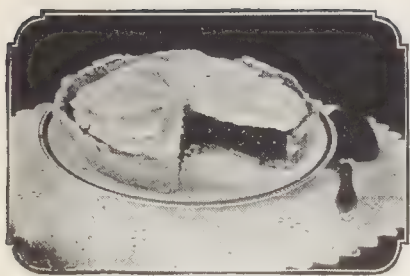
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 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
 1 cup Baker's Coconut
 1 teaspoon vanilla
 1 baked 9-inch pie shell
 4 tablespoons sugar
 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Combine flour, sugar, salt and chocolate. Add milk gradually, place in double boiler, and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour small amount of mixture over egg yolks, return to double boiler, add coconut, and cook 3 to 4 minutes longer. Add vanilla. Cool. Pour into pie shell. Top with meringue made by folding sugar into egg whites. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 12 to 15 minutes, or until delicate brown.

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Teraulay's Chance

Continued from page 20

would turn up at the most inconvenient moment.

TERAULAY put down the magazine and his scowl of concentration grew deeper.

"Time I was doin' something," he muttered to himself, and wondered how Parkinson and Co. would react to a request for a five-dollar raise.

The prospect was not one to dwell on, and he rose at length with a sigh to go upstairs and dress.

"Teraulay!" His aunt's voice came up from the nether regions, "I've ironed the creases in your trousers and inked the shiny place in the knee."

"Thanks," he answered without enthusiasm. Shiny places in the knee! Bah! Why wasn't he the centre of big business with more trousers than he knew what to do with?

The question was unanswerable, and in considerable gloom he dressed and made his way to the home of Aline, where even before he got near the house he discerned the presence of a hated red car in front.

"Damn him!" he muttered fiercely, and there was no doubt in his mind to whom the "him" referred. The ever-ready Mr. Mendle had arrived before him, and Teraulay could see his part of the entertainment limited to Betty.

However, his fears were groundless. "I'm sure you'll be so sorry, Teraulay," said Mrs. King, "but Betty's in bed with a bad cold."

Teraulay did his best to look sorry.

"How did she get it," he enquired.

"Driving in the car with Jarvis the other night."

"Serve her right," thought Teraulay, then said mendaciously: "I hope she soon gets better."

"Yes," said Mrs. King, "she would have liked to see you, poor child. I know how well you get on together."

Teraulay gave what he thought was a pleased smile of agreement, then was saved further deception by Aline, who made him feel that after all Jarvis might not be the most prominent feature on the amatory landscape.

Mr. King said nothing at all, and throughout supper suffered in silence the inconvenience of a high, white collar. His daughter's love affairs bewildered him. Her suitors came and went like tides on a sea shore, and he could only hope that one day some more purposeful tide would sweep her away and leave him in peace to eat his supper in his shirt-sleeves and no collar.

As for Teraulay, he was considerably hampered in his efforts to appear a light and airy man of the world by the baleful glare of Jarvis which was directed at him across the table.

Jarvis was a big, blonde youth with mighty arms and few ideas, but those he had were firmly fixed. One was that he wanted (and meant) to marry Aline; another that he hated Teraulay.

"Been to the ball game?" he asked, after a long pause during which Aline had vainly cudgelled her brain for some topic of common interest.

"No," said Teraulay shortly.

"Ah," said the blonde one complacently, and turned to Aline. "Coming to see me hit homers on Saturday?"

"Yes, I promised . . ." Aline hesitated and turned to Teraulay. "You come, too."

Teraulay shook his head.

"Sorry, but I'm playing myself."

"What—baseball?"

Jarvis looked in undisguised astonishment at Teraulay's modest proportions and unheroic appearance.

Teraulay flushed.

"No, quito."

"And what," said Jarvis politely, "is that?"

Aline interfered.

"What club do you play for, Teraulay?"

"The Parkinson Quoit Club," said Teraulay, conscious that the name did not sound so imposing as it might. "I'm their president," he added casually.

Jarvis laughed, but there was no merriment in the sound.

"Ah," he said with ponderous sarcasm, "throw horse-shoes around, don't you? I

used to do it when I was a kid, but gave it up because I found it too exciting."

"Same with me about baseball," said Teraulay, promptly. "I wanted a game with some skill to it, and throwing a ringer needs something more than batting a kid's ball around."

Jarvis breathed heavily and wondered what would happen if he did to Teraulay even half what he thought was necessary, but before he could decide Aline interfered again.

"Didn't you say something about a ride, Jarvis?"

"Yes," he said eagerly, "let's go down to the beach, Aline."

Aline turned to Teraulay. "You come too." It was more of a command than an invitation, and Teraulay, who had been about to say good-bye, cheered up a little.

Jarvis scowled and made a mental note that someone would walk home that night. That someone would be Teraulay.

ALMOST in silence they drove down to Sunnyside Beach, and the strain of watching Aline and his rival while he drove the car at the same time did nothing to improve Jarvis' temper. At his suggestion, they parked the car and strolled along the boardwalk. If he couldn't ditch Teraulay, then call him a dumbell.

And ditch Teraulay he did, but so complicated were his manoeuvres that he lost Aline as well, and arrived half an hour later to find them complacently eating ice-cream together.

"Lost you," he said, scowling at his rival.

"Yes," said Aline brightly, "we couldn't think where you had gone to, Jarvis."

Jarvis grunted and made private signs behind Aline's back.

"Get out!" he whispered fiercely, "or I'll bust you one!"

Teraulay winced. For the first time in his life he found himself face-to-face with primeval man, and the result appalled him. Then his eye fell on the pretty flushed face of Aline beside him, all unconscious of the crisis facing her cavalier, and he nerved himself for a great effort.

"Go to—go to Hades!" he whispered back ferociously, and summoned a scowl fully equal to Jarvis' best.

Jarvis clenched his fist, and Aline, turning suddenly, became aware of the by-play.

"What's the matter?" she inquired sharply.

Jarvis answered:

"I was just showing Teraulay how I hold the ball when I pitch."

"Oh," said Aline, "oh, yes—I think we'll go for another walk."

The rivals agreed, and presently leaving the crowd behind, they stopped at an isolated spot to watch some bathers.

"Can you swim?" asked Aline.

It was doubtful to which one the question was addressed.

Teraulay answered first.

"A little," he confessed, "but I haven't had much practice."

"Same with me," said Jarvis curtly; "the water spoils the muscles for baseball—the doctors'll tell you that."

"Oh," said Aline, "I didn't know—then what would you do if you saw anyone drowning—the man out there, for instance." She pointed to a swimmer some way out from the shore.

"Go in after him," said Jarvis at once, and chance it."

Aline turned to Teraulay.

"You would go in too, wouldn't you?"

Teraulay hesitated and stared thoughtfully at a small box behind with a life-buoy and drags on it.

"No," he said at last, "I shouldn't go in—I can't swim well enough."

"Coward," said Jarvis loudly, and boldly claimed Aline's hand. After the damning admission of his rival, it was all over in his opinion.

Aline forgot to withdraw the hand. She was looking at Teraulay, the man whose name required such great things—and there was nothing of admiration in her eyes.

"You would leave him to drown?" she asked.

"Yes, and pinch his clothes," said Jarvis loudly.

Aline withdrew her hand.

"You would leave him to drown?" she repeated insistently.

"No," said Teraulay, but before he could say more, the swimmer, now quite forgotten, solved the question himself.

With startling suddenness he threw up his arms and bellowed loudly for help.

Jarvis tore off his coat, then hesitated. Was it right for him to risk his life? Certainly the water looked very deep at that point—and cold.

"Go on," said Aline impatiently, "do something."

"Help! Help!" bellowed the drowning man.

"Quick!" said Aline, "or I'll go in myself!"

"You'll stay where you are," said Teraulay, ignoring the actions of his rival, who was slowly taking off his boots, he snatched the life-buoy and took his stance, just as he did Saturday after Saturday when he battled for the honor and glory of the Parkinson Quoit Club.

Then he threw. High in the air sailed the buoy—soared through an incredible arc—then plop! fell right on the drowning man's head. A magnificent shot.

The man settled the buoy around his waist, and discovering to his amazement that he was no longer in danger, ceased his frenzied shouting.

"Ringer," said Teraulay, in a voice he utterly failed to recognize; it was so cool and confident. "Counts two," he added inconsequently.

"Teraulay!" said Aline.

Jarvis sheepishly put on his coat, and as the rescued man paddled his way to shore, helped him out of the water.

For a moment he panted and puffed on the beach.

"Thought—I was a goner that time," he gasped. "Cramp—who—threw buoy?"

"This gentleman," said Aline, and Teraulay felt a warm hand impel him forward.

The man regarded him with interest. The buoy was still round his waist, and there was no doubt in his mind about the potency of the throw.

"Was that a lucky shot?" he demanded, "or could you do it again?"

"I think I could do it again," said Teraulay modestly.

"He's Teraulay Jones, President of the Parkinson Quoit Club," put in Aline.

"Ah," said the man understandingly, "so that's how you managed it. Well, sir, let me tell you you're a champion—if it wasn't for you I should be at the bottom, and if ever I can do anything for you, let me know—" He paused and eyed Teraulay keenly. "What do you work at?"

"Warehouse," said Teraulay, "Parkinson and Co."

"And your name is?"

"Teraulay Jones."

"Teraulay Jones," repeated the other, "that's a good name—inspires confidence. Mine's Huggins."

Teraulay started. "Of Dominion Motors?" he said involuntarily, and thought of his late literary exercises.

"Yes," said the other, "how would you like to come in with me? I can always use a young man of your initiative—you might even be president in time."

His words were more encouragement than anything but Teraulay's eyes shone.

"President: Teraulay Jones," he muttered, and looked at Aline to find her brown eyes beaming with a soft and respectful admiration. She was still thinking of the curt "You stay where you are," uttered by the man of action.

Suddenly Teraulay made a great decision.

"I hate to take advantage of an accident, sir," he said firmly, "but if you really want me, I'm looking for a job that will enable me to get married." And in full view of the discomfited Jarvis, he took Aline's hand—which was not withdrawn.



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Out of the Frying Kettle

By Gertrude Dutton

WHO does not enjoy French-fried potatoes, good dough-nuts, or well-seasoned, nicely browned croquettes? If the frying is done properly, such foods are not indigestible. Certainly anything soaked in fat is very hard to digest, but a reasonable amount of good fresh fat is in itself good food. Potatoes warmed in a frying pan with reasonable fat, all of which they absorb, certainly contain much more than those which are properly fried in deep fat. Fats which are heated to too high a point, "break down" as our chemist friends express it, into fatty acids and acrolein, which is the substance giving the irritating, unpleasant odor of smoking, burning fat. At this stage, it is certainly not fit to eat. For this reason, temperature is so exceedingly important in frying. On the other hand, too cool a fat will soak into the food, making it soggy and greasy, and anything but good.

The selection of fat is important. Butter is out of the question entirely, as it burns at too low a temperature. Lard is used very frequently, perhaps because we have so much of it, but is not so good as one of the vegetable oils, because it has a lower "splitting point," that at which it breaks down. The vegetable fats most commonly used are either corn or cottonseed products. They may be either solid or liquid, the only difference being that the solid fats have undergone a process in which more hydrogen has been added to them. The same fat may be used a number of times, if given proper care. After being slightly cooled, it is strained through double cheese-cloth to remove particles of food, and before using again, heated slowly with a few slices of raw potato cooked in it till the bubbling stops and the potato is browned. With each cooking, the breaking point is somewhat lowered, so that after a time the fat can no longer be used. This will be noticed if it smokes before hot enough to cook the food.

If one attempts to do much frying, a thermometer is a good investment. It insures accuracy and saves a great deal of work. All frying is done between 350 and 390 degrees. Doughnuts and fritters are done at about 370 degrees, potatoes, 350, croquettes, of cooked foods, at about 390. Raw foods require a lower temperature than those which are cooked, because time must be allowed for the material to cook all the way through. Food already cooked, merely requires to be heated through, and have a nice brown crust on the outside, and for this purpose a considerably higher temperature is desirable. If one has not a thermometer, at the high

temperature, a one-inch cube of bread will brown in 40 seconds, and at the lower, in 60 seconds. If the heating fat sputters, it indicates the presence of water, and nothing should be put in it till the water has evaporated, which will be at 212 degrees, long before the fat is hot enough for cooking.

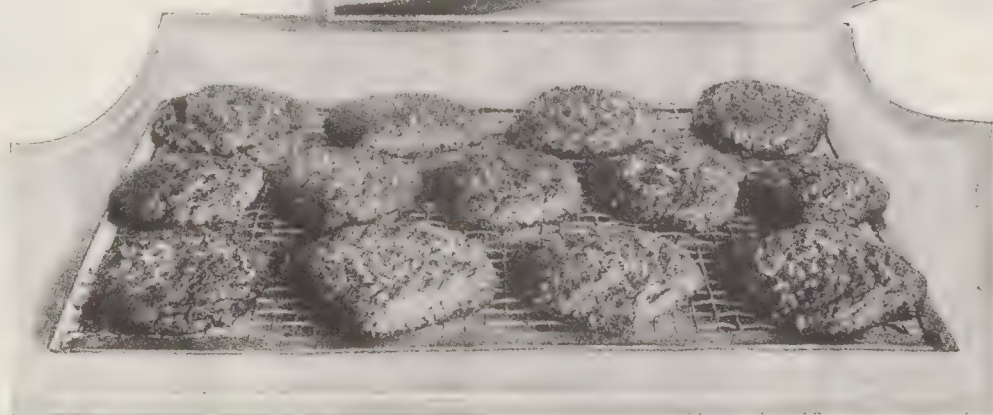
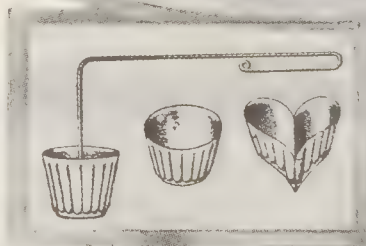
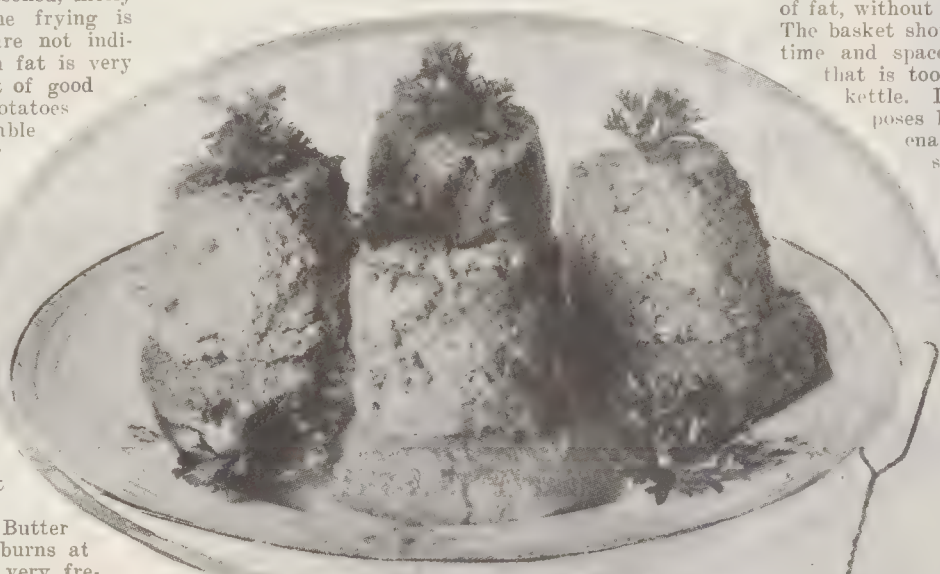
THE proper equipment for frying is a suitable kettle, a basket for most foods, or a perforated spoon and long-handled fork, with the proper irons for timbales and rosettes, and soft, absorbent paper on which to lay the cooked product. The kettle should be heavy to hold the heat, either iron or heavy aluminum, deep enough to hold about three pounds of fat, without spattering it over, and flat bottomed. The basket should fit the kettle, so as not to waste time and space if too small a one is used; one that is too large will of course, not go in the kettle. It can be used for many other purposes besides frying. The use of a basket enables one to put in and take out several doughnuts, etc., at one time.

Otherwise the last to be removed from the kettle may be over-done. Surplus grease should be absorbed on a piece of soft paper spread on a pan.

The crumbling of certain fried foods, such as croquettes, is important. The coating of such soft cooked foods with egg is necessary to prevent the absorption of fat. An egg is beaten slightly with a fork, then two tablespoons of cold water added. The croquette is rolled first in very fine bread crumbs, (free from dark bits), to give a surface to which the egg can cling, then in the egg, and again in crumbs, being sure that all spots are covered. If the crumbs are not uniformly fine, some of them will fall off during the frying, spoiling the appearance, and leaving bits in the bottom of the kettle to burn.

There are three types of foods which are fried—batters and doughs, such as fritters, doughnuts, drop cakes, timbales; cooked foods such as croquettes, which are just reheated; and a few raw foods like potatoes.

As soon as cold food is placed in the fat, it lowers the temperature of the fat, so that it is advisable to start with the fat a little higher than it should be for the actual cooking. All through the process, the temperature must be carefully watched. For this reason, one's whole attention should be given to the business of frying. Either the food to be fried should be prepared entirely before the frying commences, (some things are the better for standing for a time in a cold place before being cooked) or two people should work together. Too much food should not be cooked at the



Top:—Meat Cutlets form an excellent way of utilizing "left-overs" Centre:—Proper equipment for frying is a suitable kettle with basket to fit and proper irons for the timbales. Below:—Croquettes are improved by being dipped first in fine bread crumbs, then in egg and again in crumbs.

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same time. The kettle should not at any time be crowded. No two pieces of food should touch each other while cooking. There must be deep enough fat to completely cover the food being fried. When the food is a golden brown on all sides, lift it out of the fat, let drip over the kettle a few moments, then drain on the soft paper. Most fried foods should be served at once. Doughnuts, and timbales are exceptions.

MEN especially are fond of French fried potatoes, and they should be served to them occasionally, even though the children should be given potatoes cooked in some other way. The kettle should be quite deep because potatoes contain so much water that there will be considerable sputtering when it reaches the hot fat, and extra precautions should be taken to prevent burning one's self. The temperature must be low enough to be sure the pieces will be cooked right through, not merely browned on the outside. Fried potatoes should be prepared, cut in the shape desired, then allowed to stand for an hour or longer in ice cold water before frying, to be crisp on the outside and mealy inside. Wipe each piece carefully on a clean dry cloth, before putting in the kettle. Serve just as soon as possible after cooking, or they will become soggy, unless it may be potato chips, which are so thin that they may be re-crisped in the oven. When serving a large quantity of French fried potatoes, they may be fried to a very pale yellow at the lower temperature, drained, then when ready serve, brown and re-heat at the high temperature.

French Fried Potatoes

Select large evenly shaped potatoes, pare, cut in slices 1/3 inch thick, and the slices in strips. When ready to fry, wipe as dry as possible and fry only one layer in the bottom of the frying basket, at a time. They will require about 7 or 8 minutes. Sprinkle with salt.

Julienne Potatoes

Prepare as for French fried, but cut in much smaller strips—the slices not more than 1/8 inch, with the strips the same width. They will require the hotter temperature because they are so much smaller.

Potato Chips

The potatoes after being peeled, are cut in exceedingly thin slices. A special slicer is a convenience. The hot temperature is used for them, after soaking in cold water and drying well.

Potato Balls

Little round marbles are cut from potatoes, with a special cutter, and treated as French fried.

Souffled Potatoes

This is a method of cooking potatoes which some people like, but is too much labor for others. Cut large potatoes in 1/2 inch slices, lengthwise, soak in cold water, at least an hour, dry, and fry at a lower temperature for 5 minutes, then drain. When all are done, put a few in the kettle at a high temperature, and cook till brown and puffed, then dry in the oven.

Croquettes—Cutlets

These are made of cooked foods, usually with a foundation of thick white sauce, and are an excellent way of utilizing left-overs. Any combination of meat, fish, vegetables, cereals, may be used. A meat or fish, egg or cheese mixture may be used as a meat substitute, or the vegetable or cereal croquettes may be used with meat. The sauce may be tomato or brown sauce instead of one made with milk. For it, 1/4 c flour is used for each cup of liquid seasonings, butter 1/4 lb. according to the food with which it is combined. With it, mix chopped meat, chicken, fish, hard-cooked eggs, etc. Cook, spread

Continued on page 75



out in a pan, then shape in balls, cylinders, cones, or flat cakes, using the hands. If the mixture is sticky, use a little flour. Have ready the crumbs in two lots, one to dip the dry croquettes in, the other after dipping in the egg mixture. Let stand a little while to become firm, before frying.

Cheese Croquettes

Butter 3 tb. Cheese, grated 1 c.
Flour 4 tb. Salt, pepper, a few
Milk $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Yolks of 2 eggs.
Few grains of cayenne.

Make a white sauce of the milk, flour, butter, and seasonings, then add the unbeaten egg yolks, stir till well mixed into the sauce, then add the cheese and stir over hot water till it is melted. The amount of cheese may be varied according to taste. Spread on a platter or pan to cool, then shape, dip and crumb, and fry. Serve as a meat course. Tomato sauce, well seasoned, or crimped peas are good with them.

Rice Croquettes

To 2 c. cooked rice add the yolks of 2 eggs, 1 tb. butter, and salt if needed. Cool, and shape, crumb, and fry. May be used as a vegetable, or for a hot supper or luncheon dish. For sweet croquettes, add a little sugar, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ tb., and flavoring to the mixture, serve with syrup, jelly, or pudding sauce, as dessert.

Rice-Tomato Croquettes

Cook the rice in soup stock in a double boiler, using $\frac{3}{4}$ c. stock to $\frac{1}{2}$ c. rice, till the stock is absorbed. Add 1 c. highly seasoned strained tomato, and continue cooking till the rice is tender. Add 1 egg, unbeaten and when well mixed, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. grated cheese, 1 tb. butter, salt and pepper if needed, and spread on a plate to cool. Shape, dip in crumbs, egg, and crumbs and fry.

Macaroni Croquettes

The above recipe may be used for macaroni in place of rice, breaking the macaroni in $\frac{1}{2}$ inch pieces.

Salmon Croquettes

Salmon 1 can Milk 1 c.
Butter 1 tb. Flour 4 tb.
Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Pepper.

Make a white sauce of the milk, butter, flour, salt and pepper, add the salmon, from which the bones and bits of skin have been removed. Mix well, spread on a platter to cool, shape, crumb and fry. Serve with egg sauce, or tomato sauce, as a meat substitute for dinner.

Salmon Croquettes II

Mix equal parts of salmon, with the bones and skins removed, with hot mashed potato. Season well, cool, shape, and crumb and fry.

Salmon Rice Croquettes

Mix together equal parts of salmon and cooked rice, season, bind together with a slightly beaten egg, crumb, and fry.

Meat Croquettes

Use chopped cooked beef, lamb, veal, or chicken, with thick white sauce, or mashed potato, or boiled rice, and seasonings, shape, crumb, and fry.

Cutlets

Cutlets are made from croquette mixtures, but are shaped like cutlets, then dipped in crumbs, egg and again in crumbs.

Potato Cheese Balls

Season hot mashed potatoes with salt, butter, paprika, one or more slightly beaten egg yolk, and use $\frac{1}{4}$ as much grated cheese as there is potato. Shape, crumb and fry.

Potato Balls

Season hot mashed potatoes with salt, paprika, butter and chopped parsley. Mix with it a slightly beaten egg, shape in balls, roll in flour and fry in deep fat.

Orange Fritters

Divide oranges into sections, remove the seeds, dip in batter and fry.

Pineapple Fritters

Dip halves of slices of canned pineapple in batter and fry.

Banana Fritters

Peel the bananas, cut in halves, then each half again in the opposite direction. Sprinkle with lemon juice and powdered sugar, let stand, then drain if any juice is visible, dip in batter and fry.

Fritters and Timbales

Fritters are frequently served in hotels as separate courses, or with the meats, etc. In the family, there is no reason why they may not be used occasionally as a dessert. For them either a piece of food is dropped into the batter so that it is coated all over, in which case, the food must either be partially or entirely cooked, or of such a nature that it will be cooked as soon as the batter is; or the food is cut in small pieces and mixed in the batter which is dropped by spoonfuls in the fat.

Batters are of different kinds for various fritters, sweet and otherwise. Bread flour is used for them.

Timbales

Timbales are especially attractive for all sorts of special occasions. In them may be served creamed chicken, meat, fish, vegetables, or fruits, such as fresh strawberries. They have the big advantage of being just as good a few days after being made, so that they save work at the end of preparations for a party. If they are a little soft, they may be crisped in the oven.

Timbale Batter

Flour $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Sugar 1 t.
Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Milk $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Egg 1.
Oil used for frying, 1 tb.

Heat the timbale or rosette iron by plunging it in the kettle of hot fat and leaving it there till hot enough. The only way of telling that, is to dip the iron in the batter, and see if some sticks to the outside. Have some of the batter in a small bowl or a cup. Dip the hot iron, which has no fat dripping from it, in the batter till the latter comes about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way up the sides of the iron. Immerse in the hot fat, and cook till the timbale is brown. If the batter comes up over the top of the iron when cooked, it will be hard to get off. It should be slipped off the iron on to a piece of unglazed paper, and after re-heating the iron another timbale made. Nobody knows till she tries frying timbales, herself, how much fun, they are to make.

Rosettes are made in the same way, with the same batter, but with a different iron.

Doughnuts

No type of cake is better than perfect doughnuts. The dough should be as soft as possible. If well chilled before being rolled and cut, the result is apt to be better. Neither should they be too rich, or they will absorb more fat. About 370 degrees is the best temperature at which to try them. If they are to be sugared, use granulated sugar before they are cold, powdered sugar when cold.

Continued on page 76



How many of your Salads or Desserts can you put on Dress Parade?



Fruit Rice
Bavarian Cream



SOMETIMES the desserts and salads you are accustomed to serve, simply won't "fit" into a special luncheon or dinner. They are either too heavy or lack that "picture" effect you know is needed. What to have is the question.

There is an ever-appropriate answer in the Knox recipe books. For example, the salad and dessert shown here made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine are colorful, dainty dishes that you would be proud to serve at the most formal occasion. Yet, they are so easy to make—so inexpensive that you will love to have them often. Remember, too, there are no last-minute rushes. They are ready in your refrigerator.

One package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine makes four different salads or desserts of six generous servings each. In many recipes you can use leftovers or those familiar ingredients which you always have on hand. Many of the Knox recipes are ideal for children. For Knox Sparkling Gelatine is a pure protein, hence a perfect food to promote growth and strength.

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Use the leftovers in your refrigerator with Knox Sparkling Gelatine and see what delicious dishes can be made.



TOMATO JELLY (6 servings)

2 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water Stalk celery
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups tomatoes Few grains cayenne
2 tablespoonfuls 2 tablespoonfuls
onion juice mild vinegar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ bay leaf Few grains salt

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Mix remaining ingredients, except vinegar; bring to boiling point and let boil ten minutes. Add vinegar and soaked gelatine, and when gelatine is dissolved, strain. Turn into wet molds, and chill. Remove from molds to bed of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise or boiled dressing made with gelatine; or the jelly may be cut in any desired shapes and used as a garnish for salads or cold meats.

Note—If desired, the dressing may be forced through a pastry bag or tube for fancy salads.

FRUIT RICE BAVARIAN CREAM (6 servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water 1 cup cream, or
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar evaporated milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fruit cut in
1 cup cooked rice small pieces
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve over hot water. Add to hot rice and sugar, salt and vanilla. Beat well, cool, and when it begins to thicken, add whipped cream and one-half cup canned or cooked pineapple, canned or maraschino cherries, fresh or canned peaches, strawberries or cooked apples. Bananas or preserved figs with one tablespoonful lemon juice may also be combined with the rice mixture. Garnish rice mold with the fruit or a few nut meats. With fresh fruit, additional sugar may be required.

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Sour Milk Doughnuts

Sugar 1 c.	Salt 1½ t.
Butter 2 tb.	Soda ½ t.
Eggs 2.	Baking powder 3 t.
Nutmeg ¼ t.	Sour milk 1 c.
Cinnamon ¼ t.	Flour to roll.

Beat the eggs, add the sugar, melted butter, milk, and 2 c. of flour sifted with the other dry ingredients, then enough more flour to be able to handle it. Roll 1/3 inch thick, and fry.

Peach Fritters

Peel fresh peaches, cut in fourths dip in batter and fry.

Apricots, pears or apples may be used in the same way as peaches, or the canned fruits may be drained from the syrup and used.

Apple Fritters

Cut sour apples in pieces, after paring and coring, stir in batter and drop by spoonfuls in the hot fat. Sprinkle with powdered sugar. Or pare, core and slice apples in 1/3 inch slices, dip in batter II, and fry.

Fried Celery

Wash the celery, and cut in 3 inch pieces. Dip in a batter made of ½ c. flour, ½ t. salt, pepper, 1/3 c. milk and one beaten egg. Fry in deep fat, and serve at once.

Fried Egg Plant

Slice an egg plant, pare, sprinkle with salt, weigh down with a plate, and let stand an hour or two, to drain. Dry with a cloth, sprinkle with salt, dip in batter and fry, or dip in flour, egg and crumbs and fry.

Fried Cauliflower

Boil cauliflower till partially tender, divide into flowerets, dip when cold into the batter for fried celery, and fry.

King George's Household Expenses

Continued from page 6

voluntary contribution to the treasury of £100,000, besides giving generously to the many funds floated in that critical time.

After the Armistice, however, it is a fact that Their Majesties could not "make both ends meet," in spite of all their restriction of expenses. For a time the debit balance was met out of prudent royal savings accumulated for that purpose. When this was no longer possible, His Majesty decided to realize some of his capital rather than agree to any Government action that might entail a charge on the public funds. So the Duchy of Lancaster was depleted of £100,000, with the result that the King's income thereafter was at least £5,000 a year less than it had been.

In view of all these facts, I therefore propose that, if and when it shall please God completely to restore our beloved Monarch to the service of the nation and the Empire, Parliament shall increase the Civil List by a further £100,000 a year. That would strike a very practical and comforting note in the general "Te Deum." Such a celebration of the happy event would, I feel sure, win the applause of all our people at home and abroad—including even the most ardent of Socialists!

Byways and Highways

By Miriam Heideman Krarup

*A few small byways
Hold our minds—
A million highways
Nature finds.*

*My small woes fade
Like morning mists
Before the sky's
Wide amethyst!*

A Load of Wheat

Continued from page 69

kind of them to offer their help though." There was a faint note of disappointment in her voice as she spoke those last words.

Martin was silent; he knew all she said was true, but he must make her believe that she should go. He thought there were better times ahead and if he painted his hopes a little brighter than they really were, well, the occasion would excuse him. As he pushed his chair back from the table Helen came and sat on his knee. They often spent an hour after supper discussing the prospect of crops and markets; they had even talked of building a little frame house—if the crop turned out well. Tonight their conversation did not turn to such subjects. The one thing now was to convince Helen that they could afford her the little visit to the doctor's wife.

"Helen!" Martin's voice was steady and he spoke determinedly. "I never believed the stories about the big milling company buying those elevators in Dunville, but since I saw that buyer's face yesterday I'm sure there's something in it. They are making the best of the time that is left, still they are beginning to fear something." As Helen did not speak, he continued. An idea had formed in his mind. "I've already paid the doctor ten dollars, and with you there I can live on less and hold the wheat a few days longer. It can't go lower, that's certain, and I still have a little left from yesterday's load. Helen nestled closer in his arms. He hugged her gently, lifted her from his lap to the chair. He would show her the dollar.

He searched the two side pockets of his coat; but, they were empty. Half-heartedly he reached into the inner pocket. Of course it wouldn't be there; he seldom used that pocket at all. His fingers touched a paper, probably some old bill; but he wondered when he saw it. It was an envelope and in the corner was Dr. Hobart's return address. Still wondering, he tore it open and found the ten dollar bill he had left on the table in the doctor's office. There was no message with it but Martin knew well how it all had happened. The doctor was that kind of a man. This was what he had been up to when he left the dinner table saying there was something he must attend to before he forgot.

It surprised and troubled Martin, but he must not let Helen know. He handed the money to her and truthfully told her he had received a better price for his wheat than he had expected. Nothing more was said, but Helen agreed to go to Willow Valley.

The following Monday he loaded a small quantity of wheat on his wagon and they started early to Dunville. The train arrived on time and after he saw Helen safely on board he called the doctor on the phone telling him she was on her way.

He drove around to the car and sold again at the price of number four. For the first time in five days the old weary look appeared on his face. It would take all he had to keep them through the winter at that rate.

As he walked down the street a well dressed man stepped up to him and spoke. His face seemed familiar. Oh, yes, this man was looking at his wheat while he was at the station. The stranger asked Martin what grade he received for his wheat, and was told "Number four."

"NUMBER FOUR!" The man fairly shouted the words. "Why, that was num-

ber one wheat. If you have any more like that load bring it around to one of those red elevators down there. I'll buy it." He pointed towards the elevators and strode down the street. As he watched him, Martin thought he could see the man's hands clench in his big mittens.

A storm arose the next day which lasted for six days. After it had cleared Martin loaded his wagon once more and set out for town. He had hopes, but he did not let them rise too high. It was better, he thought, to be surprised than disappointed.

The man greeted him as he drove into the elevator. He ran a few handfuls of the wheat through his fingers and turned to Martin. "Got much more like that?" he asked. Martin kept a record of all his sales and answered quickly: "I still have a little more than nine hundred bushels, but I'll need to keep one hundred for seed." Something in the man's voice told him there would be no need to sell the farm as he planned.

While Martin stood staring at the check for his load, the buyer wrote hurriedly in another book. He handed it to the dazed man and waited. It was a contract calling for eight hundred bushels of number one wheat to be delivered before March. Would he sign it? Fearing he would awaken and find it all a dream, Martin grasped the pen, signed his name and passed the book back. An hour later he stepped into Wall's store with the money and contract both in his pocket. Mr. Wall called him to the counter and told him that Dr. Hobart had called on Saturday leaving word for him to come to Willow Valley as soon as possible.

With misgivings as to what bad news awaited him now he started out once again on the eight-mile walk. The message was two days old. A lot might happen in that time. Would he find Helen waiting for him to come or—? He brushed the question away and ran a little way. It must be all right or the doctor would have left word. Of course that was it—Helen had sent for him—and he was coming.

He paused breathless at the door, fearing to enter and find what might await him. He looked at the windows, and saw they were all lighted. Reassured by the lights he rang the bell and waited.

Mrs. Hobart answered the bell and hurried him into the kitchen. He must be warm before he could see Helen. Then she was all right? Mrs. Hobart laughed, "Of course she's all right," but she would tell him no more. He must see for himself.

The little woman took him to the room where Helen lay and left him. With a cry of joy he knelt at her side and seized both her hands in his. Neither spoke. Their happiness could not be put into words. Helen drew one of her hands from his and turned down the covers at her side. She laughed at the look of surprise on Martin's face. She would not let him take the little fellow up but he reached over and squeezed the tiny hands until Helen replaced the covers.

"I have a little surprise too," Martin chuckled as he took the money and contract from his pocket and handed them to his wife. She read the paper, gave a little cry of delight, then thought a moment. As she looked up into Martin's face she murmured: "Then we won't have to give it up?" And his smile answered "No."

I Had a Dream

By J. N. MacKinnon

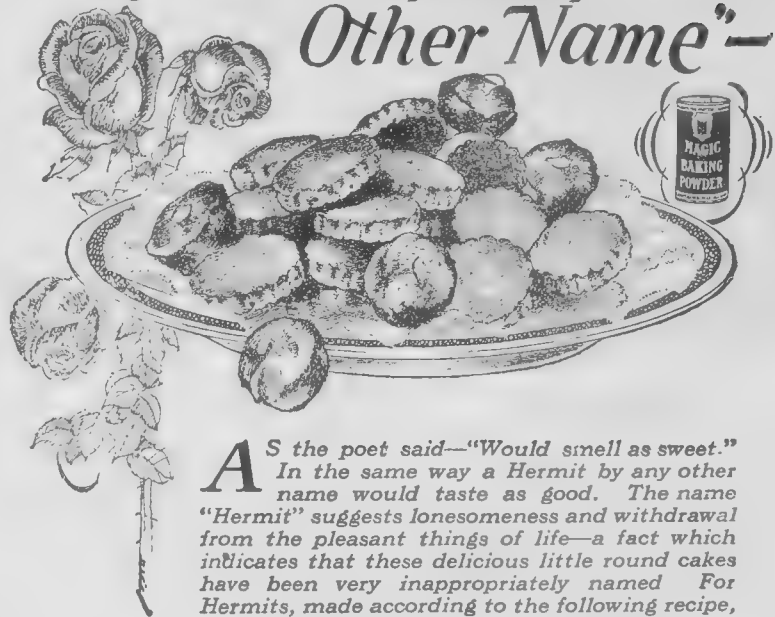
I dreamt my years were seven,
And Betty's just but three;
We're playing in her daddy's yard,
Just as we used to be;
I'm showing off for Betty,
Beneath the apple tree;
For I am only seven,
And Betty just but three.

I dreamt my years were seven,
I'm racing by the sea;
To save my darling little pard,
From sharks and things, but gee,

When I grab hold of Betty,
And yelled, "just cling to me,"
She called to witness, heaven,
Then gave this lecture free.

"I told you so," said Betty,
"I warned you sir," said she;
"Your nightmare would be pressing hard,
But you would have your spree;
Fat doughnuts six or seven,
Cucumbers with your tea,"
Alas I'm sixty-seven,
And BETTY'S SIXTY-THREE.

A Rose by any Other Name—



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1 cup butter	1 teaspoon each of allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg
1½ cups sugar	
3 eggs	2 cups flour
1 cup raisins stoned and chopped	2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder

(If too dry and liquid is required, add a little cold water)

Cream together thoroughly butter and sugar, then with a wooden spoon work in raisins and spices, then the well beaten eggs, then flour and baking powder which have been sifted together, roll out and cut with very small cutter. Bake in moderate oven about 10 minutes.

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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 60

on their unlucky trip just one night be-
fore they had been attacked by the
brigands. Therefore this road was the
very one Renée had travelled so long
ago! She shuddered. Yesterday.

When the landlord left them in their
room, Peter turned to her. They faced
each other. And Peter wanted to kiss
her; it was almost overpowering. Yet
he had promised never to, again. And
she was looking at him as if she would
let him. He could not. He must not pre-
sume; he must not make it harder for
her. But then she was in his arms and
he was kissing her without a word, and
he could see nothing. He felt her push-
ing him away gently. He groped for the
door, opened it . . . He was going down
the stairs . . . he was on a horse, riding
somewhere . . . riding to get Monsieur de
la Place to take her away.

Peter rode hard. The highway wound
in and out among the hills. It was a
mountainous country in which he seem-
ed to be cutting to the left all the
time. About two o'clock he caught sight
of the town and was soon galloping down
the main street, scattering the children
and dogs. He inquired for the governor's
residence and was directed to a chateau
half a mile away. He found Monsieur
de la Place there—a tall, handsome man
who had been wounded in the wars and
had retired in the service of his king.

Peter had difficulty in getting through
the guards with his ragged clothes, but
the jewelled hilt of his sword, which he
displayed ostentatiously, was for once
an advantage. He raised such a clamor
that they sent to inquire of the governor
whether a ragged peasant with a jewel-
led sword might be permitted to see him.
Upon hearing the nature of Peter's er-
rand Monsieur de la Place rushed out
of the chateau himself and interviewed
Peter in the courtyard. Peter told his
tale hurriedly. The governor was over-
come at the fate of the Duprès family.

He was already much aware of these
brigands, he said. They must be exter-
minated. It was atrocious, horrible! He
gave excited orders. In half an hour
they were off at a full gallop, Peter
mounted on a fresh horse, his borrowed
one being led by an attendant. Peter was
very, very tired. He did not know what
was happening to him. Forgetting his
promise to Renée that he would be Peter
the horse-boy when he saw her again,
forgetting that he could never really
marry her, his one desire was to see her,
to press her lips to his, to press his tired
heart close to hers.

Monsieur de la Place refused to go to
the inn by the highway; he knew a short
cut which wound more directly among
gulches and valleys and hills. Thus they
cut off at least four miles. They reached
the main road a couple of miles below
the inn and were soon galloping up to
the door. Two of Monsieur's soldiers
threw themselves from their horses and
helped Peter and Monsieur de la Place
to dismount.

Monsieur de la Place ran up to the
landlord. "The Lady Renée is safe?" he
cried.

The landlord spread his hands. "I do
not know, Monsieur."

"Well, tell her than Monsieur de la
Place has arrived and waits below at
her service."

"Monsieur," said the landlord, "the
lady left these three hours ago."

"What! Where? Where did she go?"

"A gentleman, Monsieur, whose name I
do not know, but whom the lady called
Philippe, took her away."

Peter reached them just in time to
hear the last words. He was falling for-
ward. One of the servants caught him.
"Away!" he cried, his face ghastly.
"Gone away!"

"Yes, Monsieur," said the landlord
again. "The lady left here these three
hours ago."

(To be continued next month)

Primrose Day

By Julia W. Wolfe

APRIL 19th is a day on which many
thousand English people of all ranks
and ages, appear in the streets wearing
the pretty, simple English wildflower, the
primrose. The reason of this is that the
primrose was the favorite flower of the
late Lord Beaconsfield, the famous states-
man, orator and novelist, and the 19th
of April, 1881, was the day on which he
died.

The primrose is therefore worn, as it
has been worn every year since, by those
who admire Lord Beaconsfield, and who
desire to pay annual honor to his memory.
The gentle little flower may thus be said
to have become a party badge, for it is
only Tories, followers of Lord Beacons-
field, in politics, who for the most part
display it in buttonholes.

It was this fact which caused the Tory
ladies, who, several years ago, banded
themselves together into a political society
for electioneering purposes, to call their
society by the now famous name of the
"Primrose League." So fanciful a tribute
was, perhaps, never paid regularly for so
long a period to the memory of any other
deceased statesman, and shows that Lord
Beaconsfield had won a more secure place
in the hearts of large numbers of his
countrymen, than the world had suspected.

But this is by no
means the first time
that a flower has
been adopted as a
political badge, or as
a symbol full of sug-
gestive meaning. In
the War of the Roses,
roses of different
colors were the
badges of the con-
tending factions, the
Lancastrians adopt-
ing the red rose, and
the Yorkists the
white. The symbol
of French royalty,
when it reigned, was
the three-petalled
fleur-de-lys.



Some countries have their distinctive
national flower. In Japan, the "land of
politeness and blossoms," cherish their
brilliant chrysanthemums; the Egyptians
in like manner, the delicate heliotrope;
the Assyrians the water-lily; and the
Hindoos the marigold.

The Greeks and Romans, even, were
wont to assign the varied beauty of
their gardens to their gods and goddesses.
For instance, the lily was the flower of
Juno; that of Venus, the myrtle; that of
Ceres, the sleep-giving poppy; and
Minerva the violet; while Bacchus had the
vine; Mars the ash; Mercury the palm;
and Apollo the laurel.

The ruder nations of the North in like
manner chose flowers as decorations for
their deities. Those days of the week
which were named from the deities were
assigned each its symbolic plant; the
sunflower for Sunday, the daisy for
Monday, the violet for Tuesday, and
so on.

The Christian church has not been
behind its pagan predecessors following
in this picturesque custom. The saints'
days and other church holidays have
their symbolic flowers. On Palm Sunday,
palms are still carried by the members of
several denomina-
tions. The holly is
the Christmas sym-
bol, and the ama-
ranth for All Saints'
Day.

In heraldry floral
emblems are very
often to be found
embazoned on the
coat-of-arms of
princes and nobles.
As the fleur-de-lys
was that of French
royalty, so is the rose
the floral emblem on
the English escut-
cheon. The Irish dis-
play the shamrock,
the Scots the hardy
thistle.



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Clothes for the Fat, Florid Woman

By Anne Rittenhouse

THIS type of woman is difficult to dress and is rarely pleased with her appearance. She is tall, she is stout, she is large in frame and highly colored. Both figure and coloring suggest three nourishing meals a day, with sugared pastry instead of dry toast at the tea hour.

Invariably this woman loves the pleasures of life. She should be happy, but when she considers clothes is easily discouraged. She cannot wear what the short, stout, bulky woman wears, whose figure is probably out of gear through carelessness and lack of correct exercise and proper corsets; she cannot adopt the clothes of the thin, wrinkled type which shows emaciation; the long, sweeping draperies of the large structured Nordic type are too sensational, two classic for her figure and carriage.

The fat florid woman faces a perilous problem in clothes from girlhood to old age—one she rarely solves with complete satisfaction. As a rule she is not the kind who easily submits to diet, to sacrifice of any kind, for, being well and happy, she admits no urgent reason to risk the destruction of these excellent contributors to well-being.

Clothes fret her because she is compelled to modify prevailing fashion to her face and figure. Yet she has her merits and demerits, and she need not be discouraged when she learns that her merits should be accentuated so they will not appear as defects, and her demerits must be skilfully concealed by the art that comes from taking thought.

Such women cannot walk into a shop and quickly buy a frock. When they are successful it is an accident which they are tempted to proclaim triumphantly through a megaphone. Their path through the maze of dress is a devious one. Their stern effort should be to find a secure path that leads to success, and, finding it, keep in it. They shrewdly realize that curiosity leads to temptation and usually to failure.

If they buy their clothes casually, hastily, they waste money, which is a kind of extravagance they never cease to regret.

WHISTLER, the artist, once said to a friend who had arrived in London from America: "Is it with you in the States as with us in England, that a woman will possess a perfect house, then put one terrible thing on the mantel to give her taste away?"

One might say the same of clothes as Whistler said of art. Any woman may buy and wear a costume perfect in color and conception, then place one hideous thing against it that will expose to the public her utter lack of good taste; and no woman is so apt to do this and so easily judged guilty in the act as the large, stout, florid type.

Her continuous creed should be elimination, neatness, neutrality. If she can succeed in making a good appearance through the working of this creed, the problem of how to dress is solved for life and a serenity of soul and tranquillity of mind regarding clothes is achieved.

Men, and certain types of women, are scornful, derisive, satiric at the assumption that a woman's costumery is able to change and deflect into other channels her qualities of mind and spirit. The world is full of such scoffers, ignorant of the reactions of human nature. They blink at facts. The outstanding truth is that woman's outward appearance either soothes or irritates her inward peace.

It would be better if the Anglo-Saxons in mass would face the essential crudities of human nature with the frankness and forgiveness of the Latins, especially in relation to dress. There might be a better application of remedies. We think that by refusing to acknowledge physical and moral weakness we may sooner eliminate it. Curious doctrine this, but strongly entrenched in the national mind. A segment of this doctrine is our hesitation to acknowledge how much our sartorial appearance governs our moods and attitude toward life

and influences people's attitude toward us. The florid woman who indulges in self-deception or who waves away with a gesture of bravado the limitations her type puts upon her clothes, is more brave than wise.

Her type is one that can be made or marred by a single accessory. Dangling earrings may ruin her loveliest gown. A red feather in the hat may discount whatever charm is in her face. A badly tightened waistline or compressed hips may destroy the sweep of her figure. A necklace may banish whatever is good in her shoulders.

The slender, pale woman who can put rouge on her face and drape her thin neck with pearls, who can add Oriental rings to her feather like fingers, is not a good example of fashion for the big, vivid woman to imitate. She whose cheeks are highly colored, whose neck is short and thick, whose bones are big, whose hands are massive, whose head is large must remember that whatever accentuates these features is to be avoided. From dawn to midnight her physical possessions must be toned down.

The elimination of non-essentials is the foundation stone on which the structure of all her clothes should be built. Ask a successful woman of this type the secret of her success in costumery and she answers that she struggles continuously for the perfection of order, for requisite cleanliness.

A lock of hair out of place, a shoulder strap slipping above the décolletage of the bodice, an unbrushed boot, a hook and eye that shows, a collar ruffled, a belt creased, a bad joining of two garments at the waistline, a white corset cover revealed beneath a dark, transparent bodice, these are sad mistakes for the fat florid woman. She might well try to imagine herself under military inspection to compel her to give strict attention to each detail of her costume; or she might think of herself as a square-rigged ship about which every line must be taut and trim. The moment she becomes careless, she looks unseaworthy.

This work of constant supervision requires time. No woman should suppose it can be done by the reaching out of a hand. The effort to be both clean and orderly means a battle that is never finished.

THE possession of a large figure with unusual height, bulk, and high coloring presents a more difficult problem to youth than middle age. It is the Canadian girl and the young matron who find such physical personality a stumbling block in the way of accepting new fashions.

One expects middle age to be matronly in appearance. The woman of fifty may have subdued her desire for gay colors and useless furbelows, but youth, which in this era we reckon as somewhere under thirty-five years, has not conquered such desires. They sweep over a woman like a tidal wave. She wants to dress like those in the "pony" class. She yearns for Oriental tea gowns, Slavic sport clothes, Chinese street frocks. The glow of a Turner sunset and a Maxfield Parrish sea scene express her ideas of tone and tint in costumery. Yet such colors are not for her. Self-control must be her watchword. She must look through a protective grill built up by common sense at clothes

that accentuate and commonize what Nature has given her.

Yet despite this handicap, she can work out her salvation in a delightful manner if she faces and accepts the truth about herself, then goes to work to soften it. She may abhor the florid tone of her skin, for it is opposed to the Bermuda-lily whiteness which fashion decrees, but she can dress up to that coloring in a manner that puts her above the average woman. She must persistently keep before her consciousness that her type is one of health, that she is the rose and not the lily.

Foolish futilities in costumery are to be ignored. She must regard them as deadly germs that will destroy. She may want a straight, narrow frock of terra cotta silk printed with large black figures and girdled with a silken cord at the hips, but it is not for her. She should not wear cretonne sport suits, nor tea gowns that look like national flags, nor dance frocks suggested by Bacchus. She should not adopt coquettish Victorianism nor attempt the boyish contour. Above all, she should not wear very short skirts, no matter what her companions do or what fashion dictates.

No matter what her age, a girl of this type is wise to choose matronly colors and sedate lines, for they permit her personal brilliancy to proclaim itself. For public places she will find that dark blue, black, gray, deep brown, and certain tones of beige are excellent.

There may be ruffles, there may be girdles and short sleeves in her costumes, but the effect must be subdued. She will find Grecian lines admirable. In being able to wear them well she rises above other young women in an assemblage: her appearance seems to proclaim that, being unusual, she can wear these ancient draperies with power, as once said the sister of a French king when the court around her exploited the silly gewgaws of an artificial era, showing even more artificial against the dignity and majesty of her costume.

Black was once forbidden to the young but it is worn now by any girl who desires to copy the costumery of her grandmother. A string of pearls is a youthful touch and rarely is it neglected. There is no age to which black and white are relegated. Those in mourning do not absorb these colors.

Taupe is another matronly color adopted by the type of girl under discussion. In silk net, with a dripping fringe of autumn leaves or flowers of velvet, she accepts a gown that is almost standardized for young women who have no chance to be thin, pale, or sinuous. Copper brown is also good. It can be worn in the evening and in the street. None of these acceptable colorings should be limited to evening dress. They go well in street clothes, especially in one-piece frocks.

There is danger to the big, florid woman, by the way, in the one-piece frock and top coat unless the frock is of thin, clinging fabric and the coat is slimly cut and not fashioned of sturdy or conspicuous material. The assembling of a frock and coat of fabric in the usual winter weight makes a bulky costume on a bulky person. It is unwise to choose a top coat of material that stands away from the figure. It is wiser to choose dull satin, soft cloth, pliable velvet, depending on the lining for the necessary warmth.

Rough coarse furs are not for these women. Pliable peltry is necessary. It changes its name and its coloring too many times in one decade for any specific pelt to be offered as correct, but the avoidance of any hide that grows coarse hairs is all that is necessary. The use of peltry as a profuse trimming to a fabric coat is not advisable. The fashion of lining soft cloth with fur is permissible only to the slim.

Capes are suitable for the big florid woman, especially when slightly circular. They should suggest Greek drapery in their downward swirling folds. The coat that has a short cape added to it is only for a slender figure. A large woman does well to fear it.



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CJ-14

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Delightful Creations Feature Spring's Parade

Materials play a large part in the beauty of prevailing fashions. The new soft silk and wool tweeds, the lovely mixtures of rayon and wool so charming for... the little frock, the serges and reps, crepes and printed crepes and chiffons, linens, both plain and printed, and all the cotton prints are doing their part in beautifying the mode ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

..... Photographs by courtesy of
Holt Renfrew and Co. Ltd.

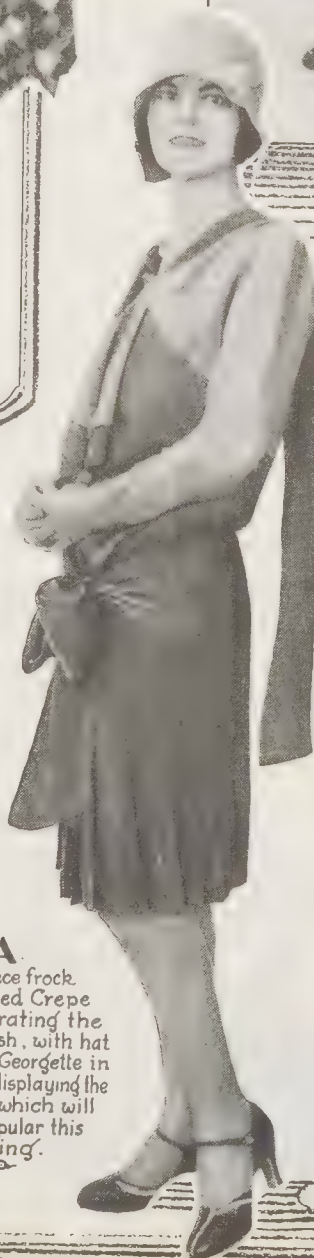
Individuality is depicted in this... unique ensemble of Elizabeth Crepe in Cobalt Blue finished with a model felt in Byrd Blue presenting the Tricorn shape * * * * *



A collar of Fox has been adopted by this coat of Rodier's Kasha... while the hat of Paris Meme straw features the new Snuggle neck line * * * * *



A two piece frock of two toned Crepe Lido illustrating the front tie sash, with hat of stitched Georgette in Diege tone displaying the tab back which will be so popular this Spring.



An attractive combination of Sun Tan Kashmirella over Flat Crepe of the same shade and French hat of Tricot in the new Lido Sand shade * * * * *



The vogue for knitted fabrics finds expression in this Sports Suit of Angora wool interwoven with bands of tinsel mesh finished with a gold belt. The hat is a Gage model of French felt introducing the new fan pleated brim. * * * * *





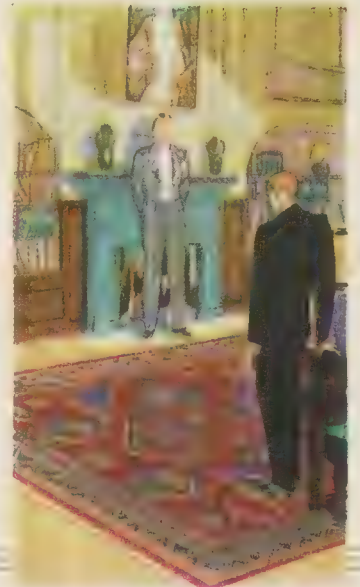
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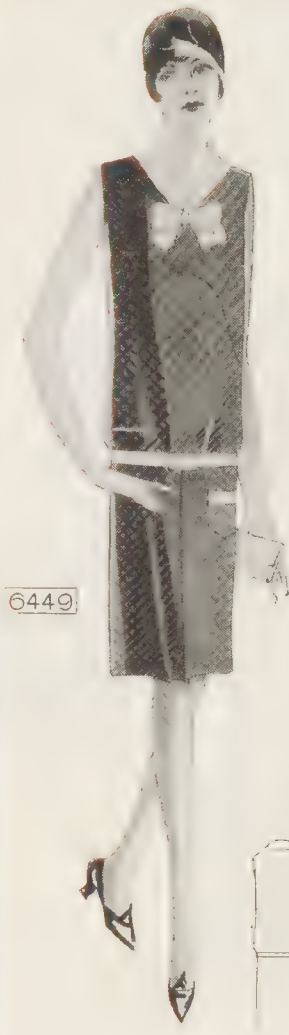


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binding requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. If made with long sleeve portions the dress will require 3 yards of 40-inch material for a 10-year size. Price 25c.

6433—Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. For small vestee, collar, belt, and cuffs of contrasting material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 39 inches wide is required cut crosswise. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plait fulness extended is $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards. Price 25c.

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Patterns of above mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps.
The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Novel Ideas for Simple Garments

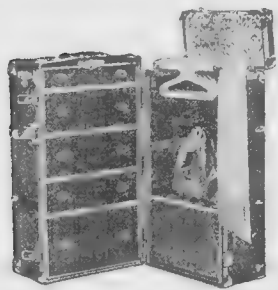


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BAIGIE

6441—Figured percale is pictured here with bias binding for a finish. This model is also attractive in dimity or lawn, or in sateen. Unbleached muslin with stitchery in colors is also suggested. The apron has gathered fulness at the sides. It is cut circular and falls in graceful folds. Strap portions hold the apron on the shoulders, and are crossed over the back and fastened to the front at the sides. The pattern is cut in one size—medium. It will require $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch material, together with $8\frac{1}{3}$ yards of bias binding put on as illustrated. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6453—This is an excellent model, comfortable and convenient. The front is gathered below a square yoke. The body portion of the back is buttoned to the waist portion under the belt, which holds the fulness of the front at the waistline. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with a band cuff or short above the elbow. Legbands confine the fulness of the leg portions. Pongee, rep, cotton prints, Peter Pan cloth, madras and cotton broadcloth are suggested for this style. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 1 year, 2 and 3 years. To make the garment for a 2-year size will require 2 yards of 32-inch material. To make collar, belt, sleeve bands and legbands of contrasting material, will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 32 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6452—Printed voile was chosen for this trim little model, with organdy for collar, cuffs and belt. Jersey, flannel or cotton broadcloth for trimming is suggested. Soft fulness is created at the yoke line below oblique slashes. Plait inserts give graceful and comfortable fulness to the skirt portions of the front. The sleeve is a popular model. The dress opens at a slash below the collar. The pattern for this style is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. To make a 6-year size as illustrated in the large view will

require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material. Facings of contrasting material on collar and belt, and cuffs will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36 inches wide, and cut crosswise. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6440—For the morning household duties—this apron frock is very desirable. It has comfortable lines, and attractive style features. Deep shaped yoke portions, that are cut with short sleeve extensions, for the upper part of the frock. The tab extensions are crossed at the centre, over the opening below the V-neck. Serviceable pockets and a convenient belt, complete this model. Percale was used in this instance, with cambric for yoke, pockets and belt. One may use crepe, cotton prints, dimity or zephyr. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large 46-48 inches bust measure. To make this style for a medium size will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide. To face yoke, belt and pockets with contrasting material will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36 inches wide. To trim with bias binding as illustrated requires 6 yards. The width of the frock at the lower edge with plaits extended is 48 inches. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6443—This comprises a waist or brassiere portion to which a yoke petticoat is joined. The back may be cut in a deep V. Crepe de chine and lace are here combined. A simple finish of veining, hem stitching or narrow edging is suggested. Rayon, radium silk, and washable satin are also suitable for this garment. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. To make a medium size will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 36 inches wide. To trim as illustrated in the large view will require 2 yards of wide lace edging for the skirt portions, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard for the upper part of the front, for a medium size. To trim front and back requires $1\frac{1}{3}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



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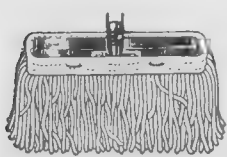
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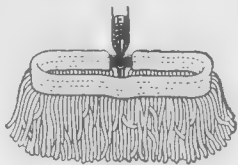
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## The Mating of Jacques Thorelle

Continued from page 11

everything that the other was not, as clean as the great world of Nature to which it was so evident he belonged. "I am but a lowly trapper," he informed her, "but I own a cabin such as few can boast, only it sadly needs care, for Caesar and I have been sorry housewives."

A flash of humor crossed her face. "Sir, I thank you for your courtesy," she replied, as she put away the dog and rose from her chair. "I will wed, Monsieur, though I must own now that it was none of my choosing, coming out thus to be mated."

He stepped up close beside where she stood, her small burnished head just level with his breast—

"And have my assurance, Mademoiselle, that it certainly is none of my choosing; merely a little experiment upon the part of His Majesty." But I intend to make the best of a bad job, and I advise you to do the same. And please understand right away that no woman need expect tenderness from Jacques Thorelle!"

The little figure beside him stiffened and straightened itself, while the small hands clasped themselves tightly by her side. It was to be a fight then! Well, he should find that she could meet scorn with scorn, disdain with disdain; she would be as cold as the blue light which even now flashed from his eyes, almost as though he hated her!

"Monsieur," she almost whispered, "fret not thyself, I feel sure that the dog will not fail to show me kindness." Yes, she could hate him too! But a lump rose in her throat, and she fought with despair against the blinding tears . . . She must fight them down, he would hate her still more if she cried. Not that it mattered, of course!

The hall by now was rapidly clearing, and before either of them could speak another word, Father Valmonde appeared in the doorway beckoning to them, an open prayer book in his hand.

So it chanced that Annette Designy and Jacques Thorelle were joined together in the sight of God, while burning animosity smoldered in the eyes of one, and dull resentment gnawed at the heart of the other. The heart of Father Valmonde ached for the girl with the quiet proud bearing, for he had looked into the face of the man whom he had learned to respect as a man of honor, and seen there that this time he did not mean to stay on the side of the angels. He turned away from his handiwork with a sigh, and a shake of the head, for they were the comeliest pair that he had ever joined together in holy matrimony.

As Annette and Jacques stepped out from the dark Court House into the sunshine they were greeted with loud cheers and laughter by the crowd of Jacques' friends who had heard of his entry into the Court House and were now all agog to witness his downfall.

"Now are the mighty fallen!" bellowed an enormous Breton, clapping Jacques on the shoulder and disclosing a fine set of white teeth for Annette's benefit, and his wife, a comfortable, motherly-looking soul, walked up to the girl and kissed her warmly.

"You poor lonely little maid," she whispered in Annette's ear, "Mère Poisson understands. But fear not, in spite of his pratings against women. Jacques Thorelle will guard thee with his last breath. Moreover, child, 'tis the most fascinating rogue in the country that thou hast wed, mark how the women follow him with their silly eyes."

So it was. Wherever the tall rakish figure stalked in the crowd, there a dozen eager eyes followed his gay, unheeding progress.

Thanks to the kind heart of Mère Poisson, by the time Jacques had emerged from the onslaught of taunts and back-slappings the poor little wounded soul of Annette had thawed and found comfort. So when he bowed low before her with an amazing sweep of his weather-beaten hat, asking if she was ready, she slipped her hand under his arm and, looking neither to right nor left, walked over with him to where his horse was tethered, pawing impatiently at the delay.

Continued on page 87



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# The Mating of Jacques Thorelle

Continued from page 86

BY THE time they had reached Jacques' cabin Annette was ready, and had been for the last three miles, to drop off the horse with weariness, but she had held up her head because, forsooth, this churlish husband of hers had mocked her at the first hint of fatigue; this was no country, he said, for weaklings. As for the journey home otherwise, he had ignored her, except once he had turned in his saddle to ask if she was fearful of Indians, scanning her face closely the while he awaited her answer. The rest of the time he had kept his horse at a slow trot, and had sung song after song, never once troubling to see how she fared as she sat with her little hands firmly clutching the stout leather belt about his waist.

Her eyes lit up as she entered the home of Jacques, and she saw that it really was no ordinary cabin, any more than she took Jacques to be an ordinary trapper. There was something about the furnishing of the interior which proclaimed it at once the work of an artist. Across one corner of the main room was a large fireplace, over which hung the heads of an enormous moose and two wolves; at either end of the mantel were carved wooden candlesticks, and in embrasures at either side were two similar ones. Over the three lofty windows hung curtains of some soft flame-colored material, while the heavy oaken table in the centre of the room was covered with a gay piece of tapestry. The floor was lavishly spread with numerous wolf and bear skins. Annette swept back the hood from her hair with a swift gesture, and for the first time since they met she turned to the man behind her with a tremulous smile.

"Why, Jacques, it is wonderful—just wonderful!"

For one instant he looked at her, and a suspicion of softness for a fraction of a second crept into his glance . . . but it passed.

"So it seemed to me," he muttered, as he turned to fasten the door, "when I bade good-bye to it this morning."

The words cut into her as a knife might sear her flesh, and the joyous smile trembled and died from her face, while her eyes widened and then slowly narrowed again. A few steps brought her before him, where he stood with that mocking twist of the lips and a cold maddening twinkle in his eyes.

"I had thought I might come to hate you," she flashed up at him, "but already in the few hours I have known you I have learnt to loathe you!"

There was silence in the cabin of Jacques Thorelle for the space of a few seconds, and then suddenly the girl was struggling vainly in two arms which held her in a grip of steel, and bit by bit her face was forced upwards to the brown relentless one bent above her.

She could not struggle long, she was tired . . . so desperately tired. As suddenly he released her, and as she turned away to fight once more against the tears which were very near the surface now, a cold wet muzzle was thrust into her hand, and looking down into the worshipping eyes of the dog, once more the soul of Annette found comfort.

Darkness fell like a cloak about the little cabin in the woods, and one by one the stars began to nod and beckon, but I think the angels in Heaven must have wept that night as they looked down upon the home of Jacques Thorelle the trapper.

TO ANNETTE, during the days that followed, life seemed as fantastic as the wildest dream, almost she felt that very soon she would awaken and find herself back with her mother and father in the peaceful old house in Normandy. She was miserable, puzzled, and homesick. Yet, for some strange reason, she could not analyze, she did not wish the dream to end.

Jacques came and went with his varying moods, but quiet or gay, he almost entirely ignored her; only of one thing she became assured, that if at any time he did deign to throw her a word it would be merely to bait her.

For the most part he addressed his remarks to the dog, and kept out of the

cabin as much as possible, but always after that first night he betook himself with his blankets to sleep under the stars.

Every day Annette's softly-curving mouth took on a harder line, and her firmly-rounded chin a sharper tilt, but she so set about her duties in the house that the most hardened of cynics would have found it hard to criticize. Sometimes she even managed a few bars of some little song as she moved about her work, sublimely ignored by Jacques; never should he imagine for a moment that her spirit was breaking!

Then one day the heavily-barred door was set ajar and she had a glimpse of this strange man's soul. He had left the cabin early one morning, but about ten minutes later he returned with troubled eyes and an expression as soft as a woman's. She saw he had something in his hand, so fearing to disturb this new soft look on his face, she stepped quickly through an open door and watched him covertly through the crack. Her lips relaxed into a little smile of wonder, for he held in his hand a young chipmunk which had apparently broken its leg, for with great tenderness he was adjusting it and tying it up. The surgical aid completed, he sat gently stroking the furry thing with a touch light as thistledown.

Strangely stirred and drawn by an impulse she could not define, she entered the room, and, crossing over, stood beside him looking down at the small beast in his hands. He was taken completely off his guard.

"To kill the thing right out is one matter, but to see it suffer is another," he volunteered, almost, she thought, comically, as though he were addressing quite an ordinary kind of a person. "I am trying to set on foot a movement to make trapping more merciful, that is largely why I chose to be a trapper." Then suddenly he remembered, and casting a resentful glance in her direction, resorted to his old habit of silence.

The incident gave her much food for thought. What had happened to make this man so abominable to a lonely girl, when he had all the instincts of a gentleman, the soul of a poet, and all the natural attributes wherewith to win the heart of Woman?

One of the latest troubles was that Caesar the hound had become her firm ally, and began to show on occasion a distinct preference for her company rather than Jacques'.

"'Tis because you feed him overwell," Jacques would mutter darkly to the ceiling, when Caesar had basely declined his company. "An animal ever loves the hand that feeds him."

He had taken the precaution of providing her with a pistol and hunting knife for her protection during his absence. Carelessly he had asked her if she was afraid when she was alone, and he had known by the steady light of her eyes before she replied, that she had no fear. It was extraordinarily hard at times to find a taunt for this quiet, brave young thing who had taken possession of his cabin, and filled it to overflowing with what he chose to call her abominable and dominating femininity.

ONE day, nearing the end of August, Jacques consented with very bad grace to ride into Quebec for various things which this girl, Annette, chose to assert were absolute necessities. Such things as pans, crockery, woollen yarn, and also, if you please, the hussy must now have a mirror! She had made her behest with the air of a queen, and as though there could be no question as to his decision in the matter, consequently she had won the day.

As evening drew near she set about preparing the last meal of the day, and had the table laid ready for his return, while she herself broke her fast early as she often did in order to avoid the hideous silence which it seemed necessary to preserve at meat-times.

Night came, and still she listened in vain for a voice which carolled up the trail, announcing his approach to the

Continued on page 88



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## The Mating of Jacques Thorelle

Continued from page 87

cabin; she had always taken that more or less as a signal, for Jacques was forever hungry.

Caesar seemed ill at ease all day, wandering restlessly up and down, running to the door and sniffing, and giving vent now and again to little plaintive "whoofs." So after awhile Annette became restless too, and she and Caesar began to look at one another with unmistakable dread upon their faces.

It was impossible to go to bed, so she settled herself in the big comfortable chair usually occupied by Jacques, and with the dog's head upon her knee, and the hunting-knife beside her, prepared to spend the night, dozing fitfully until the morning.

Dawn broke and lengthened into broad daylight, and still Jacques had not come, so with a heart full of foreboding she set about the duties of the day while Caesar kept running up the trail, coming back every time with a drooping tail and desperate eyes. But at last, with the first hint of dusk, Caesar sat up with a low growl, and running swiftly to the door, disappeared once more up the trail.

Annette put down her work and hurried out after him. She heard a man's voice which was not that of Jacques address the dog. . . . what could it mean? Her heart beat faster and a new fear fell upon her.

Then suddenly into the clearing before the cabin came two riders, one was Henri the large Breton, the other was Jacques, hanging over his horse's neck, weak and spent, and his face the color of chalk. With a little cry she ran forward and without wasting words began to help him off the horse. Not till she and Henri had between them settled him on the big bed in the inner room did she begin to question the Breton. With many gesticulations and the words tumbling over themselves in his excitement he related what had happened. "It was in the Tavern of 'Le Chevalier Noir,' he told her, 'our Jacques was entering, as usual humming a little tune, and in the doorway came face-to-face with one Hugo Dupont, the most unholy rogue that ever escaped the gallows. Hugo, like the dog he is, dared to say a slighting word against you, Madame Thorelle, and Jacques, drawing himself up and roaring like an angry bull, struck him across his foul mouth with a riding glove. In a flash Hugo had out his hunting-knife and thrust it into Jacques' side, fortunately not too near any vital spot.' The Breton rubbed his hands gleefully together. 'But it was not long before the friends of Jacques had taken their revenge. Mons. Hugo is now dancing gaily with his feet about three yards from the ground! Now be of brave heart, Madame, Jacques will soon mend.' But Jacques, for all the infinite care she expended night and day, did not mend quickly; he developed a fever and raved incessantly for days, while Annette, sitting beside him, prayed as she had never prayed before.

One morning in her desperate fear (a fear the purport of which for the time being she did not stop to question), she saddled Jacques' horse and bidding the dog keep guard, rode like fury into Quebec to fetch the physician. The kindly physician, looking down at the panting girl with the wild fearful eyes thought, "Tis plain to see how this little thing loves that man of hers."

It was after the physician had left that evening promising a decided improvement the following day, that Jacques in his delirium enlightened Annette. From the motley jargon of words she gleaned the fact that some woman in France had betrayed him that she might sell herself to one of the highest in the land; she had been responsible for his exile from France, and the cause of his blind animosity against all other women.

The tears had gathered and fallen as she sat there beside him, watching in the dim light for any change in the worn face upon the pillow. A sudden great tenderness overwhelmed her, and stooping over him she pushed the heavy hair off his forehead; for one moment the little burnished head hesitated above the

Continued on page 89



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# The Mating of Jacques Thorelle

Continued from page 88

black one, then bending, she kissed the face of the man she thought she had meant to hate as whole-heartedly.

"Dear Jacques," she whispered, "to understand all is to forgive all. If only you could forget to loathe me so." And she drew away with a sigh, dabbing impatiently at the tears in her eyes.

Strangely enough, from that time Jacques ceased his ravings, his blood began to cool, and he called ceaselessly for Annette, holding out his hands at times as though he were blind and could not find her. She listened then, wide-eyed, hugging this wonderful new knowledge to herself, becoming more and more quietly radiant as she ministered to his wants. He needed her now, whatever the days ahead might bring. And so at last one morning Jacques opened his eyes after a long healing sleep. It was broad daylight and the sun was filtering in through the rift in the curtains, and fell on a pewter bowl filled with flowers that someone had set beside his bed. A bee droned in at the window, looked at him, and droned busily out again. In a daze he glanced slowly round the room. What had happened? Then as he wondered, came the sound of a voice quietly singing in the adjoining room, a voice thrilling with happiness, yet low, that she might not disturb him. . . . Annette! . . . but he had never heard her sing like that before. It was an old French lullaby. Why was she so happy? Then he remembered; she must have been glad to have him out of the way, glad to be free of his fiendish tongue! He tried to sit up in bed, and as he did so became conscious of the wound in his side, and he fell back upon the pillows with a flushed face, while memory now came surging back. A red-hot iron had pierced his side, it seemed for an eternity, and his head had been on fire, so that he wanted to slip away, away on the bosom of the dark stream which would bring him forgetfulness. But someone had been there all the time, keeping him back; someone who would not let him go. Was it Annette? If so, why had she bothered. Le bon Dieu knew that she hated him enough!

He called her. In a flash she was at the door, trying to control the wild beating of her heart and the sunshine that would come creeping into her glance. He had come back out of the pit; thank God, yes, thank God a thousand times for the life of Jacques!

He stared at the little figure in the doorway in her sprigged muslin gown, the bright waving hair caught up under a lace cap which she affected Juliet-fashion, and something perilously near a sob rose in his throat. Poor blind fool! He had accepted this priceless gift, this gentle Madonna-girl, taken her, broken her, and bent her to his will. . . . He had laughed in her face and abused her. . . . and now he owed her his life. He cursed himself for being lower than the beasts that perish, as far beneath her as Beelzebub, cast out for his evil thoughts from the highest Heaven. And the bitterest drop of all in his cup of new-found misery was the subtle knowledge, for one moment vouchsafed him, that she might have loved him. But for fear that he might love her he had spurned the thought, and made for himself in consequence a hell on earth.

Fearing to expose his thoughts he resorted to his old tone.

"Madame, I believe I have to thank you for the gift of life," he said, holding out his hand. "I am most infernally grateful, but cannot imagine why you bothered with such a thankless task."

She took his hand and laughed gently, but perhaps a trifle sadly.

"Maybe, Monsieur, it was because this noble country of yours has need of men, and more men like you." He was busy with his own troubles, absently tracing out the pattern of the quilt with his forefinger, so he did not see the softly shining eyes above him, and the flush which stole up and over her face for a few brief moments.

So that was it: New France had need of him; well, he could hardly have expected her to confess to any personal motives after all!

TWO weeks passed by, during which time Jacques had nearly recovered his health, but not his spirits; he seemed restless and depressed and his eyes were dull and miserable. No more did his cheery song ring up the trail, and no more did Annette overhear him holding ridiculous one-sided conversations with Caesar, for up to now, in spite of his devastating manner with Annette, he had remained gay and debonair, or apparently so.

And Annette, ill-at-ease, lay sleepless and wondering in her bed at night.

One morning Jacques rose from his breakfast, pulled on his long boots and looked around for his hat with the delapidated old plume, for he had never become accustomed to Annette's habit of removing it from the back of a chair to a peg.

"I am going into Quebec," he announced quietly, without looking in her direction. "Is there anything you want?"

Annette, who had been gathering up the plates, set them down again, and a shadow crossed her face as she ventured a faint protest: "Are you sure you are strong enough." But she realized her impotence before she spoke. "For God's sake ride slowly, that's all," and she picked up the dishes again with a sigh.

All that day she found it impossible to settle to anything definite, quite unlike her usual clear-headed self; she would begin to dust and forget to go on; she would take up some sewing, but after a few stitches find herself walking to the door of the cabin, her thoughts forever on the road to Quebec. In her face was a new wistful look, the cause of which it would have been hard to fathom. And as she stood there in the sunlight she prayed. . . . but it is not for you or I to know wherefore she prayed so earnestly that day.

Late in the afternoon, for some reason, she found herself taking down from a corner of the cupboard, a white silken gown which she had brought with her from France, but which hitherto she had never had the heart to wear. She taunted herself as she looked at the dainty reflection in the mirror.

"Do you really think he will notice you have on a different gown, silly? T'would be all the same to him if it were sackcloth."

Shortly after sunset he arrived home, apparently not much the worse for his ride, but with a great air of suppressed purpose. His eyes fell upon Annette as he entered the cabin, and for one moment as he drank in the sight of her standing there so slim and white, he moved his lips as though to speak, but instead turned wearily away to his chair and sat there, with his legs stretched out before him, his head drooping and his eyes brooding.

Later, when the meal was over, he took to pacing the room, while she, to ease the tension, flitted in and out humming a little pert tune.

Suddenly he stopped his pacing, and standing before her, he relieved himself of all the pent-up feelings of the past two weeks.

"Annette," he began in a voice only just under control, "in a few days I shall be going away. . . . I realize now it is the only thing left for me to do." All the blood seemed to rush from Annette's heart and dull, creeping misery took its place. God, then, had not answered her prayer.

"I know myself today," went on the voice of Jacques, "for the most despicable cur on earth, too vile even to crave your forgiveness. . . . the meanest wretch who sweeps the streets of Paris would have served thee more gallantly than I. And I—was termed a gentleman. All I can do now is to make reparation; I have been to see my friend the Silver-smith and his wife today and told them that I was shortly joining a small band of adventurers to go on an exploring expedition into the interior. He and his wife will be glad to have you to live with them; I shall communicate with my family in France, and they will place money which is mine, at your disposal."

He broke off for a minute before he continued:

Continued on page 104

# FAMOUS FEET

{ how they're kept free from corns }



MISS UNIVERSE

(Dorothy Britton)

Now in Earl Carroll's Vanities

"A corn in a beauty parade!  
... What nonsense with  
Blue-jay at every corner  
drug store!"

Famous Feet can't take chances with dangerous corn-cutting. Nor can you. Blue-jay safely and gently uproots the corn. The medication is controlled . . . you can't use too much or too little. The satin-soft shoe-pad relieves the pressure and stops the pain at once. A single Blue-jay usually ends the corn; but even the hardest offender yields to a second or third. At all drug stores . . . For calluses and bunions, ask for the large size Blue-jay.

## Blue-jay

© B. & B., 1929

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN



-- In homes where people could be interested only in quality, distinction and refinement.

FROM Canadian homes comes this striking tribute to Canadian craftsmanship!

For over a quarter of a century a hardwood flooring of one hundred per cent Canadian manufacture has been accepted by people of faultless taste as the ideal setting for their imported rugs, beautiful furniture and artistic decoration.

What a certificate of excellence of quality . . . what a compliment to the dependability of its maker!

It was back in 1901 that the Seaman Kent Company first set as its standard of quality—"the best that's made in every grade".

And every year since then has seen these beautiful hardwood floors add charm and distinction to an increasing number of Canadian homes.

SMOOTH AS IVORY

**SEAMAN-KENT  
HARDWOOD  
FLOORING**

PRODUCED IN CANADA

Hardwood floors are now recognized as a standard equipment in modern homes





## Frankness need not be indelicate . . . read

### "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene"

THERE are certain subjects so intimate that the woman of refinement often finds difficulty in discussing them with anybody. Sensitive and discriminating, she is the very type that values absolute physical daintiness. And it is for her "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene" has been written. Frank as a physician's instructions. Just as impersonal. The latest scientific conclusions.

#### Zonite removes the only objections possible

Physicians most assuredly recommend the practice of feminine hygiene. They know the value of surgical cleanliness. However, they do object to the caustic and poisonous antiseptics so many women use. They are well aware of the dangers. Mercurial poisoning. And the deadening of delicate tissues by carbolic acid compounds under various trade names.

Zonite absolutely removes these objections. There is no skull-and-crossbones on this bottle. Safe with little children in the home. Safe to use for oral hygiene. Yet Zonite is a powerful germ-killing antiseptic. Actually far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body.

#### Authoritative book—free

Send coupon for frank scientific booklet. Covers the whole matter of feminine hygiene. Zonite Products Corporation, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, skin infections or chapped skin. Also as a powerful deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tubes, 50c.



In bottles: 30c, 60c, \$1

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION 207  
165 Dufferin Street, Toronto.  
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.  
☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene  
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home  
(Please print name)

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... Prov.....

setting, where Josephine had dwelt, both in her glory and as the sad repudiated wife, and where she had passed away. Here the dresses remained while the slow legal process of settling up the estate went on. But at last the day drew near when the historic clothes must be taken to the auction room and go to the highest bidder. And, word having got about of the valuable find, there were many wealthy collectors waiting to vie with each other for the possession of these fine remnants of the famous Queen.

The Curator was in despair. France was so terribly in debt that the State could furnish only a very little allowance to him with which to make purchases—far too little to permit of hoping to bid against so many wealthy private collectors willing to pay a vast sum for romantic relics. To such a man as the Curator, whose life work it was to gather together a unique Napoleonic collection, the impending loss of these so gloriously fresh garments of the Empress assumed tragic proportions, proportions aggravated by the very fact that he had the relics momentarily in his possession.

A week remained before the sale. The dresses were on view for the last time at the Malmaison when there came to visit the Museum M. Mariano de Unzuie, a South American millionaire. Greatly interested in the dresses, M. Unzuie called upon the Curator to learn something of their history. When he heard of the impending loss of the objects which were so peculiarly fitted to be housed in the Malmaison, he entered privately into negotiations with the heirs. The heirs, on their part appreciating something of the historic associations, agreed to the private purchase of the apparel upon learning that the South American was making it only in order to present the entire collection to the State for preservation in the Malmaison. While M. Unzuie required it as a part of his gift that the price paid for the dresses should never be made public, the writer received in confidence the amount. Naturally, this cannot be given, but it can be said that the two dresses brought the highest prices ever paid in history for clothing a hundred years old.

So cases have been made to shelter and display permanently these treasures connected with the past of this woman who still remains one of the most popular historical figures in the eyes of the world.

These dresses had never been photographed until the writer made application for permission shortly after they were put permanently on view.

Despite the authorization, obtained only after many weeks of waiting, any object photographed in National Museums cannot be touched after once being officially cased. This naturally prevents any possibility of substitution of valuable relics. So the dresses had to be photographed through the glass of the cases. Yet such is the freshness of the material that the pictures reveal something of the ancient beauty of these garments, garbed in which Josephine once so proudly moved as hostess at Malmaison.

There is not a little touch of irony in the fact that the reconstitution of this ancient property of Napoleon, the returning to his home of the rare Gobelin rug, and the dresses of his queen and many other rare and costly objects, have been brought about by vast numbers of dollars from the purses of men and women from the two Americas, but chiefly from the United States.

EVER since the days of antiquity nations have honored their illustrious citizens by preserving carefully as many as possible of the objects belonging to them. This veneration of relics is one of the oldest, and still the most firmly implanted custom in man. In many cases, due to this treasuring of things of ancient times, people of today are able to come to a clearer understanding of the past.

Certainly, among all the outstanding figures in history, Napoleon Bonaparte commands an important position. And at this time when a number of objects of great value have just been added to the already large collection rapidly accumulated in recent years at Malmaison; at this time when Malmaison and Beaux-Preaux have been again rejoined into the

## As New

Continued from page 13

original domain, it seems fitting to conclude this story of the finding of the remarkably preserved apparel of Josephine with a brief history of the setting of the Malmaison, France's youngest National Museum, and now the most important in the world in reflecting, by the variety and number of its gathered objects, the days of the Empire founded by Napoleon.

Some ten kilometres from the gates of Paris, the old Imperial Palace of Malmaison stands half way up a gradual slope, surrounded by glorious old trees, elms, oaks, horse-chestnut and plane, and "The Cedar of Marengo." This last named tree towers commandingly in front of the Mehul Avenue gate. On the day that the news reached Josephine of victory of the battle of Marengo, the Empress with her own hands planted a tiny sapling which is the magnificent tree of today and which is still known as "The Cedar of Marengo."

On the great lawns beside the castle, which now are laid out once more as in the days of old, Napoleon and the notables of the nation forgot for the time their dignity and the cares of office. In the Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes one finds at length the most amusing descriptions of these (what she termed "wild parties") though the word "wild" then had a very, very different implication from what it has today. These "wild" parties consisted of games of blind man's buff and prisoner's base. At these we see the great Napoleon, at whose command countless thousands of men went to their death, playing with all the abandon of a child. He amused himself by cheating; he escaped when he was a prisoner; he delighted in tripping up his adversaries, particularly tall men.

Napoleon himself superintended the building of a theatre in the east wing of the castle. He planned many of the stage effects and costumes with such skill that it was often remarked he would have made a successful theatrical manager.

THE stamp of Napoleon remains today indestructibly upon the French nation. Despite all that may be said in detraction of the man, his reconstructive work must be remembered. And it was during the days of the Consulate that much of it was done; during the days when he had made Malmaison his home. Here, in the gardens, in the library in the council chamber, during long thoughtful hours occurred those deliberations which gave rise to so many reforms and improvements in political and civil affairs.

It was at Malmaison that Napoleon planned the so-famous order of the Legion of Honor, and one spring evening in 1802 discussed it with Monge and Duroc. It was upon the lawn of Malmaison that he said:

"A religion is necessary to a people," a historic phrase which will live as long as his memory, and one significant of how well he knew humanity. As a result of this statement he brought the Concordate of 1801 to a favorable result.

"I come to Malmaison from the daily drudgery," Napoleon often said. And it seems unquestionable that his happiest days were spent here.

But the days of happiness passed. Came the 16th of December, 1809. Josephine, divorced, came to Malmaison as her retreat.

"He drives her away. It will bring ill-luck upon him," said the old wives of France. Yet in these days Josephine's love seems to have increased for the Emperor. She did not permit a single object to be moved in his apartment.

Four years dragged away for the Empress. The words of the old wives of France came all too true. Conquering foreigners walked the soil of France. And in this black time, on the 29th of May, 1815, Josephine passed away at the Malmaison after suffering briefly from influenza.

Here to Malmaison came the broken Napoleon, after the defeat of Waterloo, before departing for St. Helena, before leaving his beloved France forever. He was granted but a brief pause at Malmaison. He arrived on the 25th of June

and remained until the 29th. What days of overwhelming sadness, of infinite regrets, of ineffable memories!

Disconsolate, robbed of every last hope, embittered by the treachery of so many men he had raised to high places, worn by the cares of the years that had brought him such vain reward, the mighty and amazing Napoleon walked through the silent grounds and the echoing emptiness of the castle where once all had been so merry. At every turn came thoughts of Josephine. But still he needs must go to fresh agonies; he orders to be opened the room where she died. In it he spends many hours alone. Then he goes forth to his last exile.

Malmaison, even before the museum was started, was a house of family relics where First and Second Empires met. Josephine, Hortense, Napoleon III . . . the line is unbroken. As a child, Napoleon III made Malmaison his home; he succeeded his grandmother as owner. In 1867, with the house so steeped in Napoleonic memories, Empress Eugenie began assembling a collection of things which marked the beginning of the so-complete Museum of today.

However, the place remained denied to the world of sightseers for a long time. In 1896 the castle was acquired by M. Osiris. After restoring it, he presented it to the State in 1904. Two years later Malmaison was opened as a Museum. But it was little known at first. Then came the war. The Castle was closed. In December, 1916, the celebrated Napoleonic authority, M. Jean Bourguignon, was appointed curator. He began at once an active campaign to make the new museum what it is today—the container of the most complete and varied collection of Napoleonic relics in the world, a place now visited annually by a quarter of a million foreigners, the largest percentage of whom last year were Americans.

Men either admire or detest Napoleon with vigor. In either case they come to this newly-built shrine to his memory and eagerly examine the vast assortment of objects that were his in the days of his power and his imprisonment.

Last year, and just shortly before Josephine's dresses were discovered, a unique work in reconstructing the past was accomplished in the gardens of Malmaison.

Josephine was a lover of roses. She succeeded in establishing in her garden no less than 250 species. A famous modern rose-grower, M. Jules Graveraux, undertook to reproduce the collection as nearly as possible from the available data. In order to comprehend fully the importance of Josephine's collection, it must be remembered that comparisons with Josephine's varieties cannot be made with roseries of today so much richer and varied of species. But in her time this production of 250 species was a record-breaking effort. Of these 250 originals, M. Jules Graveraux caused once more to flourish 197 varieties.

There they bloom in the long quiet garden as of yore.

And now to the castle building which they surround have come those same gowns which the proud Empress on many an evening wore as she walked with the Emperor among the wealth of roses in the garden of Malmaison.

## Laughter

By M. S. Mitchell

To suppress mirth loving fun when one is young,  
Is not only sinful but always 'tis wrong;  
For God has intended ev'ry young man,  
His life to enjoy as much as he can;  
To exult in youth so that he can after  
Enjoy old age with freedom of laughter.

Worry and care lie in the gold-laden vault;  
Ill health and harmony are always at fault.  
Seriousness is always mark'd with a frown;  
The dull always find their lives burden'd down;  
But joy can come to those who go after  
Hard work mix'd with spontaneous laughter.

Most priceless treasure, far greater than wealth;  
Far greater than tonics and best for the health;  
The greatest relief for worry and strife;  
Man's greatest friend in the battle of life;  
All these treasures are found only after,  
When one develops a sense of laughter.



# Breakfast Monotonous?

## *— not this one*

It's different! More delicious, more appealing to the appetite . . . and it gives you rich nourishment quickly!



*With halves of peaches, Puffed Wheat is an all-season favorite*

A DELIGHTFUL breakfast awakens morning appetites. Yet it has another, even more important, function. It must provide the nourishment without which no morning's work can be successful.

Here is the perfect breakfast to answer those needs: plump, delicately oven-toasted grains, made to taste like delicious nut morsels. Rich wheat and white rice, with all their wealth of nutritive value preserved and all their possibilities of good taste realized.

Because of their airy deliciousness, their toasty crunchiness, mothers have thought of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice chiefly as a "treat" for children.



His mother worried when Richard Murphy wouldn't eat his cereal. Finally she tempted him with Puffed Rice, and now it's the mainstay of his breakfast. "He is improving wonderfully, physically," she writes.

turns the moisture in these cells into steam. 125 million explosions occur in every kernel, opening every cell, releasing rich stores of protein and carbohydrate. Thus Puffed Grains become the most completely digestible, the most readily nourishing of cereals.

Mothers need never coax to get Puffed Grains eaten, as a recent home survey definitely proved.

Yet dieticians have discovered they are virtually the same in energy value as a serving of less attractive hot cereal dishes.

### *What "puffing" does*

If you examine rice or wheat grains under a microscope, you find them honeycombed with millions of food cells. Puffing

"What," we asked mothers, "is your child's favorite cereal?" Of 10 brands, Puffed Grains was the favorite.

Puffed Wheat—made of whole wheat—contains precious minerals to build the body and to protect health, carbohydrates to give energy and proteins to build tissue. It retains the bran for roughage.

Puffed Rice is a delicious dainty, full of ready energy. It tempts millions of appetites to better breakfasts.

### *Serve in wide variety*

Always keep Puffed Grains in your pantry. Serve them with whole milk; with fresh fruit. Or crisp them in butter like popcorn. You will love these zestful morsels. Get, at any grocers.





# Built-in Tire Strength

THE master craftsman of olden times has a successor to-day in the skilled "GP" tire maker who builds satisfaction and years of trouble-free service into every Gum Cushioned Tire. He builds in, cushions of pure gum where balloon tires need protection—between the cords—to resist the flexing strains of modern high-speed and sudden stops. And this wonderful tire costs you no more. Go to Gum Cushion Tire Stations—they'll show you.

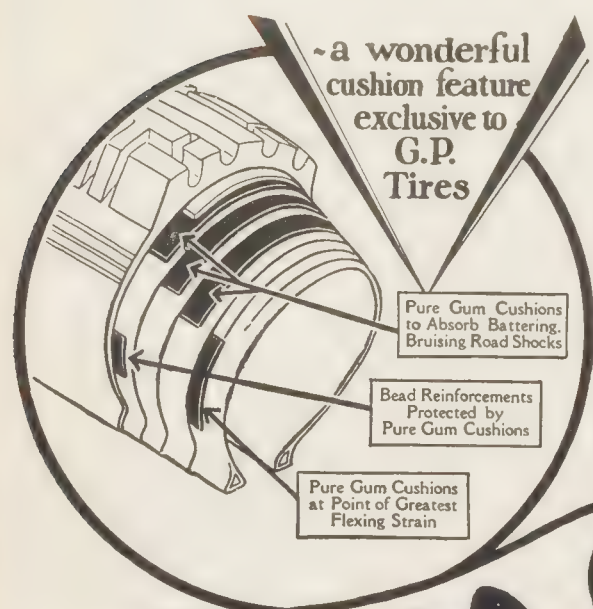
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Order 'G.P.' PURE GUM TUBES

The live, resilient, pure gum in  
"GP" Tubes assures longer wear.



**GUM CUSHIONED**





## A Man's Chance

Continued from page 22

on the bench, and Frome noticed another thing—that he had feebly barricaded the door on the inside in addition to fastening the tattered blanket across the window. Why this secrecy?

Frome went over to the dead man and peered down at him. He had seen death before, but never in such lines of certainty. Grandad must have been very old, and now the keenness of his features was accentuated by the slack drop of the chin and the tightly drawn lips about the toothless gums. He might have been sleeping, indeed, but never more certainly was half the sleep of death. Frome was sleep afraid.

He raised the lantern and stooped low, and then for fully a minute he remained motionless, staring, staring, while avarice, greed, the desire to possess played shuttlecock with one another through the chaos of his incredulous vision. Across the sheets, still clutched by the bony left hand was a square tin box, a black box, open, and the key lay beside it. The box was full to the brim of notes, neatly folded and fastened together with elastic bands!

Angus Frome felt the throb of his pulses till they threatened to burst his temples, then the beats sank almost to a flicker, and a clammy sweat broke out on his shallow forehead. Money! More money than he had ever dreamt of, lying there unguarded at his finger tips!

Cautiously, slowly, he stretched out one hand and touched the notes, fearful that the hand that held them might rise in accusing defence. He raised the first bundle—there were other bundles below, and he felt the crisp touch of five pound notes under the one pound notes. Something was held in the old man's fingers—a fifty-pound note, and at the bottom of the box were a few golden sovereigns.

Frome straightened himself suddenly, glanced at the blanket which had covered the window and at the oddments which had loosely barricaded the locked door. Why this secrecy? A miser? Undoubtedly, or why had he taken such pains that no one could see in? The old man had been taken suddenly ill, and before seeking his bed, he had groped out his secret horde to make sure of its safety, little thinking that he would be cut short in the act of counting it. Then who knew of the treasure? Probably no one. No one, at any rate, would guess the extent of it.

FROME was deadly cool now that the first shock of discovery was past. He had worked against time on more perilous occasions than this, but never had he been so sure of his ground. He took the tin box from the dead man's fingers and carried it over to a corner, placing his lantern on a shelf above. He lifted out the bundles one by one, and at the bottom of the box lay a slip of paper bearing a long list of figures. They were the numbers of the notes, arranged in the order in which they were laid. Five lots of twenty one pound notes, twenty five pound notes, one fifty, and so on. Frome took up the first bundle and saw that the numbers tallied with the slip. He placed them back in the box, then tore off the top portion of the slip, and put it back in the box too. He took the other portion of the slip over to the fire and watched it burn, then he placed the remaining money inside the lining of his jacket, locked the box, put it away in a drawer, and placed the key in one of the dead man's pockets. They might not find the cash box for a day or two, but meantime he must not carry the money about with him. He would hide it somewhere and come for it as he needed it. Now he must go down the hill and tell the young woman what he had found on forcing the door, the process of which had delayed him so long.

The young woman? Yes. It was not till that moment that any thought of her returned to his mind. This money was, of course, hers, with her growing family to feed and clothe. Well, she was lucky. She at any rate had a home and a husband in a job—Angus Frome had neither home nor job, but he soon would have. He would take care of his money

—if he could. He would use it sparingly, and to good advantage.

Yes, if he could. He would find it easier up here, where there were no hot pavements, no dust and glare to inflame a man's thirst, no women of that kind, and no race-courses. He thought he would find it easier, and at all events he was ready to try. Fate had thrust this chance upon him, and he would be an incredible fool to turn it down. Of course there was just the chance that they might find him out. Grandpa might have taken the precaution that it should be known on his death that the money was there, but even then Frome would not be much worse off than he had been before. The young woman had treated him kindly tonight, but no doubt she would be pleasantly surprised at finding the notes and the gold coins in the cash-box, since she could have no knowledge of how much it might have held.

All these thoughts flashed rapidly through Frome's mind, then he took up his lantern and went back to the bedside to make sure that he had overlooked nothing. Possibly the light fell at a different angle, for Frome noticed something he had not noticed previously. His pulses began to throb again, and again that cold, clammy sweat broke out on his forehead. Fear, shuddering fear, crept with its clammy touch through every fibre of his clammy body, and he shrank back with something meaningless and vile upon his lips. For on the dead man's throat were finger-marks—three on one side and the mark of a thumb on the other.

Murder! Hushed voices seemed to be whispering it all round from the dark corners, from the nooks of the heather-thatched roof—murder! Yet who had done it, and why had they left the money? Frome stared at those dark marks on the whiteness of the old man's throat, three on one side and one on the other, and he raised his own right hand and looked at it. It might have been dripping red from the way in which he looked, then his hand fell back limply to his side. Three on one side and one on the other, and the centre finger of Frome's right hand was missing!

For a minute or more he stood listening, listening to the minute crackle of the fire and the hush of the wind outside, then with an effort he mastered himself. He sat himself down by the fire, his head between his hands, thinking, but his mind was a chaos. Only this fact remained—that he must do something now, now, to clear himself.

Frome went over to the drawer where he had placed the cash-box. He got the key and unlocked it, then he burned the torn slip, restored the notes, and placed the box at the dead man's left hand, just as he had found it. He wanted to run away and hide in the darkness of the night, but it was bitter cold out there and he was cold—cold and tired. Everything was now just as he had found it. The old, sunken face on the pillow somehow looked more peaceful. So the realization came to Frome that he had done nothing for which any man could blame him, nothing for which he could be punished. From the burden of a great guilt he stood in a moment in unblemished innocence, and it seemed all at once that something loathsome which had been clinging to him had dropped aside. His steps felt lighter, he could almost have whistled as he stood looking fearlessly down at the thing that he had found. The very wind about the bothie seemed to be singing a softer song, which bore in it the memory of a freedom he had long since forgotten.

Forgotten? No. Man does not forget. Things great and small, good and bad, all things which have gone to build his life are shelved in the magic store-house of memory, and from this accumulated mass of masonry the greatest cities are built. Frome had forgotten his fear of being accused of a crime he had never committed. Only one thought stood paramount in his mind—he was innocent, quite innocent. A temptation greater than any that had ever come his way had risen before him, and he was emerging

Continued on page 94

## A sunbeam made her cry . . .

HER MIRROR was dimly lighted—a compassionate mirror that told only of lovely contours, charming eyes, white teeth. But one morning a spying shaft of sunlight revealed the truth. The skin of her face was *wearing out!* Rounded shoulders still kept the softness of girlhood, but the face! In spots it was actually *rough*.

The cause of roughened skin is simple. Your face is exposed to wind—dust—smoke—heat—cold. These weather the skin—rob it of its natural moisture. What to do about it? As a child, when your hands and face became almost brittle from chapping, didn't you always smooth on Hinds Honey & Almond Cream? And didn't the skin grow soft again—and

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

## A Man's Chance

Continued from page 93

from it triumphant. The why and the wherefore of this did not matter, the fact remained that Angus Frome, down and out, had triumphed. His hands were clean, and that was why tonight the storm-winds bore a softer melody, full of all the music of his boyhood days.

Ten minutes later the young woman opened the door for him, and again she bade him come in to the fire. Her husband was back from the hills now, and Frome told them simply: "Grandad is dead."

"Dead"? they echoed.

"Yes, dead," said Frome. "He may have been murdered. I don't know. There are finger-marks on his throat, three on one side and one the other."

Frome held up his right hand so that they might see that one finger was missing. "I was afraid," he added.

The other man nodded gravely.

"Poor Grandad has been bad wi' his throat awhile now," he said, "and when it troubled him he used sometimes to clutch at it. Nae doot it was his throat that killed him, and did ye no notice that the middle finger of his own right hand is missing?"

Frome stared, then shook his head. He rose to his feet, and there was a wonderful light upon his countenance. "Come back," he said. "The old man's cash box is on the sheet beside him, and it contains a fortune. I left it just as I found it."

TO EVERY man his chance comes—not merely once, but many times on a lessening scale, and the Procurator Fiscal said that he hoped Frome would not leave their glen. Hungry, under-clothed, and in poverty, he had acted like a man in the face of a great temptation, and they were glad to hear of the regular job in the woods that had been offered him.

## A Matter of Time

By Daisy L. Saunders

"When I find time," she said, "Another day,"  
Her little son went slowly on his way,  
She watched him sadly, conscious of his need.

There was so much to do with men to feed  
And household duties countless to attend.  
How could she stop her work to "Just pretend?"

Week followed week and things went on the same—  
She would have loved to enter in his game  
If she'd had time.

"When I have time I'll write," she thought  
and then,  
Putting aside the too reluctant pen,  
She turned to do the duty nearest hand;  
Musing "I'm busy, they will understand."  
But love thus dumb no beauty could express,  
Her dear ones yearned with sorrow and distress  
For word that came not. There was much to say  
In tender thoughts and doings of the day  
When she had time.

"If I had time!" she sighed, as bud and wing  
Came to her window gaily beckoning,  
"I'd joy my soul with beauty out of doors."  
She knelt to scrub her mud-bespattered floors,  
And Spring slipped out with secrets left untold;

Gay Autumn's miracle of brown and gold  
Merged into Winter. Christmas came and went

She did not pause to join its merriment.  
She had no time.

Then time found her, weary and weak of limb,  
Deaf to life's laughter, eyes swift growing dim.  
Gone was the child she loved in former years;  
His manhood's hopes were poured in other ears.  
Idle her hands, her dear ones watched no more  
For long-for message. Tasks which called before  
Passed her by then for one of youthful gait.  
Moments were dreary, hours so desolate  
When she had time.

changing weather  
**FRETS**  
your skin



WHEN Winter loosens his grip and Spring comes smiling through, look out! Sudden temperature changes will fret your skin—age it—make it coarse, rough, unlovely. That's the time to use precaution and Frostilla.



But if this advice should reach you a bit late — if chapped hands and roughened cheeks are already your sad lot—cheer up! Frostilla will promptly soothe and smooth your skin and banish that dry, "starched" condition forever more!

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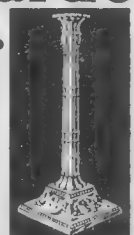
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**"GETS-IT"** World's Fastest Way

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England's Favourite  
Silver Polish  
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# Miss Hazel Eyes

Continued from page 14

and uttered his final benediction: "I wish ye luck, laddie—though I misdoot if ye can persuade any woman to come away up tae these wilds just tae be the wife of a trapper—even sic' a laddie as yerself looks this minute. Forbye the sergeant's wife, and the Hudson Bay trader's wife, there isn't a white woman within a week's journey—but I'm wishin' ye luck, laddie, for a' that."

"Thanks, Fraser—I'm going to try, anyway. Just one thing—don't say anything to the boys about it, if you can avoid it, will you?"

McDougall grinned and shook his head doubtfully.

"Weel, laddie—I'll dae my best, but ye ken what it's like in a wee place like this. The boys'll laye be spearin' aboot the guid claes, an' they'll be guessin'—they'll be guessin'."

He was right. The boys guessed it quite easily, and if you've ever been up north to a little trading post in the wilds, and then suddenly announced your intention of going outside to get a white wife, you'll know the sort of time the boys gave Anderson before the "Athabaska River" carried him beyond their sallies of rude wit.

At McMurray, where the river boat made connections with the pioneer railroad for Edmonton, Anderson indulged in a hair-cut.

The artist who handled the clippers gave Anderson his money's worth. When he was through, the trapper's neck bore an unaccustomed white line above the tan on his neck—the hall-mark of the outdoors man seeking the refinements of city life.

TWO days later, a squealing of brakes on the "McMurray Express"—face-tious term for the two day coaches, combined dining-and-sleeping-car, and twenty or more freight cars which made up the weekly train from the North to civilization—announced the arrival at Edmonton.

Vociferous bus-drivers urged custom—"Royal George, sir? Any baggage?"—"Selkirk Hotel, sir—step right in, gents, no waiting!" "Taxi! taxi!"

Eager hands thrust Anderson into a bus. Fifteen minutes later, in a quiet street just off the depot, at a hotel much frequented by the men who go north each year, he was enjoying the luxury of a steaming hot bath—the first one for five long years.

And, an hour later, Anderson, clad in Fraser McDougall's "guid claes," his old trapper's kit hanging behind the door in his room, wandered into the hotel cafe for supper.

He was the only customer. It was near to closing time, and a pair of hazel eyes looked at him, across the long counter, with an expression that was half challenge.

"You'll be wanting supper?" queried the hazel eyes, with a glance at the clock on the wall.

"It's near to closing time, Miss, isn't it?" countered Anderson, his heart going pit-a-pat in remarkable fashion. When one has lived five years all alone in a log shack, the near presence of any female is apt to be embarrassing—and this young lady had undeniably striking hazel eyes.

"Oh, we're supposed to close at nine o'clock, but it doesn't matter a bit."

The trapper reached for the resplendent hat where he had hung it on a peg in anticipation of a stay of some length while he ate his first city meal for some years.

"Oh, please don't go—it isn't quite nine yet, and I don't mind a bit serving you!" cried Miss Hazel Eyes.

So Anderson stayed.

Somehow, for a very shy and very embarrassed young man, he contrived to tell Miss Hazel-Eyes quite a lot about himself.

Leaning on the counter, her dainty little chin cupped in her hands, the girl listened to Anderson's woodsman talk, the hazel eyes growing rounder and rounder.

And how the trapper talked! Five years of loneliness, with only his husky dogs to talk to, or the occasional visit of a fellow-trapper passing up or down the

river—he had lots of excuse, if such were needed.

Suddenly the clock on the wall chimed the half-hour.

"Half past nine—and I'm still here," sung out the girl, though not with any great dismay.

"—and so I'm here to look for a wife to go back north with me," Anderson concluded.

"A city girl—to go north with you—you? Why—you're—oh, it's funny!" giggled Miss Hazel Eyes, as she bustled about, rushing Anderson's supper dishes into the deserted kitchen, snapping out lights, locking the cash register, and throwing on her little close-fitting hat and fur-trimmed coat, all at once.

Anderson stepped to the door.

"Good-night, Miss," he called—"and thank you very much for staying to give me supper."

"Oh—that wasn't anything," laughed back the girl. "Come in again, and tell me how you're getting along."

"I'll sure do that, Miss," then, hesitatingly, "but why did you say it was funny, me wanting to get a wife to take back north with me?"

The girl regarded him steadily, seemed about to say something in explanation, but contented herself with the cryptic reply: "Oh, you'll find out, soon enough," and then shut the cafe door in the trapper's face.

ANDERSON'S adventures from that night on would make food enough for a modern novel. Certainly, for the newspaperman's beloved "feature story" with appropriate captions—"Trapper from Wilds Seeks White Wife"—"They fell for his bank-roll, but couldn't stand his Green Tie."

Steadily pursuing his objective, Anderson sought through such mutual acquaintances as he could pick up, introductions to the maidenhood of Edmonton. It was very discouraging. The young ladies were met, allowed themselves to be "treated" to movies and theatres and auto rides, but laughed heartily at Anderson's suggestions that a little log cabin in the wilds would be an ideal place for two young hearts.

And every day, the trapper dropped in and told his troubles to the sympathetic Miss Hazel-Eyes.

Incidentally, he learned quite a lot about the life of the young lady in question. She was an English girl, quite alone in Canada, and life was pretty hard.

Ten hours a day behind a cafe counter, with men, and men, and men—always eating and smoking and teasing. Trying to "make dates" with her, innocent or otherwise; some openly insulting; others suggestively so.

He had entered the cafe quietly one evening, to hear what was evidently the tail end of one such effort.

A flashily-dressed young fellow, well made in a slouchy sort of manner, lolled at the counter.

Miss Hazel-Eyes, head up and eyes flashing, was registering indignation.

"For the last time, I tell you I won't come," she hurled at the man.

"Well, dearie, don't get huffy about it," sneered the idler, "there's others would jump at the chance, and I don't suppose, working in a cafe, you're any better than—"

A freckled paw grabbed the offender by the collar of his natty coat. There was a brief scuffle, and the loungeer hit the sidewalk with a thud.

He was on his feet in a moment, making a mad rush at the trapper. Anderson stepped aside, launched a short, half-arm blow that did not travel over a foot, and the idler collapsed.

The trapper dragged him into the lounge of the hotel and dumped him unceremoniously into a chair.

"Throw a jug of cold water over him; he'll be all right in a minute or two," he curtly ordered the pop-eyed night clerk.

Then, striding through the lounge into the cafe, he called out, "I hope you're all right, Miss—" and stopped, for the brown head of Miss Hazel-Eyes was

Continued on page 96

# "Through with the Ring" but still keeps 100% Fit



Gene Tunney

GENE TUNNEY may have put off the gloves for good. But he's too wise a man to give up the priceless habits of physical training that stood him in good stead in his profession.

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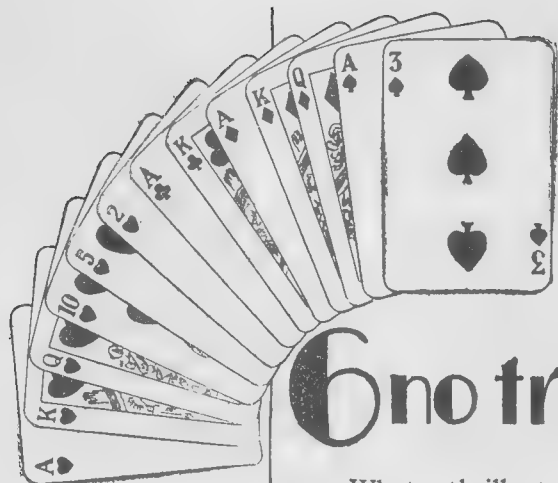
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Perfect results  
Easy to use

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## ATTENTION YOUNG HOUSEWIVES!

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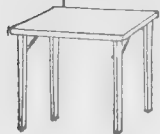


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Peerless and Elite Folding tables are used wherever bridge is played. Their sturdy durability and handsome appearance make them Canada's favorite by a wide margin. Can be put up or taken down in a jiffy. Useful for teas, refreshments, writing and card games of all descriptions.



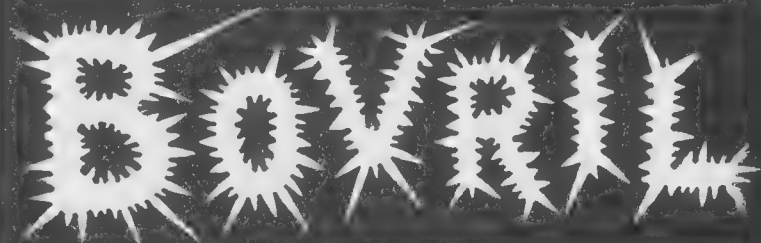
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**CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP**

## Miss Hazel Eyes

Continued from page 95

down on the counter, and the girl's shoulders were shaking with sobs.

"I—I—oh, please don't cry, Miss," stammered the trapper, uncertain what to do, when faced with beauty in distress, "he won't harm you—please don't be afraid."

The hazel eyes looked up, suffused with tears, but snapping with indignation still—only this time, the indignation was against the rescuer.

"Frightened?—I'm not frightened—I'm only mad! And please go away!" she commanded.

"I just wanted to say—"

She stamped an imperious foot.

"Please go away!"

And the wondering trapper, unversed in the ways of the feminine heart, tramped toward the door.

As he swung it open, the girl cried out, softly, "and I'm not really mad with you. Thank you, Mr. Anderson."

He swung on his heel. The kitchen door slammed to with a bang, as Miss Hazel-eyes disappeared from view.

**A**NOTHER week passed. The future Mrs. Anderson seemed to be no nearer to materializing than ever, and the trapper's stock of money was getting very low.

On the last evening of his stay, Anderson's lagging feet led him into the powder and perfume-scented dusk of a movie house. He was tired of the city—tired of its artificiality—tired of its girls who seemed ever ready to take, but never willing to consider him as a suitable life-partner.

He slipped noiselessly into a seat, and listlessly watched the picture. It was a hectic cabaret story, with New York as its background, and Anderson found it dull.

His neighbor, he sensed vaguely, was of the feminine gender, but that was about all he noticed of her.

Suddenly there was a flash and a scream.

From behind, in the projection room high up in the rear wall of the building, a spurt of flame shot through the narrow aperture from which the lens of the machine projected.

"Fire! Fire!" shrieked a hundred hysterical voices.

Instantly, pandemonium broke loose. There was a mad rush for the dimly-lighted exits, as the panic-stricken crowd flung themselves over benches toward the aisles, trampling down those in their path—women screaming, men fighting.

Anderson was on his feet at the first shriek.

"Keep your seats, folks! The fire can't reach you down here!" he yelled, but his voice was drowned in the diapason of terror. The stampede for life would not be stayed.

Reaching for the woman who was next to him, Anderson cried in her ear: "Hold tight to me, and I'll get you out."

She made no response, but grasped his arm tightly.

"Anybody with you?" cried the trapper.

"No," breathed the woman.

They started down the aisle toward the nearest exit, where the mass of struggling humanity was not quite so dense, but even here, the fight raged with superhuman terror, and escape seemed impossible.

Dense fumes from the blazing celluloid filled the darkened theatre, and in the gloom, soft bodies lay prone.

The woman in his arms grew heavy—limp—and the trapper, without ceremony, slung her over his shoulder as he would have done a bale of furs.

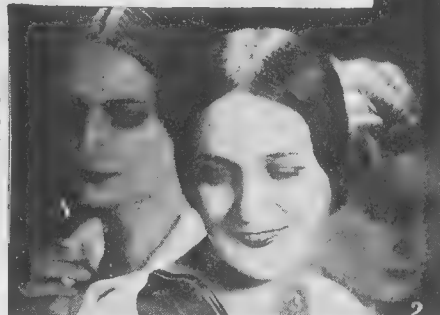
Then, with the shrieking of women and the clanging of fire-bells in his ears, Anderson turned from the exits and their surging mass of fighting, dead or dying victims, and clambered across the footlights, to the stage.

A breath of cold air struck his face—grateful and cool as the breeze from his woods on the Athabaska River. Following the air, he emerged presently into a lane at the rear of the building, and deposited his burden gently on the ground.

Continued on page 97

## GRAY HAIR

**End It SAFELY  
this New Way**



- 1 You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear of results.
- 2 Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. Clean... safe. Takes only 7 or 8 minutes.
- 3 Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect and complete.

### Test it Free at Home

**T**HERE is a marvelous way to bring back color to gray hair—to restore faded streaks to youthful color—to regain gleaming brilliance.

It's clean and colorless as water. You simply comb it through the hair. It will not wash nor rub off. It's called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.

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In hundreds of cases Moone's Emerald Oil has given blessed relief. Use It for Ulcers, Old Sores, Broken Veins and Troublesome Cases of Eczema.

**MOONE'S  
EMERALD OIL**



## Miss Hazel Eyes

Continued from page 96

His eyes blinded and burned with the fumes, Anderson could not see the woman's face, but his hand, through her light dress, felt the steady beat of her heart, and he felt sure that the cool air would revive her.

Then, deliberately, he turned back into the death-chamber, and worked as long as a human body remained in the theatre, in the grim task of rescuing the bodies of those who had perished in the mad struggle for life.

Tired and still half-blinded, Anderson sought his hotel room. Throwing himself on the bed, he slept heavily till the dawn—the dawn of his last day in the city.

Washed and refreshed, he went down to breakfast.

A very tremulous and sober Miss Hazel-Eyes greeted him, and her first words astonished the trapper beyond measure.

"You saved my life last night, Mr. Anderson—"

"Me? Why—I didn't know—"

"It was I who sat next to you. You grabbed me and carried me out. But for you I wouldn't have got out—"

The red face of the trapper, over the vivid green tie, bore mute evidence of his embarrassment.

"I'm glad I saved you, Miss, I'm—I'm—"

The girl came to his assistance.

"Well, you needn't have thrown me over your shoulder like a pack of potatoes," she smiled at him, and for the first time Anderson noted that she had two decided dimples in her cheeks, when she smiled.

Maybe it wasn't for the first time, either. Subconsciously, the trapper had been noticing a lot of things about Miss Hazel-Eyes and now, as the thought of what might have happened came to him, an inexplicable surge of feeling swept over him.

Once again he saw the green woods, and noted how the birds and the animals were each seeking their mate—and it was Spring—and Anderson knew that he, too —

"Miss!" he blurted out. "You don't know much about me, and I don't even know your name—except that in my mind I call you Miss Hazel-Eyes. And you'll think I'm crazy—but I love you—and will you marry me?"

The girl looked him straight between the eyes, head up.

She read the truth there, and the hazel eyes dropped.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Anderson—Dan—I—I—" and her voice choked.

"I guess you couldn't," humbly urged the trapper, "but I did hope that maybe you'd not think I was too bad. Is there somebody else?"

"No," promptly retorted the girl.

"Well, won't you at least tell me why not?"

Laughter, which was never far from this strange girl's emotions, again choked her voice.

"I was hoping somebody else would tell you," she dimpled, "and it's hard that I should have to tell this to my rescuer."

"Laugh away, Miss," responded Anderson, doggedly, "only tell me why you won't marry me."

"Nobody'd ever marry a man dressed the way you are dressed," then said the astonishing Hazel-Eyes, and once more, the door to the kitchen slammed, and Anderson was alone with his thoughts.

TWO hours later, the trapper, his last illusion as to getting a white wife completely buried along with his bright blue suit, green tie, tan shoes and high collar—all of which adornments he had stuffed disgustedly into a remote corner of a small cupboard in his room—looked in for the last time, into the cafe.

The lunch-hour was past, and Miss Hazel-Eyes sat at the extreme end of the counter, pounding out tomorrow's menus on a battered typewriter.

She looked up, startled, the hazel eyes wide open.

Anderson, in his well-worn knee breeches, tan shirt, blue checked mackinaw, and woodsman's boots, stood in front of her. His muscular brown throat, bereft of its ridiculous white collar, rose like a bronze column to support his head with the lean, brown face and the mop of curly red hair.

If Miss Hazel-Eyes knew aught of mythology—which she didn't—or if, knowing, she should have remembered any of it at this time—which again, she didn't—she would have been struck with Anderson's likeness to some ancient Greek woodland god.

But all that young lady did was to gasp.

"Goodbye, Miss — and I hope you'll think of me now and again," said the trapper who looked like a Greek woodland god but didn't know it.

And all of a sudden that always astonishing Miss Hazel-Eyes reached a sudden decision.

"How much time have you till train-time?" she asked, in a voice of suppressed excitement.

"Two hours," replied the Greek god.

"Do you know where the court-house is?" was her next astounding question.

"No, but I'll find out, Miss. What do you want?"

The girl's hazel eyes shone with a heavenly light that even the most stupid of Greek gods should have understood.

"It isn't me that wants it," she breathed, forgetting such minor details as grammar, "it's you—it's a—a—oh, stupid,—it's a marriage license!"

Anderson grabbed for her as realization came to him with a mighty shock.

There was a whirl of skirts and the slam of a door.

Miss Hazel-Eyes had departed to seek a trousseau.

## Spring's House Cleaning

By H. H. Fariss

Spring took up her gay color box  
And touched the shrubs and trees  
With tender green of budding leaves;  
She made a purple frieze  
Of violets down winding roads  
With crocus here and there,  
She scattered jonquils by the fence  
And snowdrops tall and fair.

She dyed the tulips red and gold  
To match her color scheme,  
Then coaxed gray catkins out and rubbed  
The silvery birches clean;

She hung a tapestry of vines  
From jagged rocks and brown  
And spun rare lace from morning mists  
And draped it all around.

She washed the skies of cobweb clouds  
And made them clear and blue,  
Until the sunset tinted them  
With every gorgeous hue;  
And then she sighed with happiness,  
For her heart was light and clear  
As she said "I'm truly thankful  
That's done for another year."

## The Voice of Spring

By Martha S. Lippincott

Winter's snow at last has melted  
And the voice of spring,  
Joyous thoughts of springtime pleasures,  
To our hearts will bring.  
Little flowers, shyly peeping  
Up from mother earth,  
Tell us, in their sweetest language,  
Of the springtime's birth.

Birds up in the leafy treetops,  
Sing their joyous songs,  
Till the heart, by nature awakened,  
For a loved one, longs.  
Earth seems now just made for lovers,  
With their tender ways,  
To appreciate the beauty  
Of these charming days.

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# SILVO

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## The Green Light

Continued from page 24

"Sure, I know it's the foist of the month. Am I a dumbkopf? Aber, Mister, if you could wait till the fifteenth—only the fifteenth. So many people owing me money, Mister, you wouldn't believe—"

"Um-m. Well—"

"Business ain't so good by the tailoring. I'm telling you. Today only one of our best customers threw a pair of pants back on us."

"Yoi, yoi," murmured Mamma-la to herself. "I guess troubles we got it enough."

THE Chonowitz family were as matter-of-fact a houseful as could have been found anywhere. With the possible exception of Moisha the musical there was nothing particularly temperamental about them and for sixteen years they had lived and thrived in this little house, and largely in this one room the general color-scheme of which was distressingly neutral. The wall-paper had originally been a weird design composed of pink scorpions on a brown-and-blue ground, but this was now only a faded and colorless muddle on which an occasional square of brighter patterning stood out to indicate the spot from which some picture had been removed. The side window looked out on a tangle of back yards beyond which two factory walls had risen and blotted out all further view. So they were accustomed to dearth of color. But since Poppa had screwed that bargain-bulb on the living-room light a change had come over the face of all things, literally and figuratively. Mamma-la had become just a trifle querulous, a little more finicky about her food, and Poppa had taken to worrying. Sudden little spats sprang up among the children. Freda didn't sing any more about her work. Nor did Moisha play the gay little airs from the French now, the minuets and chansons that made everybody's feet excited. And the witty and high-spirited Gitta had given her lover back his ring and couldn't, or wouldn't, explain what it was all about. Yes, a change had indeed come over the Chomowitz home.

Poppa was so fond of color. Any color. His pleasure in it was almost childish. For, you see, his early life in Poland had been but a grey smudge, as it were, and so his eager, starved soul was forever seeking, seeking that which would make up for his pitiful lack. Poor Poppa. It just seemed as though he couldn't ever get enough color and that he might grow old and die before he had got his fill of it. If he saw a beautiful sunset he wanted to embrace it. His eyes grew drunk on it. In the spring he steeped his senses in the flower-beds over in the park. Such bright ties as he wore, and such gaudy vests and always yellow or red shoes instead of black ones. He was always bringing home a gay hair-band for little Elsie, his favorite, or picking out a green or purple sweater for Izzie, when the girls would have chosen a sober grey one as showing the dirt less easily. Yes, Poppa loved color. HOW he loved it!

"If you could only see the pretty bulb, Mamma-la!" he had cried, bustling in one late afternoon and tugging a parcel from his pocket as he kissed her. "Such a fine bargain I got. Right away I put him on the light here. Freda, lieber, come quick und see what Poppa got!"

Swiftly he unwrapped an electric-light globe of a vivid green shade and held it up for his daughter to admire.

"A bargain?" queried Freda, interestedly.

"Sure a bargain. Ain't it swell? Ain't it lovely? The color from grass, from trees!" cried Poppa, gesticulating happily.

"Where did you get it? Bromstein's fire-sale?"

"I should get a bargain at Bromstein's fire-sale," he scoffed. "I ain't patronizing them cockroaches no more. I got this one from Louie over at the Century Theatre. They're putting in all new fixtures and giving the old ones away—for fifteen cents."

"It's a big one. Is it for the shop?"

"Don't be foolish. It's for here—the room. Am I paying wages by a pants-presser und a cutter they should waste their time looking at a pretty light? Ven

your Mamma's eyes get better I want she should first of all treat herself mit a good look. Green is good for the eyes."

As he spoke he was busily unscrewing the old fly-specked bulb—now destined for kitchen duty—and then with all the eagerness of a boy with a new toy he screwed on the green one and sprang to the wall-switch. His daughter gave a startled cry.

"Ha! What did I told you, eh?" cried her parent. Is it a beautiful light—I'm asking you? He laughed happily, waving both hands expressively and shrugging. His eyes were fixed on the emerald glow in absorbed fascination.

"Yes, but—" and Freda wrinkled up her nose in the way she did when the grocer offered her something that she suspected wasn't strictly kosher and which might even be "treffe" (forbidden).

"Couldn't you get excited once?" demanded Poppa indignantly. "In all mein life I never seen anything so pretty. Oi, Mamma-la, such a happiness, such a color! If only you could see it!"

"The globe is pretty enough," said his practical-minded daughter, "but look at what it does to the room—to our faces—everything! We look like a lot of corpses or something."

Poppa looked mildly outraged. He threw up his arms.

"Ain't that gratitude for you?" he asked of the ceiling. "Calls me a corpse. Nu, young lady," bringing his gaze back again, "ask me how much I saved? I saved sixty cents! Them bulbs cost seventy-five, retalk NOW does your Poppa look like a dead one, eh?"

BEING a true daughter of Israel Freda couldn't deny that this of course put a new aspect on the case, nevertheless she still seemed dubious about the new acquisition and went back to her work shaking her blonde head while Poppa gave Mamma-la a graphic word-picture of the light, which he declared was lovely enough to adorn the oren kodesh in the synagogue. He likened it to a huge jewel, an emerald, set in the crown of a potentate. He alternately clasped his hands and waved them, in his enthusiasm, and Mamma-la, knowing him to be happy, smiled and nodded and was happy too. That had been two weeks ago and all this while the light from that bilious bulb lay over the room like an evil spell, often even in daytime too, for the factory walls shut out much of the sun. It cast an eerie, unnatural glow on the walls, the furniture, the faces of the occupants. It made queer shadows where none had been before. It spread like a sense of depression and gloom where formerly all had been cheerful and noisy and carefree. It hung over the place like a menace. It was like the sky just before a storm—that was the effect it had. It even turned the cat purple.

"We've got a pup. It's a white one with black patches," announced a little schoolmate to Elsie Chomowitz one day.

"We haven't got a dog, but we've got a cat," returned Elsie, not without some pride.

"What kind of a cat?" inquired the other child.

"Well, it's a kind of funny color," Elsie said carefully. "Outside he's grey, but in the house he's sorta purple."

"You're crazy," declared the other little girl frankly. "There ain't no such thing as a purple cat and I'm gonna tell teacher on you, Elsie Chomowitz. Making up such lies!"

"All right. Come over to our place and see," Elsie retorted with spirit. And the story of the strange-colored feline became a by-word.

In itself, perhaps, the hue of the new globe may have been restful and gratifying to the sight, but otherwise its beneficence was doubtful; in fact, it might have been said to have been actively malignant. Cold as it was, like autumn rain, cheerless and depressing. Or cold like a too-intellectual woman. One acknowledged a certain virtue in it but couldn't warm to it. Even Poppa now, when he came briskly in from business suddenly lost all his geniality the moment he stepped into the room. In spite of himself he was conscious of something

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wrong. His spirits fell and it required an effort to put his usual enthusiasm into his habitual evening greetings: "Nu, business is rotten." All the time he remained in the living-room he felt uneasy.

"It's a little cold here, hein"? he would suggest. "Maybe we better fix on some more fire."

"It's that darn light," Moe would declare. "For fifteen cents we should make ourselves miserable! Me, I'm warm-blooded, but when I come into this room I shiver. I look around for icicles."

But Poppa wouldn't hear a word against his cherished bargain-bulb. What anyhow did they expect for three nickels—a chandelier?

To Mamma-la there in her chair the light was but a vague, luminous blur, though she peered in vain to get a better sight of the lovely thing Poppa was always praising so. Nu, perhaps, some day—

Poppa and the rent-collector were still arguing away, the voices drifting in to her in a rising volume, Poppa stressing the family troubles and trials and the collector callous and skeptical. But Poppa always won. He had eloquence and resourcefulness and a gift of perseverance. It was only a matter of time till the collector would get tired of his flow of oratory and go away. Poppa sometimes forgot that Mamma-la was an involuntary eavesdropper and he frightened her at times, so many and varied were the ailments he claimed for her.

Freda was laying the supper table with a great banging and clattering. Jakey had come in and was arguing with Moe in the kitchen. Then Gitta, gay and glowing from a brisk walk uptown, her superb youth and health and spirits triumphant over the factory weariness and the ache of the long day over her machine, burst in with a supercilious lift of her nose at the rent man as she brushed unceremoniously past him.

"Hello Mamma-la! How have you been today?" she cried, rushing at the invalid and hugging her. "I brought you two cream-puffs, Mamma-la. Nice ones—more cream than puff." She placed a grease-spotted bag on the table, flung off her small red hat and ran her fingers through her thick black bob.

"It's your turn to wash the dishes," Freda told her pointedly.

"Well, I can't. I got a date," Gitta announced promptly. She sniffed at the cooking supper and the sniff was a blend of hunger and distaste. The air was close. The frivolous odor of frying fish coyly flirted with the solemn smell of stale garlick and from overhead the eerie light from the green globe shed a sickly, uninspiring glow over the supper-table. "Always she's got a date," commented Freda.

"For goodness sake, what's the matter with this house, anyway"? Gitta burst out fretfully. "Does it never get aired? We got to have more light, too. If I wanted to bring a friend in—" she shrugged daintily and broke off. Then added: "I'm going to get Poppa to take out this old safety-first light and we'll get a floor-lamp."

"Yeh, try and get him to," said Freda skeptically.

"Gitta, mein love," said Mamma-la gently, "did you make it up by Mannie again, yes?"

Gitta cast her dark eyes upward and made an impatient little gesture.

"Mamma-la, can't you get your mind off that?"

"Tch. Tch. In my heart it makes a sadness," said her mother with a sigh. "Such a fine young man, Gitta—"

"Bah!"

"Aber, you said—about bringing a friend in. I thought—"

"I've got other friends. Do you imagine there are no men in the world but Mannie Mendelbaum"? Gitta was supremely scornful.

"I—I've a feeling something's going to happen," murmured her mother. "All day I felt it, Gitta."

Quickly repentant, Gitta threw herself on the stool at her mother's feet and began to pat her hands.

"Darling Mamma-la, you sit too much alone. Ideas you get in your head—ain't it? We got to make it brighter round here for you."

"No, no. It's all right, Gitta, mein love. I—"

Continued on page 100

# Women of Canada

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## The Green Light

Continued from page 99

"I wish Moe would hurry up and get that radio set he's always talking about. That would be nice for you, Mamma-la."

"Moisha plays nize. Could I ask for better moosic? Listen." And the little invalid raised a hand, half-closed her dim eyes and lent an ear to the violin upstairs.

"Sure he plays well—if only he'd play something peppy," agreed Gitta. "How often I've begged him to cut out the elegies and largethos and things. But no, because at twelve years of age he was hailed as a boy-wonder he can't forget it! Won't take a job in an orchestra because they all play jazz! What other orchestras are there but jazz? He's got to swallow his pride, that's what."

"If you're going upstairs tell him to come to supper," called Freda, throwing a pile of cutlery helter-skelter on the table.

Gitta's high heels click-clicked on each step. At the top of the stairs a door stood open and a pale, dark-haired youth of twenty looked up from a music stand. At sight of her his look of concentration changed to one of pleasure and he dropped his fiddle and advanced to the doorway.

"Hello, Gitta. Just the girl I want to see. Lend me a two-spot, will you?"

"Moisha! Again?"

"Just till Saturday, Gitta."

"And what's going to happen then—a miracle?"

"Honest, Gitta, I got to have it —"

"Haven't you seen Varanelli about that place in the orchestra yet?"

"What good does seeing him do? He always looks the same." Moisha strove to make his tone light. A sensitive-faced boy, this, with very black eyes in which an infinite sadness seemed to dwell. His slender artist's hands protruded from the sleeves of a much-darned sweater he wore, and he wore, as well, a faint look of injury.

"Well, I got no time to argue—I got to dress for a date," said Gitta, opening her frivolous little handbag and producing from its jumbled depths two dollar bills. "Here, take these."

Moisha clutched at the money with pitiful eagerness.

"Honest, Gita, you're a peach!" he declared.

"Aw, write it on your cuff," she rejoined, with one of her piquant little shrugs and she swung into her own room—the one she shared with her sisters—and banged the door.

THE supper-table had been set very informally by the casual Freda. There was a red-checked cloth in the centre of which stood a glass vase containing some very life-like tissue-paper roses. At Poppa's place was the big steaming soup-tureen and beside it a two-pronged fork for the fish. A plateful of poppy-seed rolls had been placed midway down the board and there were also some very greasy doughnuts, square-shaped and partly slit open, the slit containing jelly. Everybody seized his own utensils from the pile and grabbing a plate set up a clamoring while Poppa, his hat on the top-back of his head, fumed and waved his hands and rolled up his eyes in despair at the strange table-manners of his brood. Flourishing the long curved bread-knife in one hand he looked rather like a friendly brigand. To an outsider it all might have been disconcerting but since the scene occurred nightly it had taken on the quality of a custom and Poppa's fussing had lost a good deal of its force and had degenerated into comedy. He had about as much discipline as an office boy and Jakey and Izzie had long since learned to dodge his cuffing.

Conversation at the Chomowitz board never lagged. At times it rose to such a chorus that the listening Mamma-la had all she could do to sort out the different voices.

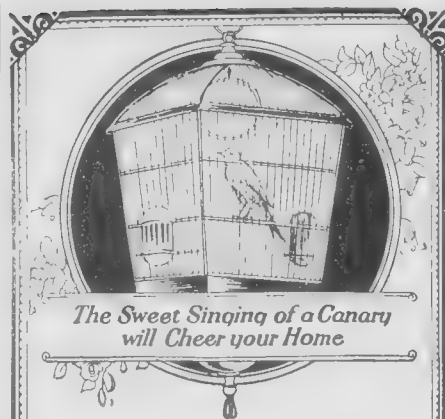
"Freda, you forgot the butter again!"

"—and I says to him—"

"Some manners I want around here, Jakey, put on your hat—you're at the table!"

"—oin't as good fish as we had last week. We got to do our marketing earlier—"

Continued on page 101



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## The Green Light

Continued from page 100

"This is the first of the month—"  
"Ask Gitta to spread it for you, darling. Me, I'm busy here—"

"—and I says to him, 'd'you want them poil buttons sewed on right here or d'you want we should put them up foither?'—And then, watcha think! The fire-engine came down the street and that rosher ran out mit only his underwear on—"

"Moe, you ganef, put back that cake! There's only one apiece!"

"—so along came two cops and they grabbed him and poured him into a taxi—"

"Oh, Mamma-la, could you try a little of the nize gefullte tonight?"

"Poppa! Poppa! Some more soup!"

And then poor Poppa crying: "Am I a centipede? Only two hands I got. Can I vait on six people at once?"

FROM the wall an enlarged photograph of Grandfather Chomowitz gazed down on the party with a kind of fixed stare, sternly benevolent. He wore a large black hat fitting well down over his ears and a long beard that flowed to his waist. One hand was thrust into the breast of his high-buttoned coat in the traditional manner of statesmanship—although as a matter of fact he had been a small-merchant in Poland. His face and his memory alike were revered and nobody as yet had noticed the incongruity in a motto tacked on the wall directly underneath him. A red cardboard motto with large silver letters in the English. (The goy lady over at the Neighborhood House had given it to Jakey.) It said: "BE NOT AFRAID, IT IS I."

It was Poppa's invariable custom before he sat down to a meal to salute this honored forbear and little Elsie had a quaint belief that he watched her and saw everything she did. Her soft brown eyes regarded him with a kind of awe. Grandfather was, as it were, a family god.

The meal proceeded boisterously. Poppa took up a long loaf of bread and carved it across his chest, arguing meanwhile with his son Moe. There had been, it seemed, some trouble at the shop. A dissatisfied customer. They discussed the matter with some heat—and many gestures.

"He said the pants was O.K. and he paid me a check by the Bank of Commerce already. I kept him till I rang up the bank, then he went away and the next day he comes to the shop and says the pants was too tight—"

"Nu, for why didn't he say so in the foist place?"

"He says we could let out a seam—"

"He waits till today, mind you, and then he comes and he throws them pants at us! He's got to act on my shop like a meshugeneh and make a gedinks in front of the customers. I said—"

"I told him—"

"Listen, vill you? I'm talking. I said—"

"The noive from that goy! He wanted we should make him a rebate—"

"I said to him he should leave the pants and he commences to holler on Moe he'll arrest him—"

"Two hours it took. I'm telling you—"

The dainty Gitta shrugged.

"As a man sews so shall he rip," she remarked.

"Yoi, yoi," came the voice of Mamma-la in a brief interval, "troubles we got it enough!"

The turbulent table broke up finally and after a little argument Gitta consented to wipe the dishes, whereupon she and Freda, after flinging the crockery into the sink and turning on the hot tap, began a game of pitch-and-toss with, strange to say, surprisingly few casualties. They had become adept at plate-juggling. The twins settled down to their homework. Poppa read his Jewish Chronicle. The house, with everyone else gone out, was comparatively quiet.

"Did you got many lessons to do, darling?" The voice of Mamma-la inquiring of Izzie.

"Ooh, have I! Today we got our leaflets at the chadir, Mamma-la. Listen: 'November 5686 to Passover 5686—pupils are to be able to relate from memory in

their own words the stories from the covered portion of the Siphri. Reading—to finish Hashachar—"

"And listen, Mamma-la," broke in Elsie: "Class to be able to write in Hebrew the stories from the Book of Genesis. Class four to know the Five Books of Moses, with selected portions of Rashi—"

"But wait till we get to class five," cried Izzie. "They got to do forty pages of the Sanhedrin and Tophos and the whole Book of Isaiah!"

"Study hard, mein baby-la und some day you make yourself a very learned man, rabbi, maybe." The little Mamma-la always thus admonished the lad, who occasionally was wont to complain that the goy kids had a better time than he, in that after three-thirty when the city schools let out they were free to play ball, while he and certain other of his race—sons and daughters of the more devout—were obliged to attend the Jewish school until six o'clock.

IT WAS a peaceful domestic scene. The children droning over their lessons. Poppa rustling his newspaper. Mamma-la murmuring and nodding in her chair. Poppa got up after a time and went out to the kitchen, returning with a saucerful of fish bones.

"Peter—Peter—Peter," he chirped. "Vare is that cat—that Irish? Come, get your nize supper, Peter."

The cat, snoozing in Mamma-la's lap, opened one yellow eye, then the other, rose and stretched indolently and sprang down. He minced very deliberately up to the proffered dish and sniffed at it—the gesture of an over-fed feline who has become finicky. It happened just like this every evening.

"Nu, Rachel, you want to come to bed soon?" Poppa suggested. So quiet you keep I thought maybe you fell asleep already."

"I'm all right," answered Mamma-la, with a yawn. "Aber, I guess, I go to bed soon, yes." She began to fold up her work.

Just a hum-drum domestic scene like others that were being enacted in hundreds of homes all about. But into this one Fate chose to send a curious interruption—one of those grotesque little tricks she sometimes plays on the just and the unjust, impartially. It happened without the slightest warning.

"Ping! . . . Crash! . . . Darkness!"

The green light had gone out! A scream from Elsie and Mamma-la calling anxiously: "What is it? Did something happen?"

There was a roar from Poppa. "What schlemiel done this?"

"It's lightning! And it's raining glass or something," cried Elsie, and tremblingly she threw out her hands to locate her parent. "Poppa, where are you? Don't leave us, Poppa. Ooh, Poppa, are we struck by lightning?"

The head of the house calmly struck a match on his boot-sole, and shielding the flame with his cupped hand he looked round him. On the table-cloth lay a shower of green glass-particles. He clapped one hand to his cheek and moaned, as the match flickered out.

"Gutenacht! Mein bulb—mein lovely, beautiful, bargain-bulb! Almost too stricken to move, he continued to stand there bemoaning his loss, while Izzie secured another match and groped his way to the kitchen, where he promptly unscrewed the old fly-specked globe to replace the smashed one.

Then as clear—comparatively clear—yellow light poured over the living-room Elsie gave another scream and pointed to the wall.

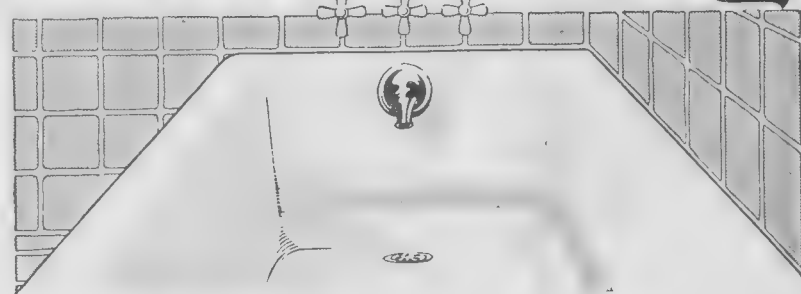
"Look. See what's happened to Grandpa!"

The features of the venerable Chomowitz were nearly obliterated under a network of cracks in the glass of the picture-frame. A great splash of cracks. They lay like an irreverent cobweb over that dignified countenance. It was hardly to be believed and they all had to look a second time.

"And look at the pebble I just found under the chair here," was Izzie's contribution to the mystery and excitement.

Continued on page 102

# Amazing



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# The Green Light

Continued from page 101

It was all very odd. Poppa clapped both hands to his cheeks by this time—like one who was suffering from double neuralgia. He averted his eyes from the ruins of his beloved globe and ordered Elsie to get the dustpan and a whisk. And all the while the little almost-sightless Mamma-la had been calling at intervals to ask if something had happened. Now she managed at length to speak above the clamor and Poppa heard and heeded.

"Did something happen?" he echoed. "She asks did something happen! Oi, Mamma-la, you should be glad you can't see it."

The outrage to Grandfather Chomowitz he regarded with a shade more philosophy. Sam Bergwein owed Poppa for five pants-pressings and Sam was a glazier. Ergo, tomorrow the picture would be ge-fixed for nothing. But where—somebody tell him where—could you get such another bargain-bulb? It could not be done, that's all.

But who or what had broken the globe? In the family its destruction remained a mystery and the incident passed into history unsolved. Only a terrible fierce bloodthirsty bandit named Benny Benz might have shed light on the matter, and he, for obvious reasons, wasn't telling. However, it eventually became known by a simple process of deduction that a stone from a sling-shot had done the deed and forever after every small boy in the immediate neighborhood went under a cloud of suspicion.

Benny Benz, however, came from some distance. He was a resourceful urchin with a roving disposition and this night he had run away as usual from his home work and had taken to the broad highway in search of adventure. There wasn't anyone to stop him, for he lived with an aunt, a lady recently widowed. She was about to marry again and consequently her attention was taken up with more important matters. The elder brother of her deceased husband had called upon her after a decent interval and, according to the Talmudic law of ancient times had untied with the first two fingers of his right hand the shoe-strings of his sorrowing sister-in-law, thereby signifying that she was free to marry again as far as her husband's relatives were concerned. "If the elder brother is unwilling or unable to marry her," says this ancient law, "she removes or unlaces his shoe string and is entitled to expectorate in his face. A rider or marginal note explains that this latter little formality has, however, passed into disuse!"

So, while the middle-aged lovers communed in the widow's parlor Benny slipped away. Having exhausted the possibilities of the upper half of the ward he debouched into a flowing artery that led to a series of intriguing side-streets in one of which he suddenly found himself standing opposite a crooked little plaster house from which violin music issued faintly. Such a funny-looking house—and such sad music. A lower window was open and a feeble ray of green light poured out and lay like a smear on the pavement. Nobody appeared to be in the room—it must have been that Mamma-la had just that moment pushed her chair back—and the blind was away up—sky-high up. Oh, a very odd house indeed. Benny went up quite close and took a good look in the window. He saw a green electric light—green like the lights down on the railroad tracks. It would make a peach of a target, that light—

Benny couldn't have been expected to resist it. He pulled out his trusty sling-shot and took careful aim. Ping . . . Crash! . . . Then he went away from there—very fast.

He felt himself to be a really-truly criminal. The thought was not without its thrill, but he hoped he wouldn't meet a cop. He didn't.

Criminal? How should he know that on the contrary he was a benefactor and that with that one impulsive act, and a good bull's-eye aim, he had delivered an entire family from the malignant influence of a hideous emerald eye?

A WEEK later. It is the hour of dusk. And again the little lop-sided house blinks at the passer-by, but this time it seems to smile instead of leer and from one of its windows—Mamma-la's—streams a soft and cheerful ray of light that falls on the pavement like a splash of golden wine. From an upper one, also open trickles violin music, merry and lilting like the laughter of happy lovers. Our Noisha has compromised with his pride. He has secured—or has consented to accept—a job in an orchestra, that plays only "refined jazz," music of modern lovers. And indeed up the street at the very moment two sweethearts come walking slowly, arms entwined. At the door of the little house they pause and smile into each other's eyes. They whisper. They appear to be "making a date." The girl enters the house and the boy goes whistling on his way.

In the dim hallway voices and a familiar argument:

"Tch. Tch. Again the rent! Only a week since you came before. Couldn't you wait till the fifteenth like I said?"

"Um-m. Well—"

"Business picked up some, but she ain't so good yet, mister. By the fifteenth—"

"Well, a little deposit—"

"He asks for a deposit already! Are we going to run away? Schmoosh! Always you'll find us here. Me, I got a sick wife, ain't it?"

But presently the counting of money: "H-m. Six—eight—ten—twelve—"

"Not so loud, mister. Mein wife's asleep maybe." But even in the solemn transaction of counting out cash and receiving a receipt Poppa grows forgetful that while he may be a pessimist for business reasons he is an optimist at heart and he allows some of the optimism to bubble up in the conversation. "That woman—would you believe it?—she puts on two shawls yesterday and goes out for some sunshine and gets herself such an appetite, mister, I'm telling you, I never seen her eat like it! All week she feels good, she says. Aber, I ain't kicking, am I? By our house everybody had the blues or something till lately—maybe it's the weather."

But the little invalid wasn't asleep. She sat by her window as usual, meditating and stroking the fur of the big tomcat lying on her lap. Why she always sat at the window she couldn't have explained. Perhaps there was felt a sense of light and life and movement. It was "company."

"Peter, mein love," she murmured. "did Freda give you your supper yet, yes?"

"Purr-r-r," he made reply, in a manner implying contentment with his lot.

Mamma-la drew a contented little sigh in concord.

"By this house again we got happiness, Peter. In my heart is a great lightness, a peace. Poppa ain't worrying—he collected him a bad bill mit ten per cent. interest already. Gitta makes up again by Mannie and the wedding comes soon—maybe before Yom Kippur. Freda sings all day long again and the twins get every day good marks at the chadir. The roomer, he's quit complaining so much. Und Jakey's chilblains are better. Also, Moisha, mein first-born—listen how happy he plays! Oi, Peter, so good it is ven happiness comes on a house again, ain't it? It must be the weather—or something." The little Mamma-la nodded and smiled and laid her cheek against the cat's soft back.

Then Poppa calling: "Peter—Peter—come get the nize fish-bones, you Irish!"

Peter jumped down and minced across the room in very deliberate fashion to sniff at the saucer. Even he seemed to have shared in the general mazel-tov, or good luck, for although still finicky about his food he wasn't a purple cat any longer but his old sober-grey self. The sight of him nosing over the fish-bones so daintily made the twins laugh.

"Did something happen?" inquired Mamma-la.

Mamma-la smiled and nodded over her knitting.

"Yoi, yoi," she murmured, contentedly, "happiness we got it enough, I guess."



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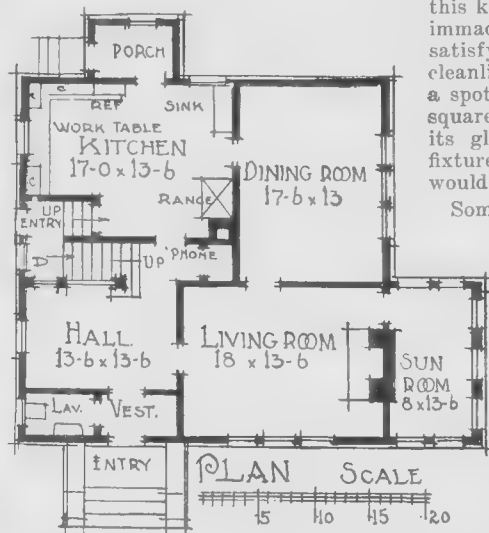
# The House of Simplicity

Continued from page 27

floors picking up the reflections and the rugs making a soft foundation for the furniture, with a fire sparkling between the deep yellow-toned fireplace and, above all, the Presence by the fireside . . . What is it Rupert Brooks says?—

"Ah! the beat  
Of weary unreturning feet,  
And songs of pilgrims unreturning!  
The fires we left are always burning  
On the old shrines of home . . ."

And at the end of the living-room was tentatively drawn a verandah, but is a verandah in our West the most comfortable place to enjoy the sun and air? A sunroom seemed to me to be more logical a place and it can be readily opened up; a place where you can enjoy the loveliness of summer equally with chilly autumn, listen to the music of the birds, see the poetry of color in your garden. How enjoyable it would be to serve a meal in a sun-room like this. The heavy linoleum softens the tread and the soft



light of the candles flicker above the shining appointments of the table.

THE planning to me now seemed to be going backward, as it is so different from the customary methods of planning, where generally the hallway is the starting point from which the interior travels, but the idea is to show the progression of the design from its inception. These descriptions are intended not only to give a vision of the completed home but to give a share in the sentiments and enthusiasm which evolved the plan.

The vestibule has a lavatory opening from it. This is private and is a convenience not to be under-estimated. The design should be rather luxurious as this will be primarily a guests' lavatory, with tile floor and finished in green tiled walls with fixtures of white porcelain.

Coming to the inner hall it could be made exceedingly beautiful. What pleasure could be taken from the large window with its soft draperies and the enclosed radiator forming a wide window ledge, with the two simply designed chairs beside it and a luxurious rug on the hardwood floor. Beauty has always a restraint. The cluttered rooms have disappeared, space rules, but you must punctuate it. Have you a vacant spot that cries for a chair, a lamp, a rug, or some bright spot of color to make the whole room alive? The thing is to suit that vacant spot. In the background are the stairs seen rising between columns and growing from each tread their slender square balusters rising to the cornice. The hall is papered.

The right sort of wall papers add so much, cost so little and are the magic wand that transforms the severe room into a cheerful one—or mayhap its mission may only be to tone down a too-glaring light into a more sombre tone that will invite relaxation. There is no doubt that the wall papers we have today if chosen carefully will invest a drab

room with a magic almost impossible to believe.

Secluded is a telephone booth, and the entry to the kitchen is beside it, convenient for service to the front, yet not obtrusive. In planning the stairway the problem was whether to design it rising opposite to what it does, but this, although giving a little more space at the top, would bring the outside cellar entry away from the kitchen—a distinct disadvantage. The kitchen planning revolves around the service, the preparation and clearing away of food.

In planning the kitchen there is considerable latitude but the fundamentals are the same in all kitchens. From the refrigerator and pantry to the work-table—thence to the range, from there to the serving-table and into the dining room and the reverse. From the dining room to the sink, and garbage, and to the cupboards. This is the general routine. In previous articles I have written of colorful kitchens. Now the square house has a certain dignity to maintain throughout the interior, somewhat Spanish, and this kitchen should be fresh, radiant and immaculate, ivory-white surfaces which satisfy the housewife's sense of true cleanliness. A tiled kitchen is generally a spotless kitchen, and this one with its square patterned linoleum on the floor, its glistening delight in the plumbing fixtures, with soft indirect electric lights would become the pride of any woman.

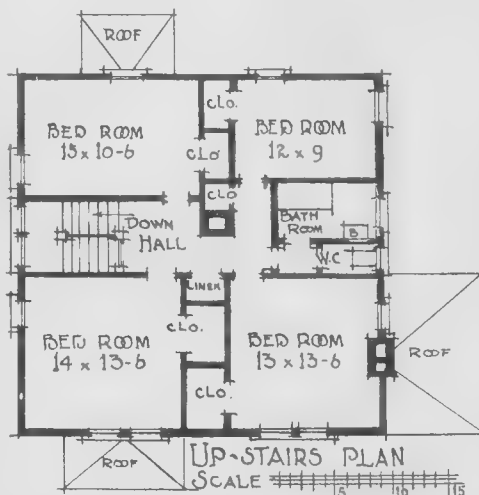
Some of the most charming dining rooms take their hospitable atmosphere from the warmth and richness of the finishing, and this one with its long wall-spaces would be an ideal one to furnish.

Upstairs all the rooms are rectangular and there is ample closet space. Closets are, unfortunately, generally without windows unless the planning is spread out in such a way that the cost becomes prohibitive, but all closets should be ventilated with a four-inch round pipe fitted with a register.

The bathroom and toilet are kept separate. My idea of sanitation is, consult the plumber more and you may need the doctor less, and if there is any room in the house which is the index to the real character of that house it is the bathroom. The furnishings in the rest of the house reflect the limitations of your purse. The bathroom reflects your sense of refinement, your ideal of hygiene and sanitation.

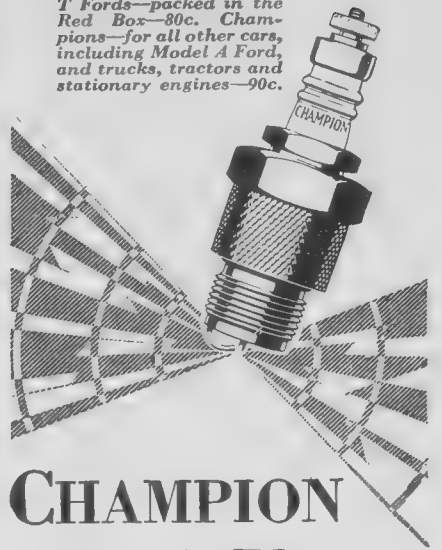
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## Rugs to Meet all Modes

Continued from page 32

beyond challenge, for those who have not "gone modernistic", as the saying goes.

But note, if you will, at the way in which that self-same plain carpeting meets the new mode on its own ground. The picture at the top of this article is nothing if not modern. Study its details—you will enjoy them; and you can rely on the fact that this room is well-done—it is the work of artists in the use of the new materials.

What could be used as a foundation for so much interesting line and design and color—although unfortunately this very important part of the picture has to be left to our readers' imaginations, —except a plain wall and a plain floor? Just imagine design there, and see for yourself how promptly the effect would be killed. Certainly, then, the convert to the new style in furnishing will remain appreciative of this old favorite, the patternless rug.

I was interested in some light little bedroom rugs which I saw recently and which, although almost plain, turned out to be a deep-piled cotton chenille; an odd, modern bit of pattern appeared in one end or corner, and to make it stand out, an artificial silk yarn was used. The colorings were delightful, the bits of design entirely charming; not at all dominant—these little rugs would fit into a bedroom that had little very modern about it, just a simple and charmingly colorful picture; or they would be quite in the spirit of the entirely modern chamber, yet with a restraint and naive charm that would be irresistible.

## The Mating of Jacques Thorelle

Continued from page 89

"And now I would have you know, although you despise me, that I would barter all my hope of Heaven to make amends, and give my life that you might have one hour of real happiness. Like a madman I have desecrated the heaven that might have been for some man worthy of you."

With one glance at her white face he bent down and raised the hem of her white gown to his lips, stumblingly then he made for the door, and lifting the latch passed out into the night.

The girl stood there pale and trembling with white face and shining eye, but only for a short space of time, for presently the color flooded her face, and throwing up her chin with a little smile of triumph, she darted to the door and opened it.

"Jacques," breathed a voice very near his heart; two arms stole up, but though she stood up on tiptoe she still could not reach his face. "Jacques, my foolish one, how could I have my hour of happiness an thou wert dead"? Her voice was low and teasing, but it trembled.

In utter amazement Jacques looked down into her glowing face, and then with a wondrous light dawning in his own, glanced from her face to the shimmering white gown. With a mighty laugh he swung her right up off the ground till her lips were on a level with his own.

"Annette," he whispered when once again he stood upon solid earth, "when and how did this wonderful miracle happen"?

"How, I know not, but it happened in the big hall of the Court House," came in muffled tones from somewhere just under the region of his chin.

"Sweetheart," he murmured into her hair, "to think that I feared to love you"!

After a long silence Jacques raised his hand.

"And now, as soon as may be," he said we will ride through the streets of Quebec that all the world may see how blessed is Jacques Thorelle the trapper! What say you, little one"?

And, raising her high in his arms, he strode with her through the open door of his new-found Heaven.

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## Wishbones

Continued from page 28

like two lumps of bluestone. "What a fine bird," exclaimed Mrs. Twist. "I had no idea it was so plump."

"He should be fat," announced Angus hastily, "he's been well fed."

**T**HE day had come and the guests were arriving. Angus seemed unduly excited.

"The McMullens is late," he remarked, anxiously looking at his watch. Fifteen minutes later the family in question appeared at the door. Angus mumbled something about just one more little chore to do and putting on his cap made for the yard.

"I declare, you're enough to drive a woman mad," rebuked his wife. "You've been hanging round the house for half an hour and now when the company's nearly all here you have to go and work."

"The Kilgours ain't here yet and I'll no' be long."

"Shall I come and help you," offered Thomas McMullen.

"Oh, no thank ye," said Angus, with great decision, "it's a very little job."

So saying, he scurried to the stable, walked through it, and came out on the other side. Here, in the shadow of a straw-stack, stood a saddled horse.

Angus leapt on and galloped to the McMullen household, which lay in cheerless darkness.

"Paul somebody's ride ain't got nothin' on me," Angus told himself as he jumped from the horse and opened the gate into the barnyard. The turkeys had all gone to bed, but Angus was no respecter of sleeping birds. He struck a match and glanced over the startled creatures which stood with ruffled feathers uttering loud protestations. Angus came to a gobbler which had a green band on its left leg, seized it hurriedly, stuffed it into the bag he had brought while the bird yelled loudly.

"McBeth hath murdered sleep!"

But Angus knew neither Shakespeare nor turkey-talk, so he did not realize the import of this speech. Angus, as was his wont, talked to the bird all the way home. The galloping did not improve his breath-control and the sack about its head did not improve the turkey's hearing but doubtless they understood each other.

"And did ye enjoy being at old Tom's, my pet?" he inquired. "And did ye like strutting round pretending to be his old gobbler, eh? It's a good feed I'll be giving ye. Ye done well. The old crook never knew, mind ye."

Arrived at home, Angus threw the surprised bird into its pen, and its companions all said:

"Where have you been?"

And, because it was a very human bird, it said:

"Sorry, my dears, but I had to work late at the office."

Which did not end affairs by any means. Then there was the horse to unsaddle. Angus soon did that, and after giving the beast an extra portion of oats—much to its neighbors' annoyance

—the triumphant man re-entered the house. The last of the visitors had just arrived. The Twists had invited the same people that the McMullens had entertained.

**T**HOMAS was supremely happy. His turkey-itch was about to be satisfied. He ate ravenously. He consumed part of the breast. He devoured stuffing. He turned to a leg with avidity. There was a little bruise on the meat. Angus evidently got angry with his turkeys occasionally. He must have thrown something at it, he—Thomas paused, horrified. Three days ago he had thrown a cord-wood stick at his own beautiful gobbler. Would the flesh be bruised? He had hit it—he had hit it on the leg. Thomas gazed at the leg before him in stupefaction. An electric shock ran through him. He rose from the table as a subject rises from the broom of a hypnotist.

"By God," he said in a hollow voice, "I believe I'm eatin' my own gobbler!"

Angus got up calmly.

"By God, ye are," he agreed, "an' I was eatin' my own chickens at your place."

The two men stared at each other while the company sat open-mouthed with various portions of steaming meat upon their upraised forks.

"We're equal now," announced Angus, and he sat down to the feast once more.

Thomas sat down also, and continued to eat rather sullenly.

"But how did ya do it?" he inquired suddenly. "I counted them turkeys this morning and they was all there."

"No, they wasn't. One o' mine was masqueradin' in your yard." Thomas' eyes lit. He'd kill the thing as soon as he got home. There was no beating him.

"It ain't there now, though," comforted Angus. "It was lonesome. I fetched it home."

It almost looked as if there might be a fight, two sides and everybody at it, but two people were almost unconscious of the great issues in the air. Ellen, and Wallace McMullen were at their old game of pulling wish-bones. It was a strong one, and not very well dried; but Wallace got it after violent struggles, and rose rather sheepishly to his feet.

"Don't fight, folks," he said. "I've just got the wish on the wishbone and Ellen said if I got it I could tell youse all there'll be a wedding soon and youse are all invited, so let's get on with the eats to celebrate, eh? And then there'll be chickens and turkeys belonging to Ellen and me. If youse two old chicken thieves come prowling round our yard there'll be a shot-gun handy. Youse two shake hands. You're even now, and then Ellen will chord on the organ and I'll play the fiddle and everybody here'll dance."

While Limpety, Bill and Ben can hardly be held responsible for the ensuing wedding, they certainly had something to do with bringing happiness to two people, and what is more important to the community, they cured to a remarkable degree Thomas McMullen's itchy palm.

## The Scarlet and Gold

By A. L. Freebairn

*Fifty years on the prairie  
(God, but I'm growing old)—  
I was just a lad in the twenties  
When I donned the scarlet and gold.  
One of the North West Mounties,  
I have watched a city grow  
On the banks of the Elbow River,  
Where I first saw the buffalo.*

*Fifty years on the prairie  
(It's hell, how the time does fly)—  
It seems like only a year or so  
Since I bid the folks goodbye,  
Striking west for adventure,  
Maybe an Indian fray,  
A horse, a gun, and a saddle,  
Plus my grub and six bits a day.*

*Fifty years on the prairie  
(Hard life, but what of that?)—  
I saw a million buffalo once,  
Away south of Medicine Hat.*

*Sometimes a bed in the bunch grass,  
An occasional blow-out in town,  
Drinking till soused to the eyebrows,  
But it's years since I settled down.*

*Fifty years on the prairie  
(Took a homestead in eighty-one)—  
I have froze in its winter blizzards  
And broiled 'neath its summer sun.  
I have forked a horse on the roundup  
In the days of the open range;  
I have prospected in the mountains  
Among valleys wild and strange.*

*Fifty years on the prairie  
(Boys but the thought is grand)—  
To have helped to make this province  
From the wild, lone prairie land,  
Still my heart yearns for the old days,  
With the "Riders of the Plain,"  
And I'd like to be back in the saddle  
With the "Scarlet and Gold" again.*



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## Renewals!

Quite a number of subscriptions expire this month. The heavy demand for copies renders it mandatory for us to discontinue service unless renewal is received promptly so right now might be a good time to send us that dollar. We are anxious to keep our circle of readers intact.

The Western Home  
Monthly

WINNIPEG

## Federated Women's Institutes

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

SINCE its humble beginning, 32 years ago, in February 1897, in Stoney Creek, Ontario, the Women's Institute movement has spread not only across Canada, but overseas, until now it encircles the world. In Canada, there are some 2,200 branches of which nearly 1,100 are in the mother Province of Ontario, Alberta ranking next with 312 branches.

In 1915 a Canadian woman, Mrs. Alfred Watt of Victoria, B.C., took the idea to England, and in recognition of this service was given the decoration of Matron of the British Empire. It grew rapidly there, and according to the latest figures there are now 4,229 branches in England and Wales, the increase in November and December of 1928 being at the rate of 47 and 45 branches. Scotland receiving its inspiration from the south now has approximately 500 branches. All are working enthusiastically for the main purpose of "improving and developing conditions of rural life by providing centres for educational activities and social intercourse."

### Queen is Interested

One of their major activities each year is a handicraft exhibit at the annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society, which was held last year at Nottingham. This section was a very fine display of eight different kinds of hand-made rugs, rush work, willow baskets, raffia, children's frocks and overalls. Their Majesties, the King and Queen, visited the exhibit, and the Queen purchased a pair of raffia slippers for the little Princess Elizabeth. She also bought two "Save the Countryside" posters, to be presented to her own Institute, the Sandringham branch, of which she was the first president. The present president of the Sandringham W.I. regretted that she had forgotten to wear her badge, especially since Her Majesty never forgets to wear hers, when she attends W.I. meetings.

### Anti-litter Campaign

"Save the Countryside" posters are the material methods many W.I.'s were using last summer to promote an "anti-litter" campaign. These were placed in conspicuous places and told picnickers and others that "A littered landscape was a shame to England," and urged upon all to "Clean up" before they left.

Drama and music are being enjoyed and studied as never before by rural England. W.I. delegates are sent to the British Drama League School, where they receive special training in putting on plays and pageants. In the little village of Offenham, where tradition goes back to King Offa, who ruled in Mercia in the eighth century the members looked up all that was known of the ancient king, then wrote a play and pageant, which was produced on the "Village Playing Field." At Christmas time, carol choirs were formed, and in many places the soft sweet music of ancient carols was revived. Drama and music festivals are annual events in numerous places.

Other parts of the British Empire are finding this great scheme of promoting educational, health, home and social conditions in rural places beneficial.

### Growth in New Zealand

New Zealand now boasts 37 Institutes, this being considered particularly encouraging because they have received no government assistance and have to surmount the tremendous difficulties of the right women for voluntary organizing and financing help to isolated branches. The establishment of the Auckland Federation has helped a good deal, and a report of the last Council Meeting shows the progress of the movement. There was an excellent attendance, and the discussions that provoked the liveliest interests were on the desirability of scholarships at agricultural colleges for boys leaving school too early, and a resolution re-arranging Institute arbor days to see that new trees and shrubs are planted in places where others are uprooted.

### Started in India

A Women's Technical Institute has been started at Gujrat, Punjab, India, at the new Red Cross Purdah Centre, to

train women in the arts and crafts that go to the making of a good home. The following subjects are being taught by experts: needlework and tailoring, house-keeping and accounts, child welfare and home nursing, these subjects compulsory to all members of the class. Optional subjects are cooking, knitting, embroidery and fancy work, laundry, English, gardening and games. The class is limited to 40, and arrangements are made for a playground for babies who accompany mothers. The garden covers half an acre, with walls nine feet high. The instructress is an Indian girl who took a degree in home economics in England. The course will last six months, and will form a part of the two years course with diploma. It is financed by the Red Cross and Department of Industries.

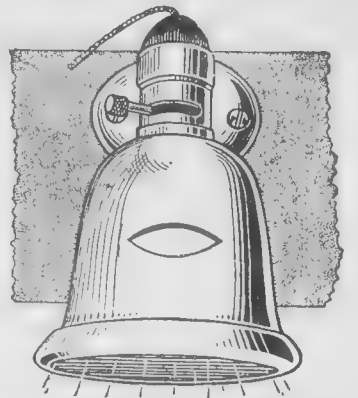
### Institutes in Africa

The Women's Institutes in Southern Rhodesia, Africa, are flourishing. The first branch, Essexvale and Balla Balla, held a very interesting picnic recently in the Matapos, where the noted Cecil Rhodes is buried. The picnic spot was close to the site of the famous "indaba" or "Talking Place," which ended the Matabele Rebellion in 1897. To show how very recent is the time when this country was wild, and savage natives went about murdering the few white folk, the husband of the chairwoman, Mrs. Richardson, was the man who went out alone, night after night, into the Matapos, to try and get the "indunas" to make peace. Later the courageous Cecil Rhodes, accompanied only by Colonel Colenbrander did discuss peace terms. The site was also near Umugulu, one of the rebellion battle-fields, where many were killed on both sides. And today, 32 years after, the Women's Institutes are firmly established. They are taking up child welfare and public health, the Umtali branch having secured a district nurse. They have organized a "Federation," and are marching steadily forward under the universal W.I. motto "For Home and Country."

The movement has spread to other countries. Their governments are promoting the rural women into similar organizations—in Belgium there are over 700 "Cercles de Fermieres," Germany, where the Countrywomen's Association was formed just one year after the beginning of the Canadian Federation in 1919, and where there are now 1,313 associations; Poland, 900; Finland, 400; Czechoslovakia, France, Sweden and Holland. Many representatives from United States have looked into the Canadian idea of bringing education to the very door of the countrywomen's home, and commented on its superior advantages to that of the Home Bureau, which is being carried out in many States. The Home Bureau idea is to send short courses to the country district, but the classes are worked up at the great expense of sending an agent, advertising and organizing the district. In Canada the appeal is simply sent by letter to the Institutes, who in turn provide the hall and get the class together. A thorough survey is made, for the W.I.'s extend from coast to coast and as far north as Fort McMurray and south to the boundary line. In fact the Sunshine W.I. at Coutts, Alberta, meets alternately in United States and Canada, and alternately all formal honors are done each country in the way of singing the national anthem, etc.

### International Council of Women

And now comes a call for international organization. The Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, who is president of the International Council of Women, is calling a conference of rural women to meet for a fortnight in London, England, April 30th to May 14th. This year an appeal is especially made to Canada to send some representative rural women—this because Canada is the pioneer country in organizing rural women. The conference will be of definite agricultural character, and stress will be laid upon the unique co-operation between the government and the rural women as existing in Canada, and the educational facilities provided for rural women.



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## Manitoba Notes

**Amaranth** has undertaken to furnish Red Cross room.

**Arizona** is busy preparing for a bazaar; many quilts have been made by the ladies.

**Arrow River** feels the need of courses on dressmaking and home-furnishing.

**Austin** sent a donation to the Institute for the Blind.

**Avonlea** celebrated its Seventh Anniversary at a banquet, followed by a concert.

**Balmoral**—Proceeds from bazaar will go towards paying off mortgage on Community Hall.

**Beausejour** discussed purchasing cups, oilcloth and cocoa for the children's hot lunch.

**Belmont** enjoyed paper entitled "Origin of the Valentine," and the social hour with Valentine contests.

**Benito** members answered roll call by telling of the help they got from the short course on "Feeding the Family."

**Beulah** held a fifteen minute knitting contest.

**Birtle** debated: "Resolved that too many organizations are detrimental to our community welfare."

**Carman** reports that 63 children and 5 mothers attended the annual treat given for the children of the district. Over \$90 was received at the bazaar.

**Cartwright** had paper on "Canada's Future." The W.I. served lunch during Bonspiel.

**Clearwater**—The Institute has purchased chairs, dishes and curtains for the new Institute room.

**Coulter** had an excellent paper and demonstration on "First Aid."

**Cromarty** donated \$10 towards the hot lunch for the school children.

**Crandall** reports that proceeds from the bazaar amounted to \$104.50.

**Crystal City** entertained the ladies of the community.

**Culross** had a demonstration on "Icing Cakes."

**Decker**—To increase Institute funds, a committee of four ladies was appointed to look after a sale of home cooking, to be held each Saturday for one month.

**Deloraine** is interested in Clinics. We hope to hear soon which Clinic the Institute will hold—Baby or T.B.

**Dominion City** held a social evening in honor of member (and husband) who celebrated their 50th Anniversary.

**Edrans** has had a short "rest" as secretary has been in Montreal for a holiday. This seems to be a bulb growing centre. Many of the members have reported their bulbs "doing fine."

**Elkhorn** will give assistance to company giving concert in Elkhorn, under the auspices of Community Builders.

**Ellenville** roll call has been answered with favorite recipes for salads and cakes.

**Elphinstone** held an old time fiddlers' contest.

**Elva**—The Institute reports having welcomed 16 new babies in the district in 1928.

**Endcliffe** plans "Old Country" afternoon; members will speak on: Wales, Ireland, Scotland, and England.

**Ewart** served lunch for a week in the hall during Bonspiel, and cleared \$50. The sum of \$10 was donated to the Ladies' Bonspiel.

**Flee Island** is arranging a social evening.

**Foxwarren**—The Foxwarren Dramatic Society gave a play under the auspices of the Institute; proceeds will go to Rest Room repair fund.

**Gimli** had an interesting paper on "Co-operation."

**Gladstone** would like to sell or exchange a number of books, as there is no room in library for new books.

**Great Falls** has discussed purchasing a radio to cheer a lady in hospital.

**Hamiota** held a tart contest—two classes: "A", butter tarts; "B", tarts of any other variety. There were 13 entries in "A" and 12 in "B". A prize was given in each class. Lunch, including the "tarts" was enjoyed afterwards.

**Harding** will invite Kenton Institute to July meeting, when a special programme will be given by C.G.I.T. Two interesting papers were given: "Grandma's Day" and "Modern Day Girl."

**Hartney**—In connection with current events, a story entitled "The City Boy" printed in the Scoop Shovel, was mentioned as being written by a lady in the

community. The Institute has undertaken to make 12 nightgowns for the Souris Hospital.

**H. G. T.**—As this is a new Institute, the members held a whistdrive to raise funds. Inwood held a card party.

**Iroquois**—The members have been sewing for the Neepawa Hospital.

**Kenton**—The programme was given under the heading "The Art of Living," which included readings from David Grayson's "Adventures in Friendship" and Osler's "A Way of Life."

**Killarney** has been thanked for the parcels sent to the children at the Sanatorium at Ninette. The W.I. learned what each child wanted and sent it to him at Christmas time.

**Lake Francis**—The secretary reports that the concert, at which each member contributed two items, proved a success.

**Langruth** is planning a concert for April. Limwood has decided to continue serving tea in the Rest Room on Saturday afternoons, for a time.

**Lyleton** had three papers on "St. Valentine."

**Makaroff** reports that a very interesting programme has been planned for the year.

**Manitou** discussed "The Pioneer Days of Our Community."

**Medora**—"Failure of Bulk Immigration Scheme," was the title of a short address by the Convener of Current Events.

**Melita** held a tea in aid of the Hot Lunch Fund, also a dance in aid of general funds.

**Minota** members heard paper on "Egypt." The Institute has decided to print programme planned for the year.

**Minutonas** has decided to make a quilt, each member making a block and piecing it some afternoon; after quilting a lunch will be served.

**Minnedosa** had a paper on "How conditions in England strike one on returning, after years spent in Canada." This paper was so good that it is to be given again in the future.

**Morris** reports having held a skating party for the older people, giving a prize to the oldest skater on the ice.

**McCreary** held a grandmothers' party, at which prizes were given to the oldest and youngest grandmothers.

**Napinka** reports an excellent meeting—with interesting talks and demonstrations on many subjects, including a paper on wool from the sheep to cloth.

**Ochre River** heard a paper on "The Food Value of Eggs."

**Pilot Mound**—The meeting was arranged by the Convener of the Red Cross Committee. Two quilts were finished, and clothing collected for needy families.

**Pipestone**—The principal of the collegiate gave talk and demonstration on teaching children to understand and appreciate music.

**Ranchvale** plans a bazaar.

**Reston** had a paper on "The League of Nations." Plans are being developed for annual whist-drive and dance. Proceeds from lunches served at Bonspiel will go to the cemetery fund.

**Roblin** enjoyed a paper on "Grandmothers, Past and Present."

**Rochedale**—The proceeds from the bazaar amounted to \$90.75, and from the sale of the knitted bedquilt, \$22.00.

**Roland**—"Our Great National Heritage—Canada" was considered by members.

**Rosburn** is busy producing a play.

**Rosser**—Reports an interesting meeting, which was also a birthday party. The candles on the birthday cake were lit by past presidents. Over \$9.00 was received as birthday money.

**Russell** is studying "Great Canadian Women." "Jean Gordon" and "Jean Blewett" were presented at a recent meeting. This Institute has a number of books for sale. If interested please communicate with Mrs. Geo. Kelso.

**Sidney** is trying to get a resident nurse for the village, as there is no doctor at Sidney.

**Solsgrith** held a bridge party in order to raise funds for the Institute. A farewell tea was also held for a member leaving the community.

**Souris** ordered many articles from the Institute for the Blind. A paper was given on the choice of books for a home library, and the value of good books.

**Strathclair**—A committee was appointed to secure a matron for the Rest Room, and also to see about having electric lights installed in the Rest Room.

**Swan Lake** favors the idea of one member being responsible for the programme for each month.

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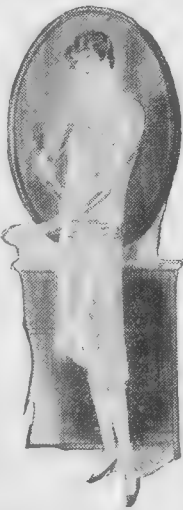
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# Under the Reading Lamp

By Mary S. Napier

NOT long ago I read a plea that women lead a double life. The writer asked us to think for a moment of the variety of daily contacts a married woman makes with other folks. She has to relate herself pleasantly to her own people, and to her husband's people; to her children; to those from whom she makes her purchases; to the various salesmen who come. She has to carry out the doctor's orders as to the baby's diet and the care of her sick. She has the phone to answer and her family's visitors to be hospitable to. And every day she has her husband to answer pleasantly when he comes into the house, puts his hat on the table, his parcels on the sideboard, his coat where it does not belong, and while his muddy boots are making a nice mess on the floor, asks, "When do we eat?" Small wonder we are urged to lead a double life, the idea of a double life being to interest oneself, quite apart from the day's duties in some chosen pursuit. One of the avenues of escape suggested was reading, reading of whatever kind appeals to one. Reading can hardly be called a duty, and should not be considered a task, and we are at liberty to read what our inclination prompts us to read, with the resolve that it shall be good of its kind, not trash. Reading is an extension of talk, and when we talk it is of what interests us and on varied topics. Often the most interesting talk turns on the most simple theme, and so it is with reading. Dr. Lyman Abbot giving advice to those starting to read said, "Begin with what is congenial. Choose not what you ought to know, but what you want to know. It is a rare mind that can keep itself to a line of distasteful reading." Hamilton Wright Mabie's way of putting it was that we have to make a living; that our occupation is not our only business, and further, that making a life and making a living have to run concurrently. You cannot make a living first, and then turn to the business of making your life what you would like it to be. The benefits of reading being intangible, incapable of measurement, are sometimes disregarded by practical people. Yet they minister to the making of a living as well as to the making of a life.

I know a man of about 65 who has an independence gained by hard application to work over a period of years. He has given up his work, his farm, with the intention of now enjoying life. His children are married, and with his wife he lives in a beautiful new town house, the largest and finest they have ever had. Formerly when he came in tired from his day's work all he did was to sit by the kitchen fire and give it an occasional poke for something to do! Now he has no day's work, and not even a kitchen fire to poke, an electric range has ousted it. He has made a living, an ample living, but that is all, and now finds he cannot take up the business of making a life; they must run concurrently. Reading helps in the making of a life. It gives us a background, frees us from the limitations of our daily occupation, our environment, age, district, personal experience. Read, and you see all life by proxy.

In "Women of Red River" a book compiled by W. J. Healy from the recollections of women surviving from the Red River era, we read the interesting tales of some of those pioneers, especially interesting the story of Kate McPherson. Catherine McPherson was one of the first women to cross the Atlantic from Scotland to bear a part in the hardships and labours of founding the Selkirk Settlement. She came in 1812, and on the voyage out there were many cases of ship's fever, which she helped to nurse under the direction of the ship's surgeon. During her long life spent among the Kildonan people, who had the greatest affection for her, it was always the same, a record of helpfulness and kindness. Reading the story of such a life as hers raises the tone of our day, even of our week, stirs us, makes us feel with what fibre, what courage, what spirit some women have lived.

I grew to know intimately some years ago a girl who came from the country

to the city to attend High School. She was poor, and worked to pay for her board. Lack of money and unsuitable clothes debarred her from nearly all the social life of the Collegiate, and she spent what spare time she had reading. It became more and more a pleasure to her, and when she went to her first school, and had more time and money than formerly, she began to buy books as well as to read them. A few years later she called on me one evening with her husband; they were on their honeymoon. We talked of the farm to which they were going, of the garden she hoped to cultivate, of many things, and then I said "You will find plenty to do; are you still going to read?" "Of course I am" she said confidently. But I wondered. It all looked so easy to her, just beginning, and I thought of some words I once came across "Many a woman in the first twenty years of her life has developed an aptitude for learning (or for reading) and in the next forty starves herself to death."

By the labors of her hands no woman can complete her day's work, and as a consequence is for ever dissatisfied if she stops there. "The finest of arts" is to improve the quality of the day, and reading is a help to this end, showing us life outside the four walls of our ordinary environment, and outside our own restricted experiences. It is not the only help available for improving the quality of our day, not necessarily the best, for there are important others, spiritual and social, but still a very real one.

THERE are those who try to direct us specifically in our reading; who can tell us just which are the best books and the best authors, but even among those qualified to say, there is no unanimous opinion as to what are the best books of all. Folk differ in their judgment of particular books and authors. So perhaps the moral for most of us is that we may follow any one of many good roads and yet not go far astray. There are more than a few good books in the world, and what are best for me to read may not be the best for another. Our minds are dissimilar, our outlook on life is different; why should we expect our taste in reading to be uniform? You and I may read the same book, and what I see in it you do not see; you may get inspiration from it while I am left unstirred. "It is the pleasures of reading, and not the profits, spiritual or temporal, which most require to be preached in the ear of the ordinary reader" said Lord Balfour, and who but can say what will give you pleasure?

"No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en,  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

To some extent it is true that we have to choose our reading from the books that are available to us, but if the kind of books we prefer are not right to our hand there are ways of getting them, through Travelling Libraries, Open Shelf Libraries and Lending Libraries. Yet, however good these facilities may be they do not take the place in our homes of the books we own ourselves, books of our own choosing, which suits us. A home library is the growth of years, and to those who love books becomes more interesting as time passes. An extreme and unusual case of the growth of a home library is that of Rev. Harry Nicoll, the father of Sir Robertson Nicoll, the latter a journalist of international repute. He had a wonderful library of his own creating, 17,000 volumes by the end of his life. His salary as a country minister in Scotland was never more than the equivalent of \$1,000 a year, and frequently nearer to \$600. He was a gentle, scholarly man and a buyer of the best books, studying catalogues and buying many second-hand. Ascetic living was the price he gladly paid for his library. He knew every volume he owned, and could lay his hand on scores of books touching any knowledge he wanted. He was an instance of the truth of what a fellow-countryman of his once said, "The world may be this,

Continued on page 109



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# Under the Reading Lamp

Continued from page 108

that or the other (and to Rev. Harry Nicoll life brought great sorrows) but whatever else it be so long as we have good health and a good library it can hardly be dull."

HOW to find time for reading—"Ay, there's the rub!" When everything else is finished often there is little time left, and we are too tired to care. But does reading have to come at the end of the list? One of the difficult things we have to learn is to put first things first, and to determine what are "first things" for us. It may be, each has to determine for herself, that a little space somewhere in the day devoted to reading should come near the top of our list of first things.

What do we read? What do we want to read? Does an improving taste in reading bring added pleasure? Surely it does. If we are content with low levels we don't know what we are missing. Reaching out to something better stretches the mind and strengthens its powers. A good novel instead of a poor one may be our introduction to the best writing and the best writers. It may decoy us further afield until we can better appreciate good writing in whatever form we find it. The majority of people nowadays have the desire to read something, sometimes perhaps a rather indifferent something, still the desire is there. Yet to get the best out of anything there is a price to pay, but there is a reward too. The reward of an indulged taste for good reading is the desire to read more.

There are certain years in the lives of many women when they are necessarily exceeding busy with duties from which there is no escape. The early years of struggle and limited means, the years when the children are small, and their demands most insistent, when leisure is scant and opportunity for pleasure few. What a wonderful place fiction can fill at such a time. An odd few minutes here and there in the day with a book, which temporarily takes one away from the present, is worth much in refreshment of mind. It is sometimes by means of such brief resting places on the journey of life that we keep our poise.

There are many kinds of books because there are many kinds of readers. There are those who read without any particular purpose or intention, simply as an occupation for spare time. There is the reader who wants information, wants to know things. She possibly likes to be furnished with lists of books to enhance her knowledge of life and her joy in life. She likes books written in good language, in which the inner meanings of life are shown, and reads from no sense of duty, or because it is a custom, but because it gives her pleasure. The way one reads is a matter for personal choice. One tourist goes around the world with a guide, looking at what is pointed out to her, and comes home satisfied. Another lingers here and there at will, returning with a great longing to see more. We need not be critical of another's methods, nor feel ourselves superior because we choose our own.

Newspapers have a place in our reading. To read nothing but newspapers gives undue prominence to the passing moment, but to leave them out altogether is to miss much that is good though impermanent. The purpose of a

newspaper is to place before us the news, to tell us of events, direct our attention to new things, or new facets to old things. From a good newspaper we ask a true and sober record of the passing day, and that the information be presented in proportion to its true value. Then having read, it is for us to "think on these things," to attempt to see their significance, to clothe them with our own imagination, and to make them part of our mental equipment.

And if we read, what a joy a scrap book is filled with miscellaneous clippings gathered through the years! Here are verses which once appeared in the poet's corner of an old newspaper, good verses they are, and you had almost forgotten them; an article that once just met your need during a difficult bit of the road, an old theatre programme with the name of a well-known star of a former day, and you are taken back in spirit to the evening when you saw her act; or a sketch, a suggestive little bit of scenery. Take such a scrap book down from the shelf one evening to find something you want, and you don't put it up again in a hurry. You simply have to browse through its pages.

Dean Howes, of the University of Alberta, speaking in Winnipeg some months ago said: "To engender the desire to read in children is more important than anxiety as to what they read. Within limits," he said, "I insist upon that belief." Surely it's the kernel of the thing—to engender the desire to read. It is not an easy thing to do this with some children. There are children who seek opportunities for themselves; others have to be gently enticed into the path. It is another of the little duties which fall to the lot of mothers! With children, as with adults, it is necessary to discover the kind of books they like. What we select as a book our child should like, may not please him at all. But with persistence we may discover the sort of thing he enjoys.

So many things reading does for us, besides giving information. It brings a consciousness of our common lot. The feeling grows as we read that our experience of life is not unique. Others have had similar experiences, others are having them. And we read further and discover how they met the circumstances of their lives; what effect they had on character; how they might better have met them, and out of this feeling of kinship we derive inspiration and strength.

An appreciation of the significance of small things, and a habit of observing them grows as we read. Not petty things, but small things, for there is a difference, and one of the surest ways in which to enrich life is to learn to appreciate little things. The big happenings are few and far between, the big pleasures, the big changes, and we depend for our everyday happiness on very small things. Deeply immersed as we often are in practical affairs, our reading can help to keep the balance true. As we read life is enlarged. A door is opened invitingly, and we catch a glimpse of what is within. What more is there? We are attracted to enter and see. The open door of reading leads where we will; a playground, a university, a world of ideas, a treasure room of stories. Which shall it be?

There is a verse in the tenth chapter of Proverbs, one word of which allows me to change, when it will exactly describe reading—"The blessing of reading, it maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it."

## Spring

By Syd Cecily

Balsam nectar springtime's chalice  
Dripping, dripping, dripping o'er;  
Heart of healing, soul of fragrance,  
Steeped in mystic woodland lore.

Matin song and vesper incense,  
Mating birds and budding trees,  
Sapphire heavens, dappled, fleece-hung,  
Elfin magic on the breeze.

Drop by drop the nectar gathered  
In an alabaster jar,

At the rosy morn of springtime,  
For the winter days afar.

Days when pain of travail frets us,  
When faith's candle's flickered out,  
When the heart of all that mattered  
Has been sapped and seared by doubt.

Then to break our box of ointment—  
Gathered little, gathered much;  
Resurrection in its fragrance,  
Springtime in its healing touch.

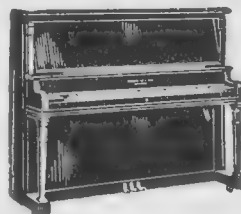
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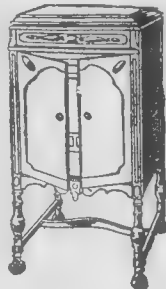
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## SOMETHING TO LEARN

## Signs of Spring

The silver pussy willows  
Like drops of morning dew,  
Are thick on every willow branch  
The whole wide meadow through.  
They hear the March wind shout,  
And cuddle down so still;  
Until his scolding voice is lost  
In echoes on the hill.

As soon as he has gone  
The brook begins to sing,  
And here and there a chickadee  
Hangs on a bough to swing.  
And every pussy willow  
Lifts up its furry head,  
To say, "I've slept quite long enough;  
I will not stay in bed."

As soon as he has gone  
The birds begin to sing,  
And all the pussy willows cry  
"It's Spring! It's Spring! It's Spring!"  
They take their fur-caps off,  
And in the greatest glee,  
They shake their lovely golden hair  
Across the spring at me.

A LITTLE CHAT WITH  
BOBBY BURKE

Dear Boys and Girls:

Do you remember in some of the fairy stories you have read that there were old witches who had magic words that they muttered over caldrons that contained bits of toads, black hairs, and other horrible things? These words were witch words that were meant to bring unhappiness. And then there were words that fairies said when they wanted to unlock prisons and release poor imprisoned princesses and noble knights, and these were fairy words, and were only meant to bring happiness.

Now we have a fairy word this month. What do you think it is? Why the name of the month, "April". It unlocks the great doors of frost and winter, and releases the rivers and brooks so that they rush singing on their way to make the flowers bloom and the trees grow. It sets free the sap in the trees so that it flows through all the tiny cells and out come the leaves and the blossoms; it softens the hard ground so that bulbs may begin to grow, and flowers and grass come out of the prison of winter and darkness. Isn't it a magic word, April? Why it has music in it, and fairy power much more wonderful than the power of the little fairy queens of storybook land.

And talking of music I want to tell you of something wonderful I heard this month. I heard a man playing on a harp. How many of you have ever seen a harp? Many years ago before there were pianos, people played harps. Lovely ladies sat tinkling with their pretty hands on the golden strings, making sweet music. Perhaps some of you have seen a jews harp or an auto harp, well that is not the kind of harp I mean. No, this is a great tall thing, six feet high, and strung with fine golden wires. It is made something like the inside of a piano, but instead of the wires being played by keys, they are played by the fingers. The other night I heard a very great artist indeed, Alberto Salvi, play the harp. I cannot tell you how lovely it was. One minute it sounded like raindrops, another minute like wind, and then as if a flame had rushed across the wires. There were great sounding chords, and then the faintest sound, so fine and sweet it did not seem human, but rather like a fairy voice far away in the hills. Each note dropped down into the place where people keep their treasures, right into their hearts, and there they will stay for many a year, and sometimes little sweet echoes will come from them.

Is it not a wonderful thing to be a musician who can make such music as this? Perhaps some day you will charm the world with music or poetry or singing, or make people happy with a great picture or lovely piece of statuary. It is nice to think that you are just beginning, that there may be great treasures of beauty that you may unlock with a magic key that only you know about. Beauty is the only thing that you can carry with you always. No one can take from you the memory of beautiful things you have seen and heard, and when you are very old you will take out these memories and they will be your life, so remember this, and get a great store of beautiful memories so that when you are old you will have many things to make you happy. You may store up gold when you are young, and it will buy you food and drink and

## Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY BOBBY BURKE "In Reading There is Knowledge"

clothes and roof in old age; but it will not buy you friends or a happy face or smiling eyes, but lovely things hidden away in your heart will bring you friends and happiness—and these are things that matter.

It's a magic word—April, and it means Spring.

## OUR POETS

Not so brilliant this year—our poets. Last Spring brought a regular host, this year perhaps the cold winter has frozen up the poetical ideas. Is that the trouble? Of course it is hard to write of Spring, pussy willows and crocuses, when all we can see except in imagination is snow and storm, and all we can feel are nipping winds and chilly airs. However, there are still poets among us, and the one who carries off the prize this time is Violet Archibald, Banff. This is her verse:

- 1 -

Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
Birdies build your nest;  
Weave together, straw and feather,  
Doing each your best.

Spring is coming, Spring is coming,  
Flowers are coming too;  
Pansies, lilies, daffodils,  
Now are coming through.

Spring is coming, Spring is coming,  
All around is fair;  
Shimmer and quiver on the river,  
Joy is everywhere.  
—Violet Archibald, Banff, Alta.

- 2 -

How sweet the morning air in Spring,  
How sweet the cheering birds do sing;  
Oh wild crocus drenched in dew and rain,  
Shall I not find your reaching arms in every lane?  
—Jack Stockham, Altario, Alta.

- 3 -

The trees put on their dresses of green,  
While the prairies welcome the crocus,  
their queen;  
The birds begin to build their nests,  
While in the still waters the little trout rests;  
The grass in blades is coming up,  
Amidst them grows the buttercup.  
—Katie Lewis, Medicine Hat, Alta.

- 4 -

Robins coming, robins coming,  
Red their little breasts;  
Bursting forth in joyful song,  
As they build their nests.  
—Robert Perley, Hamblin, Alta.

- 5 -

When all these Spring signs I had seen,  
And thought I must be going,  
A little frog as green as grass  
Leaped down where the brook was flowing.  
—Iris Nordman, Cypress River, Man.

- 6 -

There's a crocus blue,  
There is one of every hue;  
Robin's left his messenger,  
"Cheer up, cheer up."  
—Phyllis R. Carrie, Rochester, N.Y.

- 7 -

The world is wide awake again,  
And the woods and meadows ring;  
All living creatures now rejoice,  
With the sweet voice of Spring.  
—Beryl Moon, Petersfield, Man.  
Honorable mention goes to Peter Walker, Penhold, Alta.; Rigmor Bjornestad, Camrose, Alta.; Edwin Dentscher, Medicine Hat, Alta.; Winnie E. Harris, Medicine Hat, Alta.

## SOMETHING RECEIVED

A charming letter from Beryl Moon of Petersfield, Man. Beryl has been writing verse for some time, and has promised to send us in some more. I hope she will. Winnie Barlow of Winnipeg, Man. thinks the C.C.C. is a very merry Club and wants to become a member. You are quite right Winnie, it is a merry club, and

please consider yourself a member and write to us whenever you can, and when you take part in a competition perhaps you will win a good button, they are won, not given, and that makes them much more worth while, doesn't it?

Nellie Burdick of Sheerness, Alta., wishes to join and have a button too. You must win one Nellie.

Jessie H. Jackman of Irma, Alta., won a book prize, and writes a nice letter to thank us for it. Jessie was born in England but loves Canada, and is a real Canadian. She would like to hear from boys and girls in other parts of Canada.

Little Doreen Assmus of Swift Current, Sask., who is only six, but who has been a C.C.C. member for two years, writes herself to thank us for her last prize. Doreen is just learning to write and does very well. I think she is our youngest member.

Here is a fairy story called "The Fairies' Party," but the "fairy" who wrote it quite forgot to put her name and address on it:

## The Fairies' Party

Betty and Bobby were getting ready for bed. They were cross because mother had sent them to bed at seven o'clock for not having been polite at the dinner table.

"Molly and Bill are going to a ball tonight," Betty mumbled. "I wish we could go to a party too. Don't you?" "Yes," answered Bobby crossly. "I do."

Just then a little man about three inches tall appeared on the window sill. He was dressed in red with a green pointed cap.

"You want to go to a party?" he asked. "Well, come along with me." He gave them each a little pill to swallow, and at once they were the same size as the fairy. Their little visitor then fastened a pair of wings on their shoulders, and away they sailed, through the window, into the forest.

Here they found a dear little palace. They came down by the door and their guide knocked very lightly. The queen herself appeared.

"Hello, my dears," she greeted them, kissing them both. "You are just in time for our fairy ball."

Betty and Bobby went in. Oh! what a lovely sight met their eyes! Fairies were flitting about everywhere, all dressed in gold and silver, and red and green.

The children watched with delight for a long time. One on either side of the fairy queen.

At last the attendants announced lunch. They had rose petals to drink from, and the loveliest little sandwiches.

At last it was over and they returned home. The fairy accompanied them. As they reached their bedroom window the fairy disappeared, and the children found themselves back to their natural size. Before getting into bed Betty said, "I'm sure we have had a better time than Molly and Bill."

And they certainly had.

## NEWS!

The "Treasure Hunt" stories have been found. Watch for an announcement next month as to prizes! They turned up in a drawer, where someone had tucked them away while Bobby Burke was away, and so—the mystery is solved, and now for the prize winners.

## The Four Beds

There were four beds in the kitchen garden. They were all smooth and bare on the top, but the little seeds lay below. The seeds were sown in April.

Radishes were in bed number one, Carrots were in bed number two, Onions were in bed number three, Beets were in bed number four.

The seeds all woke up at the same time. When they looked out the sun smiled on them kindly.

They began to talk below the ground. A carrot said, "I get deeper and deeper into the soil. I have been going down for

weeks. Now I am away to a long point at the end. How are the rest of you?"

A round red radish said, "We gave up going down long ago. Now we are stout round balls, white inside and red outside. Roll yourself up into a firm, round ball as fast as you can. You..."

An onion now began to speak. "What is all this talk about firm balls and long roots? You say that you are white inside and red outside. Have any of you flaky skins? Who can peel you? Poor things!"

All this time the beets had been growing very red, and one of them said "I am red both outside and inside. Get red as fast as you can!"

The plants in the four beds all became sad now, for they were not sure that they were growing in the right way.

Then the rain came to them softly and said, "Hush! hush! each of you is wanted; each of you is good. Grow in your own way."

## The Merry Birds

Long, long ago, some farmers had a meeting to talk about the birds.

The sparrows chirped, the larks sang, and the rooks cawed. The birds were merry, but the farmers were angry.

One of the farmers said, "We till the ground, and sow the seed, but we cannot keep our seed from the birds. They scratch it up with their feet."

All the farmers cried, "We must kill the birds." The merry birds went on singing. The farmers did not care. They shot down the birds on the trees and in the air.

In summer all the birds were dead. Green worms and insects came to the fields and gardens, but there were no birds to eat them. And so the green worms and insects ate up all the leaves.

Then some of the farmers said, "We should not have killed the birds."

The next spring a cart came to the place with branches bent over it. Cages hung from the branches all full of singing birds.

A man set the doors of the cages open, and the merry birds flew from them over the woods and fields and gardens.

The farmers left their guns at home. They came out to hear the wild, sweet singing.

## LADY JANE GREY

In a lovely red-brick mansion, standing in the midst of green lawns and a noble English park, there lived, four hundred years ago, a little girl called Lady Jane Grey. In her beautiful nursery, with tapestry on the walls, she played with her wooden dolls, her hobby horse, and her queer Noah's ark. When she went out into the garden, or down by the winding trout stream, there were always nurses and waiting-women to watch her. Every care was taken of this little maid of noble birth, who, some people hoped, would one day be Queen of England.

As was the custom in those days, when Lady Jane was still a tiny child, she was dressed like a little grown-up lady. Her frock of silk brocade had a tight bodice, and a full skirt reaching right down to her toes. She wore a ruff round her neck, and a white cap on her head, tied with a bow under the chin. A pretty little picture she must have made; but such clothes could hardly have been the best for a little girl to wear at her play. Lady Jane learned, however, to manage her skirts gracefully as she tripped along, and the idea that they were a nuisance did not enter her small head.

Every one in Jane's home rose early, for breakfast was at six o'clock. Jane drank warm milk or hot spiced barley-water, tea and coffee being at that time unknown in England. The grown-up people drank home-brewed ale. After breakfast, Jane's father went off with his friends to the hunt, and did not come back until noon, when they dined off roast meats, poultry, pies, custards, and jellies. Jane's mother, however, dined alone, and was served by Jane, who never sat down to her own meal until her mother had left the room.

Sometimes in the afternoons there would be play-acting and dancing, and little Jane joined in the fun and merriment. She played an old-fashioned game of cards, too, called "Trump," not unlike our game of "Grab." When it grew dark, the room was lighted with resin lamps, which were rather smoky; and then it was Jane's bedtime. Her nurse, Mistress Ellen, carrying a candle, led Jane up the broad stairs to her room, where two waiting-maids lit the rush-lights and helped her to undress.

Continued on page 112



# Why this penetrating foam

## CLEANS WHERE TOOTHBRUSH CANNOT REACH

In a dramatic way science now proves what millions of people know—that Colgate's cleans teeth better.

A scientist recently made an important experiment with tooth-pastes.

He measured their power to penetrate the thousands of tiny crevices which are found in normal, healthy teeth and gums.

He found that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer surfaces of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices.

*Then he discovered that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.\**

This is the secret of Colgate's remarkable ability to clean—it gets down deep into the hard-to-clean places where the toothbrush cannot reach; where ordinary toothpastes do not go.

Colgate's penetrating power is due to the fact that it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent.

When brushed, this cleansing agent instantly bursts into a sparkling, snow-white foam that surges over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to go deep down into the tiny tooth crevices where decay may start. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, sweeping away these impurities in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk-powder—a polishing agent prescribed by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly.

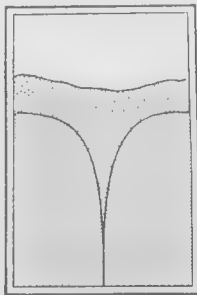
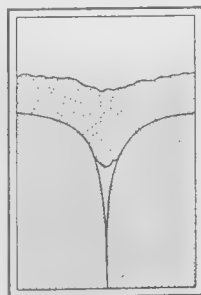
Thus Colgate's cleans and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth, restoring natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

If you have never used Colgate's, please try it. Mail the coupon below for a generous free tube.



*\*How Colgate's cleans where toothbrush cannot reach*

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where decay may start.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



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Please send me a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name

Address

Queen Catherine Parr took a fancy to little Lady Jane, and when she was nine years old she went to live at the Court, where she waited upon the Queen. One of her duties was that of candle-bearer, and it was no easy task to walk backwards before the Queen, holding aloft the burning candles. When Queen Catherine died, Lady Jane walked at her funeral—a dainty, solemn little figure, with a nobleman to carry her long black train.

Lady Jane was twelve years old when she went back to her own home. A tutor came to teach her, and he was greatly surprised to find how quick at learning his pupil was. For a girl of twelve or thirteen to read and write with ease in Greek, Latin, French and Italian, besides knowing something of Hebrew and Arabic, was indeed remarkable. Jane was clever at music and sewing, too. Her master became very proud of his gentle pupil, and Lady Jane was soon looked upon as a marvel by the learned men of the day.

She spent long hours with her tutor and at her books, and those were now much the happiest hours of her life. One day a learned scholar called at Lady Jane's home. He had met her father out hunting with his friends, but Lady Jane he found inside in a window-seat, reading a book written in Greek. He was amazed at finding a young girl happily reading so learned a book, and he asked her why she was not enjoying herself with the others in the park.

The quiet, serious child said that she found far more joy in her books than she could ever get from sport hunting. Then she told her visitor that her only happy hours were those she spent with her kind, gentle teacher, or alone with her books. Her parents, thinking she must be strictly trained to fit her to become a queen, were so harsh with her as to be cruel. Her smallest fault was severely punished, and Jane felt that she could do nothing to please them. She said that she often wept when her lessons were over, because everything else meant trouble and pain for her. It is little wonder that the once merry child every day grew quieter, and sadder, and more grave.

One day when Lady Jane Grey was sixteen years old, she was dressed in a wedding gown of cloth of gold, with a mantle of silvery gauze, and a velvet head-dress shining with jewels. She was to be married that day to the handsome young Guildford Dudley. Lady Jane was not joyous and happy on her wedding morning, for the whole thing was a plan made by the fathers of the two young people. They both hoped to gain power by having Jane made Queen, and young Dudley, King-Consort. Lady Jane thought it her duty to obey her parents, and she married Lord Dudley only to please them.

Shortly after her marriage, the young King, Edward VI, who was Lady Jane's cousin, died, and Jane was told, to her dismay, that she was Queen of England. She had no real claim to the crown, which rightly belonged to Edward's sister, Mary. Poor Lady Jane had never had the slightest wish to be Queen, but she was set upon the throne by the wicked nobles who hoped to gain power through her. She never wore the crown, and she was Queen of England for only nine days.

At the end of that time the men who wanted Mary for Queen had gained the upper hand, and Lady Jane's party had to give in to them. She and her young husband were shut up as traitors in the Tower of London, and a few months later they were both beheaded on the same dark day.

Such was the tragic end of the short, sad life of the poor little nine-days Queen of England. She had done no wrong, but she had to suffer for the deeds of evil, plotting men. A pure, sweet girl of seventeen, learned and grave beyond her years, she bravely faced her terrible death in the hope of finding peace and happiness in a better world than the hard, cruel one she had known.

## My Ship

*When I go paddling in the sea  
I take my little ship with me.  
It sails so very true and fine,  
And I am proud that it is mine.  
But, oh, I wish that it could be  
Just big enough to carry me!*

## Cosy Corner

Continued from page 110



So the dear old lion had a good meal

## Monkey Tales

### Mr. Chirps the Grasshopper and Mr. Roar the Lion

ONE day Jocko thought it would be nice to visit his dear friend Mr. Roar, the lion, as it was the lion's birthday. So he got a lovely ripe cocoanut, too large for him to crack, for a present for Mr. Roar, the lion. To break the nut Jocko dropped it on to a large rock, then he made a little basket out of cocoanut leaves and filled the basket with the lovely fresh meat of the cocoanut. Jocko was in such a hurry that he thought it would be best to ask Mr. Chirps, the grasshopper, the shortest way.

Jocko looked this way and that, and at last he heard a little voice say: CHIRPUP—CHIRPUP—. And he looked down on the grass and sure enough there was Mr. Chirps, the grasshopper.

So off they went together to visit dear old Mr. Roar, the lion. Mr. Chirps rode on Jocko's back.

Through the meadows, across the streams, up the hills and through the jungle until they came to the den of Mr. Roar, the lion.

Mr. Roar was out hunting his dinner, so in they went, both together of course, because Mr. Chirps was riding on Jocko's back, and both of them thought how nice it would be to sit the table and get Mr. Roar's dinner ready for him before he got back. (It was Mr. Roar's birthday, you know.)

So they set the table out nicely with cups and plates for three (Mr. Roar, Mr. Chirps and Jocko), and then Mr. Chirps said: "I want asparagus for my dinner."

And Jocko said: "I want nuts for my dinner, but what will we get for Mr. Roar's dinner?"

"Well," said Mr. Chirps, who was a clever little fellow, "I think lamb would be nice, don't you?"

But there was no lamb or anything else in the pantry, which was the reason Mr. Roar was out hunting; so Jocko said, "Let's go and catch a lamb for dinner."

Jocko quickly got a piece of string and made a loop in it to catch a lamb.

Neither Mr. Chirps nor Jocko had ever seen a lamb, you know. And only Mr. Chirps knew where to look, and he said, "Go where the grass is."

So off they went to a green meadow and looked around for a lamb to catch for Mr. Roar's dinner.

They couldn't see a lamb anywhere, and after wandering around for a while they came upon some holes in the ground.

"Hurray," cried Jocko, "Here are some lambs' holes, now we will soon catch one," and he placed the loop over one of the holes and waited for a lamb to come out. (Those holes were bunny rabbits' holes.)

After a while a bunny rabbit peeped out of the hole where Jocko's loop was, and Jocko gave a pull on the string and caught that bunny round the neck.

"I've got a lamb," shouted Jocko. So they took the bunny back to the lion's den and skinned it and cooked it for dinner.

They hung the skin outside to dry.

After a while Mr. Roar, the lion, came home carrying an ox on his shoulder, which he was bringing home for dinner. He was very glad to see his friends, and left the ox at the mouth of his cave and came in to talk with Jocko and Mr. Chirps, who had the table all ready set and the bunny rabbit all hot in the oven.

"Sit down, sit down to dinner, dear Mr. Roar, and many happy returns of the day!" cried Jocko and Mr. Chirps, both together. "See, we have got dinner all ready—asparagus for Mr. Chirp, nuts for Jocko, and LAMB for you, dear Mr. Roar."

So Jocko went to the oven, being careful not to burn his fingers, and brought out the dish with the rabbit on it. Very proudly he placed it before Mr. Roar, the lion. "Whatever is it?" asked Mr. Roar. "A lamb for your dinner," said Jocko and Mr. Chirp both together.

"Well, it's not a very old one," said Mr. Roar with a smile. "What did you do with the wool?"

"We hung it out to dry."

So they ate a nice dinner together, although Mr. Roar didn't eat as much as usual because a rabbit isn't a very big dinner for a great big lion, is it?

"Now I must lie down to sleep after such a hearty meal," sighed Mr. Roar, and laid himself down to sleep.

"May I lie near you please," asked Jocko politely.

"Certainly, my dear Jocko," said the kind old lion, "and Mr. Chirps, too, if he wishes."

So they all lay down together—first the lion, then Jocko, (between Mr. Roar's front paws), and then little Mr. Chirps.

Soon Jocko and Mr. Chirps were asleep, but poor Mr. Roar, the lion, couldn't go to sleep because he was so hungry. He kept licking his lips, and his tongue kept licking Jocko's ears too.

They tasted very nice.

Jocko would make me a nice meal," thought Mr. Roar, the lion, "He's quite plump and juicy."

Just then Jocko woke and shouted, "Stop licking my ears."

"But I'm hungry," said Mr. Roar, "and I must EAT something."

"All right," said Jocko, "I'll go and get you a nice dinner, I'm a good hunter."

So out went Jocko and quickly cut the ox in half with his jack knife. (The very ox which Mr. Roar had brought home.)

Bringing in half that ox was the work of a moment.

"Here's a nice dinner for you," said Jocko. Showing Mr. Roar the half of an ox.

"How quick you are," said the dear old lion, "and how kind you are to me, and what a good hunter you must be."

"That's brains that did that," said the sly young Jocko.

So the dear old lion had a good meal, and they all went to sleep together.

Soon it was time for Jocko and Mr. Chirps to go home, and as they were awake now, they bid the dear old lion goodbye, and said they hoped he'd have enough for breakfast.

"Sure I will," said Mr. Roar, "I've got a whole ox outside for breakfast."

"Yes, he has—like fun," chirped the saucy little grasshopper in Jocko's ear, as they hurried home together.

Mr. Chirps rode on Jocko's back of course.

### "A LITTLE DOG WITH A BIG HEART"

With this as a title, the London Evening News gives us the following:

He belongs to Joe Hyde, who is fifteen, and lives at Avenue-road, Enfield.

Joe and a friend of the same age, Walter Henry Hobourn, of Gloucester-road, Enfield, went to play at a pond in a disused gravel pit.

Walter set sail for the Barbary coast on a raft. But the raft capsized, and Walter was thrown into the water.

Joe cannot swim. And he knew the water was deep—about eighteen feet. Still, he plunged in to try and save his friend.

He got into difficulties.

Then Joe's little mongrel terrier performed the deeds for which he deserves glory and honor among his faithful tribe. He swam to his master, seized him by the sleeve, and dragged him to some bushes.

Turning round, he swam to Walter and got his teeth into the drowning boy's coat. The weight was too heavy; he could not rescue him.

He did his best. He brought Walter's cap to the bank.

### THE MISSING LACE

*"My lace! My lace! Where has it gone?  
I left it on the line*

*To whiten in the sun and wind—*

*My lace so sheer and fine  
That trimmed my grandma's white silk gown,  
The dress she wore as bride,  
And came as heirloom prized to me  
When dear old grandma died!"*

*All search proved vain—too frolicsome  
Had been the April breeze—  
Till one spring day, when pink with bloom  
Were all the apple-trees,  
A song-bird's nest entwined with lace  
With four blue eggs was found—  
A dainty cradle in a bough  
High up above the ground.*

*"Oh, harm it not, this precious nest!  
My grandma, could she know—  
So dearly did she love the birds—  
Would surely wish it so!  
'Twould be a crime to lay rude hands  
Upon this cradle wee!"*  
The owner of the lace exclaimed:  
"We'll leave it in the tree!"

*Came May with song, and joyous wings  
That soared across the blue;  
Then summer, autumn: to the south  
The migrant song-birds flew.  
And then one day the empty nest  
Was found safe in its place,  
And—miracle of miracles—  
Unharm'd, the rare old lace!*

By Louella C. Poole in "Dumb Animals"

### April

*April's a maiden  
Coy and demure—  
Playful or moody,  
Born to allure;  
Riding a storm-cloud  
Dark as the night—  
Painting a rainbow  
Dazzling and bright.  
April's a maiden  
Fickle of heart.  
Laughing or weeping  
Playing her part;  
Smiling in sunshine,  
Frowning in shade,  
Weeping in rainfall—  
Treacherous maid.*

—By Alice Gent.





Everywhere,  
men and women

look for the symbol which assures . . .

## absolute certainty in motor car buying

To prospective motor car purchasers who are, perhaps, confused by the assertions of superior merit on every side, it is comforting to know that there is a sure and simple way—an infallible means of arriving at super-quality and super-value in a motor car.

No matter in what price field one may be interested, the emblem "Body by Fisher" guides the prospect unfailingly to the better motor car in every price field.

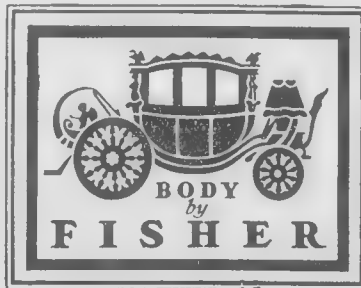
"Body by Fisher" is a sure guide to the better car in every price field, not only because "Body by Fisher" also means "General Motors car". Years, even, before Fisher became a part of General Motors, Fisher deliberately restricted its clientele to those manufacturers noted for the superiority of their cars.

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### An Emblem of the West

SEARCHERS along the sun-facing slopes early last month found, as in previous springs, the little green, fuzzy heads thrusting themselves up, from which as they opened in the March sunshine emerged the sudden, bright anemones, the earliest of the spring wildflowers. Not many people know that "the anemone patens," popularly called the "crocus," is by statute of the Legislature in 1906 the floral emblem of Manitoba. This gay, courageous blossom, with blue of its petals reflecting the sky and deepening towards purple around the grains of golden yellow clustered in its heart, cannot wait for the snow to be off the ground, in its impatience to be the first of the growing things that burst their way up from the soil in the spring. Could there be a truer emblem of the spirit of the whole West than this flower-star shining on the prairie before the snow-drifts are gone?

### The Miracle of Spring

THE miracle and mystery of the great annual renewal every spring brings us questions which are unanswerable. Why should the leaf come to the tree and the flower to the plant, to develop into the fulness of maturity in the summer and then sink into death and decay, to be succeeded in the following spring by leaf and bloom again? The secret answer to this questioning is hidden from us securely. We know only that spring brings us renewal of life and hope.

### A Cheerful Friend

THAT most incurable of optimists, the robin, with his "Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!" is due in this part of the world about the beginning of April, but The Philosopher has known him to arrive earlier than that. Really, of course, he is not a robin, but a thrush. The real robin, a familiar bird in Europe, is smaller, with a redder breast, and when "the north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow," as the old song says, "he'll hide in the barn, to keep himself warm". Our thrush that we call robin goes south when winter comes, but he hastens back in the spring. Is there a more cheerful sight than to see him busily at work, first locating a worm beneath the surface of the ground, apparently by listening with his head cocked sidewise, and then making the dirt fly and getting up the worm?

### Betting on the Market

WHEN a man risks some money on a guess that the market will go up, or go down, and loses, he calls it an unfortunate speculation. When he wins, he calls it a wise investment, based on sound business judgment. It would do us all no harm if we looked at the facts attentively. If we were characters in a comic strip in the newspapers, a dotted line would run from our eyes to the object looked at and a question mark would appear over our heads in the air and would presently change into an exclamation mark, as we saw that gambling is gambling, no matter where and how one does it.

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## The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

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### Individualism vs. Socialism

IT IS becoming better understood throughout the world that extreme application of either the individualist theory or the socialist theory can end only in disaster. In this respect the two theories of government are like the theories of bringing up children. It does not do to leave children alone to their own wills, to let them eat what they like and do what they please; and it does not do, on the other hand, to bring them up with too elaborately supervised care amid ultra-hygienic surroundings, with sterilized toys and with every moment of their lives controlled in accordance with the most advanced psychological doctrines. In government it is essential that there be justice and equal opportunity and full recognition of all human values. But that does not mean everything should be done for everyone by the State.

### Much Reason for the Day

IN THE recent discussion in the House of Commons at Ottawa of the proposal, which was rejected, to have Thanksgiving Day and Armistice Day observed on the actual anniversary of the Armistice, November 11, instead of on the Monday of the week in which November 11 falls, it was pointed out by Mr. Gershaw, the member for Medicine Hat, that in Canada's history Thanksgiving Day has been celebrated on various dates. What could also have been said truly is that no country under the sun has greater reason, all things considered, for more than one Thanksgiving Day in the year than Canada has.

### A Welcome Kind of Letter

A LETTER from a reader who writes that, though he generally agrees with The Philosopher, he disagrees with one opinion expressed on this page last month is welcome on both counts. Complete agreement may be pleasant and soothing—especially soothing—but it does not stimulate clear, unbiased thinking. When active minds come into contact there is bound to be disagreement occasionally. Criticism is good for us all, if we are to think our best and do our best.

### Our Ways of Living

THE bodily and mental condition of each one of us has taken years of preparation. Our breathing, our eating, our sleep, our bodily habits, the way we carry ourselves, our postures awake and asleep, the emotions we have encouraged, or discouraged, and many other factors have contributed to its making. All this bodily and mental preparation has been going on since birth. If, then, we find ourselves in some obscure condition of ill health, which is difficult to combat, it is probably our whole way of living which needs investigation, and it is rather too much that we can light at once on a cure-all for what ails us. It is not always easy to find the central error in a wrong way of living and correct it. The first rule of health is to recognize how far we are responsible for our own condition of body and soul.



# DE SOTO SIX



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# What the World is Saying



"What th' matter with Mamie Bugg?"  
"Aw, that would-be flapper made a mistake and used insect powder on her face!"

## Yet They're a Rising Commodity

Those in the skirt market just naturally have to sell short.—*Calgary Herald*.

## An Arrow Hits "The Lone Eagle"

They may fly high, but Cupid is a pretty clever anti-aircraft gunner.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

## Stockings, For Example

How many things there are that run pretty much the same in all families!—*Lethbridge Herald*.

## He Wishes Now He Hadn't Ever

The former Kaiser is still arguing and protesting that he never wished for war.—*Toronto Globe*.

## Well, It Should be Husky

Cornstalks treated by the new process make exceptionally strong paper.—*Scientific American*.

## But Not as Much as Pedestrians

Automobile stocks have done a good deal of jumping during the past few years.—*Journal of Commerce*.

## Gargling Made Visible and Audible

Educational movietones are to be made to aid in the work of public health propaganda.—*Canadian Journal of Medicine and Surgery*.

## Including the Mispronunciations?

It is said that radio broadcasting has already added five hundred new words to the language.—*Toronto Mail and Empire*.

## Better than Machines Using Voters

In a considerable number of cities the voters are now using machines in the municipal elections.—*Scientific American*.

## But Will This Please the Bishop?

Bishop Gore says in a review article that majorities are always wrong. The majority of people will agree with him in this.—*London Humorist*.

## A Thing King Alfred Didn't Know

Cakes will not burn in baking, if a pan of water is placed besides them, says a writer of household hints in a magazine.—*Victoria Colonist*.

## And Some Odd Ideas Under the Hats

Women's hats these days have funny shapes. But for that matter so have some of the men's hats.—*Ottawa Journal*.

## Would Swat the Harmful Flier

A Winnipeg alderman named Flye has suggested a measure to mulct fliers who fall and do damage. The Tribune, of that city, suggests that it be known as the Flye law.—*Duluth Herald*.

## And Yet It Was Called "Magic"

One thing to be said in favor of the old magic lantern is that it never tried to talk.—*Niagara Falls Review*.

## The Thing to Remove is Knocking

Henry Ford plans a beautiful world in which women will have no cooking or housework to do. But can he eliminate gossip?—*Windsor Border Cities Star*.

## So The Lambs May Grow More Wool

When stock market records are charted, it is seen that there is usually a period of inactivity before the beginning of each period of great activity.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

## Adam and Eve Hadn't That Idea

But how do they account for the fact there were no doctors to keep away until the first apple was eaten?—*Fort Frances Times*.

## Ye Editor Shows Wisdom in This

When a man begins to feel that his wife doesn't understand him, the chances are he'd be lucky if she didn't.—*Fargo Tribune*.

## Too Often, Alas, He Forgets This

A speaker may not be able to say all he wants to in thirty minutes, but he's sure to say all the audience wants to hear.—*Neepawa Press*.

## Maybe, a Still, Small Conscience

Occasionally things occur which seem to offer an explanation of why it is that the voice of conscience is so often said to be a still, small voice.—*North Bay Nugget*.

## And Might Be Older Now But For It

The favorite food of William Walker, aged 107, who is the oldest man in England, is pork. Vegetarians will maintain that he is bound to suffer for it in the long run.—*Dundee Courier*.

Petulant Old Soul: "Oh dear, nurse! I've got a stitch in my side!"  
Voice from Cot: "Huh lady: that's nothin'—I've got forty-seven!"



## How Could Germs Be Made to Listen?

It is claimed that some experiments which have been made indicate that the radio may yet be made use of to drive away disease germs.—*Fort William Times-Journal*.

## Not a Comic Strip for the Clown

A clown attacked by a performing lion in a London music hall last week sustained no serious injury, but had all his clothes torn off. The lion must have become tired of the clown's jokes.—*Glasgow Herald*.

## Too Often True, Alas!

Too often a fellow decides to take a dip in the stock market just when the stock market decides to dip.—*High River Times*.

## Dairy Industry Note from Ottawa

It was an Ottawa high school girl who defined pasteurized milk, as that produced by cows on pasture.—*Brockville Recorder-Times*.

## Surely a Not Unreasonable Request

Notice—Will the party who is using wood off the editor's wood pile, please take from the side furthest from the office—then we won't have to carry ours so far.—*Mansfield, Man., Mirror*.

## What Other Sort?

A woman writer asks the question: "Does a woman prefer a husband who gives way to her, or the other sort?" The average married man needs only one chance to guess the correct answer.—*Vegreville Observer*.

## Can Anything Be Made Foolproof?

It is reported now that Henry Ford is of the

opinion that serious attention should be given to the problem of making airplanes foolproof.—*Toronto Telegram*.

## He Must Have Got His Second Wind

The organ-blower in a village chapel in Wales has been reappointed after thirty years' service. Wind is important in other occupations than politics.—*Halifax Mail*.

## Not Much is Needed for a Flare

Skirts, a style note says, are to flare this summer. We hadn't realized there was enough left of skirts to flare.—*Kamloops Sentinel*.

## Prunes from the Prairies

California is reported to have a large prune crop this year. Some of them went there from western Canada.—*Nelson News*.

## A Stimulant to Resourcefulness

A feminist lecturer declares that bachelors have no excuse for living. Married men, on the other hand have to find a fresh one every day.—*Prince Albert Herald*.

## Another Fact about the Human Race

It would be fun to laugh at the women who buy fat reducers if there wasn't such a steady sale of cures for baldness.—*Woodstock Sentinel-Review*.

## Aberdonian Tenacity

Once there was a man who lived in Aberdeen and when he was at death's door he refused to give up the ghost.—*Nanaimo Herald*.

## And the Piano Cannot Hit Back

It is said that Paderewski said recently that if he were not a professional pianist, he would like to have been a professional boxer. As a pianist, he delivers a terrific punch.—*Saskatoon Star*.

## Why Such a Choice of Evils

Someone has been quoted as saying: "If you teach a boy to blow a saxophone, he'll never blow a safe!" Still, it's hard to decide which is worse.—*Smith's Falls Record-News*.

## How about Driving a Highway Bus?

If Mussolini ever retires from the job of running Italy dictatorially, which he gives no sign of doing, what job could he find that would suit his peculiar mind and temperament?—*Quebec Telegraph*.

## A Matrimonial Truth

An experienced wife is one who maintains a cheerful silence until her husband finishes blowing off steam and gets ashamed of himself.—*Edmonton Journal*.

## More Than Ivoryheads Get Trimmed

A fashion note announces: "Shark and ivory are popular for trimmings." This is not the first occasion on which sharks and trimmings have been associated.—*Vancouver Sun*.

## What a World This Is, To Be Sure!

How many people do you know who are spending money they have not yet earned for things they don't need to impress people they don't like.—*Quebec Soleil*.



"Hey Paw! Willie's monkeyin' with your new axe again."



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